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When thy days on earth are past,
Christ will call thee home at last,
His redeeming love to praise,
Who hath strengthened all thy days.

Frances R. Havergal

Engraved by T. Ranney from a Photograph by Steele & Co.

MEMORIALS

OF

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

BY HER SISTER,

M. V. G. H.

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THIRTEENTH THOUSAND.

London:
JAMES NISBET & CO.,
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Gift of J. B. Davy
Oct. 1901

PREFACE.

IT is with a reverent hand that these "hidden leaves" of my dear sister's life are now laid at the Master's feet, for His acceptance and blessing.

"Leaves which grave Experience ponders,
Soundings for her pilot-charts;
Leaves which God Himself is storing,
Records which we read, adoring
Him, who writes on human hearts.

Leaflets long unpaged and scattered
Time's great library receives;
When eternity shall bind them,
Golden volumes we shall find them,
God's light falling on the leaves."

No attempt has been made to write a Biography, but rather to allow her to relate her own life-story—a sister's loving touch uniting the several links. Her letters, so kindly lent to

me by many friends, have furnished abundant materials for this purpose.

These pages will reveal, to some extent, her "true-hearted, whole-hearted" loyalty in the service of God. Often was it as unseen as the lonely watchfulness of the sentinel on some distant outpost; although in later years she seemed as one pacing the ramparts in the very presence of the King. And so—

"The joy of loyal service to the King
Shone through her days, and lit up other lives
With the new fire of faith, that ever strives,
Like a swift-kindling beacon, far to fling
The tidings of His victory, and claim
New subjects for His realm, new honour for His Name."

May Christ be magnified by this record of her life and death! To her, Christ was indeed "all and in all"; and she did but describe her own experience in the words:

"There were strange soul depths, restless, vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea;

An infinite craving for some infinite stilling:
But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling,
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, Thou art enough for me!"

Yes, she was satisfied with Him, and knew what it was to "rest *in* the Lord," whilst she worked *for* Him. May I not add that an equally joyous and blessed experience may be ours; and that His grace, which was sufficient for her, is sufficient for all who, possessing "like precious faith," "follow His steps."

MARIA V. G. HAVERGAL.

CASWELL BAY ROAD, THE MUMBLES,
SOUTH WALES.
April, 1880.

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MEMORIALS OF F. R. H.

CHAPTER I.

(1836—1844.)

Introduction — Birth — Brothers and sisters — Name — Birthday wreaths — Astley Rectory (*illustration*) — Her father's music — New home at Henwick — Flora's epitaph — Reading under the table — First rhyme.

WE do not often see the risings of our rivers, the tiny spring lies hidden in some mountain home. Even when the stream gathers strength in its downward course, it meets with many an obstructing boulder, passes through many an unfrequented valley, and traverses here and there a sunless ravine. But the river deepens and widens, and is most known, most navigable, just as it passes away for ever from our gaze, lost in the ocean depths.

And thus it was with the early life of that dear sister whose course I would now attempt to trace. Those who only knew her when her words were flowing deeply and widely, around, little guess the

dark shadows on her early course. It is most difficult to know what to give, and what to withhold, in these pages. In simple dependence on God's overruling guidance, a selection is now made from what she little thought would ever be published. Remembering one of her latest whispers, "I did so want to glorify Him in every step of my way," it is thought right to unfold these life-records. May her desire be fulfilled!

"Come nearer, Sun of Righteousness, that we,
Whose dim, short hours of day so swiftly run,
So overflowed with love and light may be,
So lost in glory of the nearing Sun,
That not *our* light, but *Thine*, the world may see,
New praise to Thee through our poor lives be won!"

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL was born on the 14th of December, 1836, and was the youngest child of William Henry Havergal and Jane his wife. Her father was then Rector of Astley, Worcestershire. The names of her brothers and sisters, in the order of their birth, were :—

1. Jane Miriam, who married Henry Crane, Esq., of Oakhampton, near Stourport.

2. Henry East, vicar of Cople, Bedfordshire, who died 1875. Married Frances Mary, daughter of George J. A. Walker, Esq., Norton, near Worcester.

3. Maria Vernon Graham.

4. Ellen Prestage, who married Giles Shaw, Esq., of Celbridge Lodge, county Kildare, now of Winterdyne, Bewdley.

5. Francis Tebbs, vicar of Upton Bishop, near Ross. Married Isabel Susan, daughter of Colonel W. Martin.

On the 25th of January, 1837, Frances was baptized in Astley Church by the Rev. John Cawood, incumbent of St. Ann's, Bewdley. Her godmothers were Miss Lucy Emra, of St. George's Vicarage, near Bristol, authoress of "Lawrence the Martyr," "Heavenly Themes," and other poems; and Miss Elizabeth Cawood, whose clever and attractive brightness had ever great influence over her little goddaughter. Her godfather was the Rev. W. H. Ridley, Rector of Hambleden.

In the "Ministry of Song" we read how Frances loved her name of Ridley, and that she bore it from one descended from the godly and learned Bishop Ridley, of the noble army of martyrs.

"But 'what the R. doth represent'
I value and revere,
A diamond clasp it seems to be,
On golden chains, enlinking me
In loyal love to England's hope,
The Church I hold so dear."

"Our sweet baby," her father wrote, "grows

nicely. She was baptized last Wednesday, 'Frances Ridley.' All are eager for her to be called Fanny, but I do not like it." However, as a child we called her Fanny, but from the time of the publication of her first book, "The Ministry of Song," Frances was her usual signature, and she much preferred her baptismal name. Her unique surname was spelt Heavergill in 1694, afterwards Havergill, or Havergall, but always Havergal since orthography in general ceased to vary. The derivation of the name is thought to be "*Heaver-gill*, the heaving or rising of the brook or gill."

My sister Miriam supplies the next link.

"My recollection of Frances begins with the first day of her life; a pretty little babe even then, and by the time she reached two years of age, with her fair complexion, light curling hair, and bright expression, a prettier child was seldom seen. At that age she spoke with perfect distinctness, and with greater fluency and variety of language than is usual in so young a child. She comprehended and enjoyed any little stories that were told her. I remember her animated look of attention when the Rev. J. East told her about a little Mary who loved the Lord Jesus. We were all taught to read early, and to repeat, by our dear mother; but as I had now left school I undertook this charming little pupil: teaching her reading, spelling, and a rhyme (generally one of Jane Taylor's), for half an hour every

morning, and in the afternoon twenty or thirty stitches of patchwork, with a very short text to repeat next morning at breakfast. When three years old, she could read easy books, and her brother Frank remembers how often she was found hiding under a table with some engrossing story."

The Rev. F. Jeffery, afterwards Vicar of Sway, was at this time our father's curate at Astley. The following is an extract from his letter, September 29th, 1879.

"I well recollect Astley Rectory more than forty years ago. At that time your sister Frances was rather more than two years old, a very fairy-like creature. Her chief companion was then a white and tan spaniel, such as Landseer might have loved, and this little favourite she called Flora or Flo. At morning prayers she always sat on her father's knee while he read the Scriptures. It is likely that she learned to read as a mere pastime. I well remember her sweet infant voice singing little hymns in imitation of her father. Her nursemaid was recommended by Miss Cawood, from the Bewdley Sunday School. The day she was four years old her little maid brought her down after dinner to dessert, crowned with a wreath of bay-leaves. I shall never forget the picture! She was her dear mother in miniature, especially in the brightness of her expression and the sparkle of her eye. A line from a classic poet was quoted exactly expressing this. I mention this as well remembering the great beauty of your dear mother. . . . To-day it is exactly fourteen

years since I saw the sun for the last time, but it would need many more years than that, to blot out my recollection of Astley Rectory.

"Ah! how each dear domestic scene I knew
. . . . .
Charms with the magic of a moonlight view,
Its colours mellowed not impaired by time!"

Her sister Miriam continues:

"At four years old, Frances could read the Bible and any ordinary book correctly, and had learned to write in round hand. French and music were gradually added; but great care was always taken not to tire her or excite the precocity of her mind, and she never had a regular governess.

"Mr. Jeffery has referred to her wreath of bay on her fourth birthday, and I remember making a wreath of the pink china roses which grew among the ivy on the rectory on her third birthday. Alas! the rose and the prophetic bay reappeared among her funeral wreaths."

The surroundings of dear Frances' early days in our Astley home may as well be given in the descriptive lines of my sister Miriam, written in 1863, accompanying her sketch of the church and rectory.

"Behold thy birthplace, Frances! The old house
Entwined with ivy, roses, and the vine;
Beneath the shadow of the ancient shrine
Where ministered our father twenty years.

He built the northern aisle, and gave the clock,
A musical memento of his love
For time and tune and punctuality!
Fair is the garden ground, and there the flowers
Were trained with care and skill by *one* who now
Rests from her labours in the heavenly land.
Here life and death together meet; the tombs
Stand close beside the mossy bank, where once
Sisters and brothers met in frolic play.
Around, the wooded hills in beauty rise!
Earth has not many scenes more fair than this,
And none more dear to those who called it Home!"

Our Sunday evening hymn-singing is vividly recalled, in which little Fanny soon took part. At this time our dear father was an invalid; music was his solace, and he composed cathedral services, also many hundreds of chants and tunes, and several sacred songs, the profits of which were always devoted to various Societies, home and foreign, and the restoration of churches.*

Beside the rich chords and tuneful song in our home, there were wise and holy influences.

* My father's first published musical composition was a setting of Bishop Heber's hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains." The proceeds amounted to £180, and were devoted to the Church Missionary Society. In 1836 the Gresham prize medal was awarded to him for a cathedral service in A. In 1841 a second gold medal was adjudged for his anthem, "Give Thanks."

Our parents' prayers and example in searching the Scriptures, and their loving cheery ways, activity and punctuality, were the keynotes of our child-life.

One of our mother's letters is given, written when Fanny was away on her first visit (1840).

I AM so glad to hear how happy you are at Wycombe. Try and be very obedient to dear grandmamma and your sister Ellen, and I hope you will do all you can to please dear grandpapa. I miss you very much, and often think I hear you call "mamma," or expect you are coming to me. You remember the three little babies at Dunley. Jane, the one that you nursed, is gone to heaven. May my Fanny know and love Jesus Christ! then she will be sure to go to heaven whether she dies young or old. Some of the seeds are come up in your garden; I love to watch them, because you helped me to sow them. Dear papa sends his love. Good bye, dear Fanny.

From dear Mamma.

In 1842 the living of Astley was resigned, and Henwick House, in the parish of Hallow, was our temporary home till our dear father's appointment by Bishop Pepys to the Rectory of St. Nicholas, Worcester, in 1845. The only distinct remembrance of this time is of Frances' delight in the gardens and long terrace walk at Henwick, with sundry agile tree climbings. Perhaps her first grief was the death of her little dog Flo, which was buried under the snowy Mespilus tree in the

ASTLEY CHURCH AND RECTORY IN 1839.

(FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. CRANE.)

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back lawn. The sheet of paper is preserved on which she wrote:

"Here lies little Flora. Died April 16th, 1844.
Aged 7. Reverence her remains."

Frances always took care to be in the drawing-room while a professor was giving German lessons. Without any one knowing it, she was listening and acquiring the language. When discovered, she had made such progress that Mr. Lorentz begged he might instruct her.

The treasured little book in which she wrote her childish hymns and rhymes begins with the following verses written at the age of seven.

SUNDAY is a pleasant day,
When we to church do go;
For there we sing and read and pray,
And hear the sermon too.

On Sunday hear the village bells;
It seems as if they said,
Go to the church where the pastor tells
How Christ for man has bled.

And if we love to pray and read
While we are in our youth,
The Lord will help us in our need
And keep us in His truth.

All her rhymes are dated, and also some simple tales, written in a copybook for the benefit of her

little niece Miriam. From nine years old and upwards she wrote long and amusingly descriptive letters, in perfect rhyme and rhythm, to her brother Frank and her young friends.

There would have been a long blank now but for the Autobiography of her inner child-life. It was written for her sister Maria, and unsealed only a few weeks ago. As the shadows on her morning pathway contrast with the light that shone more and more unto the perfect day, it is thought right to give these pages in all their truthful simplicity.

CHAPTER II.

(1843—1848.)

Autobiography from six years old—Wanting to be happy—Sunday chapters and prayer — Golden light — Waving boughs — "The caged lark" — No hypocrisy — Mother's last words — Death — No trance — The cry of the motherless — Wales — Oakhampton.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. (*Written in* 1859.)

I HAVE often already planned and half intended to write for my own amusement in coming years a sort of little autobiography of those which are past; but *this* idea, although my life would furnish plenty of small adventures and incidents, I have now for several reasons laid aside; I scarcely think it would repay the necessary outlay of many precious hours. For, more and more, do I feel what valuable capital Time is, capital which must not be put out at merely *any* interest, but as far as possible at the best and highest. In lieu however of a history of my *outer* life, I do think that a little account of my own *inner* life would be a not unprofitable investment of an evening hour. And may He who has led me these twenty-two "years through the wilderness" send His blessing upon me while I "remember all the way" by which He, I trust, has brought me hitherto.

My reasons for undertaking this little task are these. 1st. I have found it so very pleasant and profitable to

look back frequently upon what have been God's dealings with me, that a written retrospect is likely, with His blessing, to prove still more useful and delightful, as being less cursory and more definite. 2nd. I have always avoided keeping a diary, feeling certain that it never would or could be a strictly faithful picture of passing soul-life; yet I think an account of the *past*, in a bird's-eye view, would be far easier to give in a true and uncoloured light than any memoranda of a *present*, which would be tinged with the prevailing hues of the moment, morning, noon, or twilight. Therefore, as I feel sure that I shall not retain such a clear recollection of each year's history when memory is more burdened, and as I believe that even our own "experience" is a thing given to be used and improved, it seems almost a duty to endeavour to preserve it as clear and ready for reference and use (at times when "His love in times past" may be an anchor for the storm-beset spirit) as may be. 3rd. A diary no eye but mine should ever see. But, for one reason, one eye shall read these pages, if it should be God's will that the volume of my life should soon close. It is this. While I do humbly trust, though tremblingly, that I am a child of God, I know, and knowing bewail it, that much in my life and conversation has not been, and is not, "as becometh the gospel of Christ"; and there must be some, if not many, among my own beloved ones, who have no direct evidence concerning me, and whom I must have often grieved by my inconsistency. And it might be that no opportunity of any "deathbed evidence" may be given me, or that my remaining time may be so short that I may never be able to show, by a closer walk with

God, that I am truly His. And as He has in His wonderful, most wonderful, mercy given me hope, I would not that any dear to me should sorrow for me as without hope. So I shall give this to my dear sister Maria, to be opened only in case of my death; that she may have the comfort of hoping, that even in my darkest and most careless days I was not utterly forsaken of that Spirit, who I pray may never cease to strive with me.

"Call to remembrance the days of old."
"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee."

1843—1845.

Up to the time that I was six years old I have no remembrance of any religious ideas whatever. Even, when taken once to see the corpse of a little boy of my own age (four years), lying in a coffin strewn with flowers, in dear papa's parish of Astley, I did not think about it as otherwise than a very sad and very curious thing that that little child should lie so still and cold. I do not think I could ever have said any of those "pretty things" that little children often do, though there were sweet and beloved and holy ones round me who must have often tried to put good thoughts into my little mind. But from six to eight I recall a different state of things. The beginning of it was a sermon preached one Sunday morning, at Hallow Church, by Mr. (now Archdeacon) Phillpotts. Of this I even now retain a distinct impression. It was to me a very terrible one, dwelling much on hell and judgment, and what a fearful thing it is to fall into the hands of the

living God. No one ever knew it, but this sermon haunted me, and day and night it crossed me. I began to pray a good deal, though only night and morning, with a sort of fidget and impatience, almost angry at feeling so unhappy, and wanting and expecting to get a new heart, and have everything put straight and be made happy, all at once.

This sort of thing went on at intervals, not at all continuously, for often a month or two would pass without a serious thought or anything like true prayer. At such times I utterly abominated being "talked to," would do anything on earth to escape the kindly meant admonitions of dear M——, or the prayers which she would offer for me. Any cut or bruise (and such were more the rule than exception in those wild days of tree-climbing, wall-scaling, etc.) was instantly adduced as a reason why I could not possibly kneel down. A chapter in the Bible was often a terrible bore. Then, after a time of this sort, some mere trifle, very often the influence of a calm beautiful evening, or perhaps a "Sunday book" of some affecting kind, would rouse me up to uncomfortableness again. One sort of habit I got into in a steady way, which was persevered in with more or less fervour according to the particular fit in which I might be. Every Sunday afternoon I went alone into a little front room (at Henwick) over the hall, and there used to read a chapter in the Testament, and then knelt down and prayed for a few minutes, after which I usually felt soothed and less naughty. Once, when Marian P. was spending a few days with me, she being my only little visitor at Henwick, I did not like any omission, and so took her with me, saying a

few words of prayer "out of my head" without any embarrassment at her presence.

I think I had a far more vivid sense of the beauty of nature as a little child than I have even now; and its power over me was greater than any one would imagine. I have hardly felt anything so intensely since, in the way of a sort of unbearable enjoyment. Especially, and I think more than anything else, the golden quiet of a bright summer's day used to enter into me and do me good. What only some great and rare musical enjoyment is to me now, the shade of a tree under a clear blue sky, with a sunbeam glancing through the boughs, was to me then. But I did not feel happy in my very enjoyment; I wanted *more.* I do not think I was eight when I hit upon Cowper's lines, ending

"My Father made them all!"

That was what I wanted to be able to say; and, after once seeing the words, I never saw a lovely scene again without being *teased* by them. One spring (I think 1845) I kept thinking of them, and a dozen times a day said to myself, "Oh if God would but make me a Christian before the summer comes!" because I longed so to enjoy His works as I felt they could be enjoyed. And I could not bear to think of *another* summer coming and going, and finding and leaving me still "not a Christian." I shall know some day *why* my Father left me to walk thus alone in my early childhood, why such long years of dissatisfaction and restlessness were apportioned me, while others fancied me a happy thoughtless child. But He must have been teaching me, and "who teacheth like Him?" Another soothing influence to

me was the presence of any one whom I believed to be more than commonly holy: not among those nearest and dearest to me at home; how perversely I overlooked *them!* but any very pious clergyman, or other manifest and shining Christian. The Rev. John Davies, of St Clement's, I particularly reverenced; and his or any similar presence did me a sort of indefinite good. I used to want such to speak a word about good things to me, much as I hated it from those who would willingly have given it me.

All this while I don't think any one could have given the remotest guess at what passed in my mind, or have given me credit for a single serious thought. I *knew* I was "a naughty child," never entertained any doubts on the subject; in fact, I almost enjoyed my naughtiness in a savage desperate kind of way, because I utterly despaired of getting any better, except by being "made a Christian," which, as months passed on, leaving me rather worse than better, was a less and less *hoped* for, though more and more *longed* for, change. Towards the end of these two years I think (though I do not distinctly remember) that I must have become a shade quieter and happier, because of what is the first memory in my next little soul era.

July, 1845—*Spring*, 1850.

We went to St. Nicholas' Rectory in 1845, and it was in very great bitterness that I bade adieu to my pleasant country life, and became, as I remember dear papa calling me, "a caged lark." This made a *great* difference to me, for I do think that the quiet every day beauty of trees and sunshine was *the* chief external influ-

ence upon my early childhood. Waving boughs and golden light always touched and quieted me, and spoke to me, and told me about God. Being a "youngest" by so many years, and not knowing many children, I very rarely had a companion except my little Flora, in that large Henwick garden, where I first learned to *think*; and that may have been the reason why trees and grass were so much to me. They were the first pleasant leaf in God's great lesson book with me. But at St. Nicholas' Rectory I had a little tiny room all my own, and that was quite the next best thing; its little window was my "country" (for a "walk" with another was never the same thing as those lonely loiterings in the garden), and soon the sky and the clouds were the same sort of relations to my spirit that trees and flowers had been.

Soon after coming, a sermon by the curate on "Fear not, little flock," etc., struck me very much, and woke me up again from a longer slumber to a more restless unhappiness than usual. I did so want to be happy and be "a Christian," which term embraced everything I could possibly think of in the way of happiness. And I didn't at all see how I was to be, except by praying very hard; and that I had done so often that I got quite disheartened at its resultlessness. At this time I don't think I had any clear ideas about believing on the Lord Jesus, and so getting rid of the burden which had pressed so long upon my little soul. My general notion was that I didn't love God at all, and was very bad and wicked altogether; that if I went on praying very much, something would come to me and change me all at once, and make me like many whom I read about and a few whom I saw. As for *trying* to be good, that seemed of next to

no use; it was like struggling in a quicksand, the more you struggle the deeper you sink. To come back to the sermon. I had never yet spoken a word to any mortal about religion; but now I was so uneasy that, after nearly a fortnight's hesitation, taking the emboldening opportunity of being alone with the curate one evening when almost dark, I told him my trouble; saying especially that I thought I was getting worse, because since I had come to St. Nicholas' I had not cared at all for Sunday afternoon reading and prayer. His advice did not satisfy me. He said the excitement of moving and coming into new scenes was the cause most likely of my feeling worse, and that would soon go off; then I was to try and be a good child, and pray, etc., etc. So, after that, my lips were utterly sealed to all but God for another five years or rather more. Even when feeling most, I fancied I could as soon speak Sanscrit, or die, as utter a word to a human being on what was only between me and God. This intense reserve must have grieved those who loved me. Consequently too, anything like hypocrisy was the sin of all others which I could least understand, and imagined the most *impossible* to commit. How *could* any one say or seem *more* than they felt, when it was so impossible to say as much as one felt!

My dear mamma's illness and death (July 5th, 1848) did not make the impression on me which might have been expected; I mean as regards my spiritual state, for my intense sorrow, childish though it was, seems even now, after the lapse of eleven years, a thing of which I do not like to speak or think. A mother's death must be childhood's greatest grief. But I am trying now to write only of my soul's life. I did not at all expect her

departure, and shut my ears in a very hardened way to those who tried to prepare me for it; so when it came I was not ready, and there was nothing but bitterness in it to me. I did not, *would* not, see God's hand in it, and the stroke left me worse than it found me.

One subject *often* occupied my mind in these years, which would seem unusual for a child—the Lord's Supper. After coming to St. Nicholas', almost every monthly sacrament made me thoughtful. I begged to be allowed to stay in the church and see it administered "only once," but this apparently mere curiosity was not gratified, so I used to go round to the vestry and listen to the service through the door. One Sunday the hymn "My God, and is Thy table spread," was sung before sermon; it quite upset me, and I cried violently, though being in a corner of the pew I managed to conceal it. I used to reckon the years to the time when the invitation would extend to me too, not by any means happily, for I wondered what I should ever do; I could not stay away, but how could I dare to go? "Well, I hope I shall be a Christian by then!" was my only comfort.

Turning from the Autobiography, some of her mother's words are given.

"You are my youngest little girl, and I feel more anxious about you than the rest. I do pray for the Holy Spirit to lead you and guide you. And remember, nothing but the precious blood of Christ can make you clean and lovely in God's sight."

Frances. "Oh, mamma, I am sure you will get better and go to church again!"

"No, dear child; the church mamma is going to is the general assembly and church of the firstborn in heaven. How glorious to know I shall soon see my Saviour face to face! Now go and play and sing some of your little hymns for me; there is one verse I should like you to sing twice over:

"And when her path is darkened
She lifts her trusting eye,
And says 'my Father calls me
To mansions in the sky!'"

Before her mother's death (when she was eleven years old) her wish was gratified to see the Lord's Supper administered. We remember her grave, flushed face, when kneeling at her mother's bed during the "Communion of the Sick."

The whole story of her child life at this time is told in her "Four Happy Days," in which, under the name of "Annie," she reveals the bitterness of this first grief. We can almost see her in her tiny bedroom, "kneeling on the chair, leaning her little arms on the window-seat, and feeling as if she wished she had something to lean her little heart on too. The clouds had been her great friends since she had had no trees to sit in and make up fancies about. Sometimes she watched the clouds

and wondered all sorts of things about them, and especially wished she could reach the splendid white ones which looked like snow mountains that could be climbed and rested upon. But she found in a book that they were only vapour like the others, and that there would be nothing to rest upon and look down upon, only dismal thick mist and rain. Poor child! there are other bright things besides shining clouds, which when reached are only mist and tears. . . . She was musing over some words which had just been spoken in her mother's room. 'Fanny dear, pray to God to prepare you for all that He is preparing for you.' Her mamma said them very feebly and solemnly when she said good-night, and now they seemed to sound over and over again, so that they never should or could be forgotten. 'I wonder what He is preparing for me,' she thought. 'Oh I do hope He is preparing one of the many mansions for me! how I wish I knew whether He is! But I don't think He is preparing me for it, else I should not feel naughty so often.' But her mamma meant something sadder and nearer, which she knew God was surely preparing day by day for her little girl; she knew it could not be very long before she would be singing the 'new song' in perfect joy, while all her child's little songs would be hushed in great sorrow, the

greatest that a child can know. Her mamma saw how strangely she was unprepared for all this, and she never would stay to listen to anything her sisters said about their dear mamma being worse."

Only a few weeks before her own death, Frances referred to this: "The words mamma taught me in 1848 have been a *life prayer with me.* This 'preparing' goes on; it is as when gaining one horizon, another and another spreads before you. So every event prepares us for the next that is prepared for us. Mamma's words I also remember, 'Dear child, you have your own little bedroom now, it ought to be a little Bethel.' I could not *then* make head or tail of what she meant, and often wondered, till some months after, when reading in Genesis I came to the chapter; and then I understood it. Having that small room to myself developed me much as a child; it was *mine,* and to me it was the cosiest little nest in the world."

We must take one more look (from the "Four Happy Days") at St. Nicholas' Rectory on the 11th of July, 1848. "Annie [Frances] was standing by the window in a front room, looking through a little space between the window and blind. All the shops were shut up, though it was not Sunday. She knew it would be dreadful to

look out of that window, and yet she felt she *must* look. She did not cry, she only stood and shivered in the warm air.

"Very slowly and quietly a funeral passed out of the front [Rectory] gate, and in another minute was out of sight, turning into the church. Then she stood no longer, but rushed away to her own little room, and flung herself on her little bed, and cried 'oh, mamma! mamma! mamma!' It seemed as if there was nothing else in her little heart but that one word. The strange hope which had lasted all that week was gone. She had found curious things in books, and one was that people had sometimes been supposed to be dead and yet it was only a trance, and they had revived and even recovered. And so, when no one was near, she had gone again and again into that room, and drawn the curtain aside, half expecting to see the dear eyes unclose, and to feel the cold cheek warm again to her kiss. But it was no trance. The dear suffering mother was at rest, seeing Jesus face to face. Only the smile of holy peace was left on that lovely face, and that remained to the last, telling of life beyond death; she had never seen the solemn beauty of that smile before. But now all hope was gone, and she knew that she was motherless."

In her little book of poems she wrote:

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
Neither can man's heart conceive,
The blessed things God hath prepared
For those who love Him and believe.

July 5th, 1848.

And again:

Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
Soon, soon would I be at my rest;
I would fly to the Saviour I love,
And there would I lie on His breast.

July 9th.

On a marble tablet in St. Nicholas' Church, Worcester, is this inscription.

JANE,
The beloved Wife of Rev. W. H. HAVERGAL, M.A.,
Rector of this Parish, and Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral,
Died in holy peace, July 5th, 1848,
AGED 54 YEARS.
"*I give unto them eternal life.*"

After this sorrowful time our dear father took us all away to North Wales. On our return Frances often visited her sister Miriam's home, Oakhampton, where she is remembered as a clever amusing child, sometimes a little wilful and troublesome from mere excess of animal spirits, but always affectionate and grateful for any little treat; reading a good deal of poetry, and leaving traces of

her studies in volumes found in hayloft and manger and garden nooks.

When at St. Nicholas' Rectory, she threw herself into the work of her society for providing warm clothing; and her chief coadjutor (whom she calls "Maria" in "Four Happy Days") was the youngest daughter of Michael Thomas Sadler, M.P.

Though her grief for her dear mother's death was very deep, she ever tried to conceal it. Not that it was always heavy upon her, for as she writes: "If anything else occupied my attention I had a happy faculty of forgetting everything else for the moment. And thus it happened that a merry laugh or a sudden light-heeled scamper upstairs and downstairs led others to think I had not many sad thoughts, whereas not a minute before my little heart was heavy and sad."

CHAPTER III.

(1848—1852.)

The new decade — Meteor flashes — "Oh for faith" — School at last — Showers, but *no* blessing — Breaking the ice — The climax — The school sunbeam — A gleam of hope — Trusting Jesus — School again — Illness and patience — Wales — Singing and responding at "Taffy services."

AUTOBIOGRAPHY RESUMED.

I KNOW I did not love God at this time, the very thought of Him frightened me; but sometimes a feeling not unlike love would make me go to sleep with a wet pillow. It would often be thus. Going to bed, I would determine I would try to think about God, hard as it was; and after I lay down, as my thoughts did not flow at all naturally heavenward, any more than water flows upward, I forced them into a definite channel by a half whisper. "How good it was of God to send Jesus to die!" was my usual beginning, while I by no means felt or believed that wonderful goodness. Nevertheless it usually ended in my crying most heartily because I was so bad and He was so good, and because I didn't and couldn't love Him when He even died for sinners.

Here I ought to say that, for preservation from one deadly error, I ought especially to be thankful to my ever watchful Keeper. Never for one moment, even from my earliest childhood, have I ever been tempted to think

otherwise of myself than as a great and miserable and helpless sinner. Never have I dared to think myself "as good as others," for even as a little child I knew and felt the sinfulness of my own heart. Never has the shadow of a hope in my own righteousness, or of any trust in myself, crossed my mind. Yet even this I say with the reservation that it is and has been so, as far as my own consciousness goes, for every year shows me more and more the utter deceitfulness of the heart: "who can know it!" Oh the comfort of thinking that there is One who *knows* it, and can therefore cleanse its most hidden chambers from their dark pollution. "O God, unto whom all hearts be open," etc., is one of the sweetest things in our sweet Liturgy, to me, and it is wonderful what confidence it has often given me.

So passed the five years till the spring of 1850, a time full of many recollections which I should like to retrace, had I not determined to abide by my intention of recalling only the history of what I would now dare to hope, though for many years I doubted it, is God's own work in me, which He, according to His promise, will perfect in His own time.

1850 (*Spring*) *to* 1851 (*February*).

The bells were ringing in the new year, and not *year* only but *decade*, when Maria woke me and said, "It is 1850 now, Fanny!" It was quite dark, and I lay listening to the new year's birth-song in silence. A dim looking onward through a fresh "ten years" all the way till 1860 came before me; I should be grown up if I lived; I a woman, how curious it seemed! Perhaps I should be dead, and where? If I lived, should I be a

Christian? That was the great thing in all my anticipations of coming years; but in a solemn hour, like a new year's midnight, it grew greater and more important than ever. The sound of the bells died away, and all was quiet again. I did not muse long, but fell asleep to wake up in the first grey twilight of 1850.

Now the decade has nearly glided by (the first entire one in my recollection); the new year's bells of 1860 will soon be sounding forth; God has preserved my life hitherto; and how shall I answer the great question then, not "shall I be" but "am I, a Christian?" May I, trusting and believing in the Lord Jesus as I do hope He has taught me to do, answer this great question of my life with a humble yet confident "yes"? And, in entering upon another ten years, may I not hope that "to him that hath shall be given," that He will give me more faith, hope, and love, more knowledge of Himself, more meetness for His presence? *Amen!*

I don't so much remember particular incidents in the early part of this year as general feelings and impressions, which were then rather altered in character, so much so as to form the beginning of a new division in my heart story. This much I know, that a soberizing thoughtful time seemed to fall on me like a mantle, and my strivings were no longer the passionate spasmodic meteor flashes which they had been, but something deeper, more settled, more sorrowful. All this was secret and only within my own breast, for not only at this time but all through my early life there were but a very few who knew me to be anything but a careless merry girl, light hearted in the extreme. This spring a strange new sense of the vanity of life and earth and

everything but the *one* thing came over me, and when alone I sat and mused till I often cried. I began to look onward more, and feel that I should not be a child much longer (I was thirteen) ; and then years would go by so quickly, people said they did, they went faster even then to me ; and what would they bring ? vanity and sameness and vexation ? And life began to seem such a little thing to me, such "a handbreadth," and what was there in it to care for ? I couldn't expect a happier lot than I had, and yet all I had was unsatisfactory ; and I should always be *myself* too, and I hated my*self*, so what was to be done ?

Two or three things happened (though I do not at all remember what), which tended very strongly to confirm these sad thoughts ; death seemed around me ; "passing away" earth's motto ; "vanity" life's keynote. As the beautiful spring came on there was a mist of melancholy over the very flowers : they had opened, well, what matter ? they would fade again, and so would everything ! I did not enjoy that spring as I had others, its charm was gone. In the end of May I joined Ellen in London, and we spent six weeks of gorgeous summer weather together at Wycombe with grandpapa. What brought it before me I don't know, but now came a more definite and earnest prayer, for *faith*. Oh to believe in Jesus, to believe that He had pardoned me ! I used to go to bed rather early, and lie awake in the long summer twilight till Ellen came up, praying for this precious gift. Oh for faith ! That was my cry ; but it was not given, at least not *as* and *when* I asked. I read a great deal of the Bible at this time in a "straight on" sort of way, expecting to come to something which would set me free

and bring the great gift of faith within my grasp. How I got it I can't in the least tell; but certainly about this time I had a clearer idea of salvation than ever before, though I fancied myself farther than ever from its blessedness.

This reminds me that as a child I read a good deal of the Bible, Isaiah being nearly my favourite book from the time I was ten or eleven. I never succeeded in reading for any length of time on any regular plan, because if I missed at all in one I got disheartened and *ennuyée*, and after giving up altogether for a little while began something else. Once I determined, if eternal life were in the Scriptures, find it *I would*, and resolved to begin giving an hour a day to very careful and prayerful reading of the New Testament.

Then came the great break in the current of my outer life, and with it a development of the inner. August 15th, 1850, to my great delight I went to school. And that single half-year with dear Mrs. Teed, formerly of Great Campden House, at Belmont now, was perhaps the most important to me of any in my life. The night before I went, Ellen,—dear, gentle, heavenly sister that she was, stood by me, brushing my hair, and taking the last opportunity of loving counsel. She told me that I was going to begin a new chapter in my life: stay, her words were, "One of the great events of your life, Fanny!" and then she was silent. I was captiously disposed, and rather wanted to avoid a serious conversation, so I answered carelessly, for I knew by the tone of her voice what she wanted to lead on to. But it would not do, she went on till I was softened,—a most unusual thing under the process of being talked to, which generally had the

most opposite effect. She spoke of God's love, and of how pleasant and sweet a thing it was to love Him who first loved us. I could not stand it, and for the first time for five years I spoke out: "I can't love God yet, Nellie!" was all I said, but I felt a great deal more.

Next day I went. Maria took me, and we reached Belmont quite in the evening. It was nearly prayer-time, and Maria and I were left to have some tea alone in the great drawing-room. We had just finished when voices reached us, and we tried to find our way in their direction. They came from the schoolroom, where the girls were singing their evening hymn prior to the weekly address of their chaplain. It sounded very sweet and soothing, as we stood behind the door in the last glow of sunset, and somewhat subdued the spirits and the curiosity which were exciting me considerably. Then Miss Teed came out and brought us in, just as Mr. Parker was beginning his sermon. It was from some text in Samuel which I forget; but the two leading ideas were, that we should begin the new half-year with the Saviour who loved us and gave Himself for us, and in a spirit of helpful love one toward another. It was a rather long address, and I was very tired and excited, so I know I did not listen to it nearly all; but this much I have retained until now, and it was the keynote of my prayer that evening as I knelt for the first time beside my little school bed, so white and curtainless.

How I should like to run on with many reminiscences of school life! But I *will* not! It was not long before I felt that Mrs. Teed's teaching was something more than common, but, till towards the end of the half-year, things went on much as usual with me.

After the middle of the half-year there was a difference. It was Mrs. Teed's *finale* to her long course of school work, and she longed and prayed that it might indeed be finished with joy through the outpouring of God's blessing upon her labours. That none might leave her roof unimpressed was her desire, and it was to a great extent fulfilled. She prayed and spoke with us, together and individually, with a fervour which I have never since seen equalled, and seemed a very St. Paul in the intensity of her yearning over us. The result was what might be really called a *revival* among her young charge. There may have been, and probably was, some excitement; but that the Holy Spirit was, even then and there, sent down into many a young heart, and that many dated from that time their real conversion to God, and went home that Christmas rejoicing in a newly and truly found Saviour, I have no doubt whatever. My own two dearest friends were among these.

But, before the full tide of all this blessing set in, I was much in earnest. To begin with; it must indeed have been a heart of stone that could resist dear Mrs. Teed's sweet and holy power. Besides, we had pious teachers who often spoke on the best things to us, and had little meetings for prayer weekly in their own rooms. And there were many Christian girls too, easily recognised by their general "walk and conversation," almost by their very countenances; these I knew "took sweet counsel together," and I envied them and longed to *dare* to share it. Mary —— was one of these; we were naturally a great deal together, and I longed to be able to speak and tell her how unhappy I often was; but it was long before I summoned courage. At last I did.

"Mary, dites-moi, est-ce que vous aimez Dieu?" (We always had to speak French.) She looked almost surprised, there was no doubt about the matter with her. "Oui, certainement," she said, "je l'aime plus que je ne pourrais vous dire." Then I burst into tears and sobbed out "Eh bien, c'est cela que je désire tant, et moi je ne le puis pas!" The ice was broken, and dear Mary spoke very sweetly to me: I did not regret my confidence this time. "Pouvez vous ou voulez vous dire que vous êtes encore un petit enfant?" "Oh, oui, je sais que je ne suis qu'un enfant." "Alors, écoutez! Jésus disait, 'Suffer the little children,' etc. C'est chaque petit enfant qui doit venir à Lui, chaque petit enfant qu'Il appelle, qu'Il veut embrasser." She begged me to go to Jesus and tell Him I wanted to love Him and could not, and then He would teach me to. The words of wise and even eminent men have since then fallen on my ear, but few have brought the dewy refreshment to my soul which the simple loving words of my little Heaven-taught schoolfellow did. But as yet they were only as a "very lovely song," etc., though I loved to listen to them, and acted upon them in darkness and trembling. After this I had many talks with Mary, but with no one else. Even with Diana, the goddess almost among my school friendships, and whom I believed to be like Mary, not a syllable could I utter on the subject; though I longed to hear her speak to me as Mary did.

November came, and with it a marked increase of anxiety among undecided, and earnestness among decided ones. I remember a feeling of awe stealing over me sometimes, at the consciousness that the "power of

the Lord was present" among us. For so indeed it was. As day after day passed on, one after another might be observed (even though little or nothing were said) to be going through the great sorrow which seemed to prelude the after-sent peace; and day after day one after another, hitherto silent, spoke out and told what peace and joy in believing they had found, and blessed God that they ever came to Belmont. Religious topics became the common subjects of conversation among the girls; for even those as yet untouched could not but be struck with what passed around them. In very general conversation I occasionally joined, but more reservedly than any almost, and never alluding to my own feelings, though I knew what it was for my heart to feel as if it must burst. I am not quite sure, but I think, when Elizabeth —— told me that she too had found peace, I told her enough of my heart to establish confidence between us.

As I heard of one and another speaking in such terms of confidence and gladness, my heart used to sink within me, it seemed so utterly unattainable. I prayed despairingly, as a drowning man cries for help who sees no help near. I had prayed and sought so long, and yet I was farther off than these girls, many of whom had only begun to think of religion a few weeks before. It was so very dark around me; I could not see Jesus in the storm nor hear His voice. They spoke of His power and willingness to save, but I could find nothing to prove that He was willing to save *me*, and I wanted some special personal evidence about it. To *know*, surely, that *my* sins were forgiven, and to have all my doubts taken away, was what I prayed and waited for. Every day

as it passed, while more were added to the rejoicing ones around me, only left me more hopeless, more heartsick at the hope deferred and often almost lost.

Yet I drank in every word (and they were many) that I heard about Jesus and His salvation. I came to see that it was Christ *alone* that could satisfy me. I longed *intensely* to come to Him, I wept and prayed day and night; but "there was no voice nor any that answered."

The climax came about the first or second week in December. I shall never, never forget the evening of Sunday, December 8th. Either the sermon at church or Mrs. Teed's subject, or both, had been Mark ii. 1–12. Anyhow, I know we had heard much of that palsied one in his lonely helplessness, and of Christ's words of forgiveness, bringing joy and power and healing. Diana had hardly seen me all day, which was an unusual thing. (She was the sunbeam of the school, and a most particular friend of mine, and I loved her with a perfectly idolatrous affection,—such as, until that time, I had never given to any one. I, and most others, always supposed that her charming disposition and general sweetness arose from a purer and deeper fount than could dwell in her own nature; yet she never spoke on sacred things, though she seemed as faultless as a child could be.)

For some days previously she had mixed as little as possible with others, though apparently unintentionally, and there had been a slight depression about her which, though probably unnoticed by others, struck me, from being accustomed to watch every changing light on her face with something approaching adoration. That even-

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ing, as I sat nearly opposite to her at tea, I could not help seeing—nobody could—a new and remarkable radiance about her countenance. It seemed literally lighted up from within, while her voice (I wonder whether it was as musical to others as to me!) even in the commonest necessary remarks sounded like a song of gladness. Something was coming I was sure. Diana was not the same. I looked at her almost with awe, as one would on some spirit visitant. As soon as tea was over she came round to my side of the table, sat down by me on the form, threw her arm round me, and said: "Oh, Fanny, dearest Fanny, the blessing has come to me at last. Jesus has forgiven me, I know. He is my Saviour, and I am so happy! He is such a Saviour as I never imagined, so good, so loving! He has not cast me out, He said so, and He says so to you. Only come to Him and He will receive you. Even now He loves you though you don't know it." Much more she said which I do not remember, but the tone of her voice is as clearly sounding in my ear as if she still spoke. Yes, she had found peace, and more than peace,—overflowing unspeakable joy; yet, even in the first gush of its shining waters, she thought of those around, and almost her first impulse was to desire that her friends should possess what had been given to her to find. Then she told me how, while every one had supposed her to be a Christian, she had not been so, though she had been seeking and praying for a long time; and how, that day, the words "thy sins be forgiven thee" had struck her suddenly, and she had thought them over all day till the time came when she could be alone with Him who spoke them; and then came the joyful power of believing in the love

and might of that gracious Saviour, and His death-bought pardon.

Afterwards, she told me how new and strange many things seemed to her. The way in which she spoke of motives particularly impressed me. It was a new light to me. Actions, words, and intentions had been enough for me before, but from that evening I felt that my standard was raised, and that henceforth my strivings after a holy life must include more than I had dreamt of. A consciousness of the purity of heart required by God came over me; and, though more disheartened than ever, I had learnt a great lesson.

The few remaining days, till the holidays, passed much as before, except that the last two or three unsettled me, and made me very much indisposed for a continuance of the earnest steady toil of the foregoing weeks; for the *first* coming home from school, at the end of an unbroken half-year, is not *a little thing* to a child.

From that time till the spring of the present year I date a course of weary seeking, inconstant and variable; often departed from, but as often renewed, and by God's grace never entirely given up; brightened from time to time with a gleam of hope; sweetened from time to time with a drop, though but a drop, of the still fountain of heavenly peace; yet, as a rule, passed in the cold mists of doubt, and the chilly storms of temptation and inward strife, and the dim twilight of miserable and even disappointed longing.

Oh, how gladly I would have exchanged my best things of earth, my happiest months and years, as far as outward things were concerned, with any one's lot, however wretched, who possessed that joy in the Lord

which I could not find. At any time I would willingly have lost or suffered *anything*, might it but have brought me to the attainment of "full assurance." And I am quite sure that *nothing*, in the way of earthly and external trials, could have been to me what the inner darkness and strife and utter weariness of spirit, through the greater part of these years, has been. Many may have thought mine a comparatively thornless path; but often when the path was smoothest there were hidden thorns within, and wounds bleeding and rankling.

February, 1851.

I feel that the beginning of this year ought to be marked as the commencement of a new life-chapter, because it was then that, for the *first* time, I ever knew what it was to have one gleam of hope or trust in Christ, or one spark of conscious faith. Not that I would date conversion exactly from this time; that I cannot fix. The *time* I know not, the *fact* I would desire to "make sure" more and more.

Having broken the ice by speaking on sacred things with a few at Belmont, it was the less difficult to do so again, and before long I had made a confidante of Miss Cooke (who afterwards became my loved mother). I think it must have been February when she was visiting at Oakhampton at the same time with me and had several conversations with me, each of which made me more earnest and hopeful. At last, one evening, (I remember it was twilight,) I sat on the drawing-room sofa alone with her, and told her again how I longed to know that I was forgiven. She asked me a question which led to the hearty answer that I was sure I desired it above everything on

earth, that even my precious papa was nothing in comparison,—brothers and sisters, and all I loved, I could lose everything were it but to attain this. She paused, and then said slowly: "Then Fanny, I think, *I am sure*, it will not be very long before your desire is granted, your hope fulfilled." After a few more words she said: "Why cannot you trust yourself to your Saviour at once? Supposing that now, at this moment, Christ were to come in the clouds of heaven, and take up His redeemed, could you not trust Him? Would not His call, His promise, be enough for you? Could you not commit your soul to Him, to your Saviour, Jesus?" Then came a flash of hope across me, which made me feel literally breathless. I remember how my heart beat. "I *could*, surely," was my response; and I left her suddenly and ran away upstairs to think it out. I flung myself on my knees in my room, and strove to realize the sudden hope. I was very happy at last. I could commit my soul to Jesus. I did not, and need not, fear His coming. I could trust Him with my all for eternity. It was so utterly new to have any bright thoughts about religion that I could hardly believe it could be so, that I had really gained such a step. Then and there, I committed my soul to the Saviour, I do not mean to say without *any* trembling or fear, but I did—and earth and heaven seemed bright from that moment—*I did trust the Lord Jesus*.

For the next few days my happiness continued. Over and over again, I renewed that giving up my soul to the Saviour which had made entrance for the joy. For the *first* time my Bible was *sweet* to me, and the first passage which I distinctly remember reading, in a new

and glad light, was the fourteenth and following chapters of St. John's Gospel. We went to Bewdley in the large carriage, and I rode outside, so had no conversation to disturb me. In coming home I took out a little Testament from my pocket, and read those beautiful chapters, feeling how wondrously loving and tender they were, and that now I too might share in their beauty and comfort.

We must again leave the Autobiography, to supply some needed links.

In July 1851 our father married Caroline Ann, daughter of John Cooke, Esq., of Gloucester. One of Frances' poetical letters lovingly describes her satisfaction at this event.

Her great desire to go to school was again gratified, and on the 5th of August, 1851, she went to Powick Court, near Worcester. Being one of the first arrivals, Frances was invited to tea in the drawing-room, and exceedingly astonished Miss Haynes by throwing her arms around her, exclaiming "I am *so* delighted to come to school!" Towards December, however, when enjoying her studies, the intensity of her application was checked by severe erysipelas in her face and head. She was soon removed home, and both school and home studies were prohibited by medical order. I well remember her patience even then, when almost blind, and passing many weeks

of precaution, wearisome to her naturally active mind and body. She was so extremely agile in every movement, a very fairy with her golden curls and light step, her dear father calling her his "Little Quicksilver," that to "lie still" was no light trial.

Extracts from letters to Elizabeth Clay, her schoolfellow and life-long correspondent, will here and elsewhere supply an otherwise lost link; they extend over a period of twenty-eight years, and are those referred to in future pages as letters "to E. C."

COLWYN, NORTH WALES, *August* 1852.

We came here on the 2nd. The change is doing us all good, and we think dear papa's eyes are a little better. Colwyn suits me much better than Llandudno, and I am as well as possible. We find pretty walks *ad infinitum*. The donkey-girl teaches me Welsh. I think I learn it very fast, and I have a Welsh Testament and Prayer Book. At what Mary calls the "Taffy service" I can sing and chant and respond as fully as the natives themselves. . . .

Now for a little quiet bit, to tell you how I am getting on. I wish I were not so impatient as I am, at hearing the (to me) dreadful news that I must on no account go to school again till after Christmas, and perhaps not at all! Oh I am so disappointed! I cannot bear to be ignorant and behind others in learning, so this check is just what I most needed. Still, I am sure it will be all

right; and if I receive good things at the hand of such a Father, shall I murmur at such a drawback, which is only to teach me a lesson I must learn after all. . . . How bright everything seems with you! I fear I shall never have such joy, still I do not give up seeking; but there seem so many things in the way. I have been thinking a great deal about my confirmation, though it will not be for two years. It seems such a solemn vow. I fear I should never have strength to keep it; but it is one of my most constant prayers that, if I am spared to be confirmed, I may never act as if I had not been.

CHAPTER IV.

(1852—1855.)

School at Düsseldorf — Journey to Westphalia — Leaving school —Numero I.—Autobiography resumed—Life in the pastor's family—The Countess von Lippe—Letter from Pastor Schulze-Berge—The day of confirmation — In Worcester cathedral— "Thine for ever"—Home life — Oakhampton enjoyment— "Welcome home to my father."

IN November she accompanied her parents to Germany.

(*To E. C.*)

GRÄFRATH, *November* 1852.

. . . We arrived here, that papa might consult the great oculist, Dr. De Leuw. The Hofrath is very good to his poor patients, and attends to them most carefully, and never charges them anything; the village is full of them. The country round Gräfrath must be pretty in summer, and I have found some nice walks. The master of our hotel has a partiality for cats and dogs, and, as they follow him up to bed every night, the gentle patter of fifty-two feet is extremely amusing.

The Hofrath says papa has incipient cataract, which he hopes to be able to disperse. As we need remain here only three weeks, we shall winter in Düsseldorf. I will tell you about my school there, to which I am longing to return. The "Louisenschule" is so called from

the Queen of Prussia. There are no private schools here, and all the young ladies seem to attend this school, which numbers one hundred and ten scholars. . . .

(*To E. C.*)

KÖNIGSWINTER, *May* 13, 1853.

. . . Having had a month's holiday here, I am going back to the Louisenschule. Fraulein Quincke is a very excellent schoolmistress, and the masters are undoubtedly very good. My music master is extremely particular. I find some harmonic scales by Mendelssohn good practice, but all my pretty English splashy pieces are interdicted. I have joined the drawing class and am so fond of it. The school is under the direction of that good man, Pastor Krafft, so altogether papa has decided to let me have my way and return to school, while he and mamma travel about. I can chatter pretty fast in German, and am so well *in* with all their lesson plans, that I should be sorry not to return. I had an excellent testimony at the Easter examination.

Papa has taken us an excursion into Westphalia, partly in the hope of finding some interesting cousins there, inasmuch as Dr. De Leuw and others assure us our name is Westphalian. But so far we have not succeeded. We were delighted with Münster, the capital, a curious old German town. The market place is surrounded with beautiful arcades of massive stone (instead of wood as at Chester), the light figurate pillars and open stonework are extremely elegant. While mamma rested at the hotel, papa took me to the cathedral. The bells were chiming confusedly. It was a lovely evening after sunset. We went in, and I never saw any-

thing so enchanting. The light, soft and faint, streamed in through the western window, casting upon the pavement, beneath, the shadows of the marble pillars which supported the organ, in a peculiar way. Scattered about were a few solitary worshippers, some before a cross or image, and some with books and tapers. We listened to what seemed to be the sound of very sweet chanting in the choir, but on going nearer it had ceased, and was echoing in another part. It was in fact the sound of the bells, their extremely beautiful tones floating softly through the long aisles of the cathedral. Altogether I cannot describe the impressions made upon one, but I can well imagine how the worshippers, kneeling about the cathedral, might mistake the quiet soothing feeling, which such a scene easily induces, for holy devotion. Popery knows well how to lull and deceive, knows well how to entrap the senses and feelings; and nothing can be better suited to the natural heart than such a religion. Next morning a confirmation was held in one of the churches we happened to visit, and there, for the first time, I saw the elevation of the host. Have you ever seen it? You should for once. It is so saddening, so dreadful, at the tinkling of a bell to see a whole congregation kneel and worship a wafer! Afterwards there was a procession round the church twenty times, with the host, acolytes, and incense, which same incense gives everything the most heathenish look; and, while banners and crosses and pictures of saints passed round, a litany to the saints was chanted, with "*Ora pro nobis*" coming over and over again.

We have made other excursions, etc. How much pleasure I have had, all I wish and all I want; but am I

having my good things here? I wish I *knew* which Master I am serving. Should I let go my hold on Christ so often and so readily, if mine were a true hold on Him? I began so well at school, and thought that earthly learning would not for this time tempt me to forget heavenly things; but day after day I grew more eager for my lessons, and less earnest in seeking Jesus. . . . It is pleasant to get good news from England. I am so proud and pleased about my brother Frank. He was ordained at Christmas, and accepted a curacy at Hereford with good Mr. Hanbury. Six months afterwards he was appointed to a minor canonry at Hereford Cathedral; so he is the youngest Minor Canon ever elected in England. My dear brother Henry has another little daughter; how I love my brothers!

(*To E. C.*)

OBERCASSEL, *September* 17, 1853.

. . . I have left school for ever I suppose, and came here from Düsseldorf. What a suffocating feeling it is, leaving school *for ever*—a period, an era, completely passed and left behind! One feels that childhood is over now, and a sense of tenfold increased responsibility and independence, so to speak, is a weight upon the spirit. The strings seem loosed which have hitherto bound and yet protected one,—a child's obedience and diligence. One's future education and formation of character, whether for good or evil, depends now upon oneself; indeed in a measure one's whole life, one's happiness or misery through the whole pilgrimage, must be very, *very* greatly influenced by, and dependent on, that important time, the first year after leaving school.

Many a power of mind must be exercised which, as yet, has had little opportunity to try its flight; judgment and discretion in a thousand things are needful; one must think and act far more for oneself; self-denial must be learnt; oh so much has to be done! As a child, the education of the mind was more in other hands, but now the education of mind and heart is confided to one's own care, and there will be an account to give of how this has been performed. One's spirit is a precious diamond; the rougher cutting work has been done by other hands, now one must undertake its further beautifying oneself, the polishing and grinding needs care and diligence and attention, and if neglected how shall we find an excuse with the great Master Jeweller, who had given the costly stone into our care? Now a different place in life, in society, and in one's own family must be occupied; more is expected from one, many a little burden from which the child is exempt must now be taken up voluntarily. Then the past years, as memory brings the long panorama slowly, one picture after another, before one's view, how spotted, how defiled are even the fairest of these scenes; every year having brought new guilt to be mourned over! But thankfulness must not be forgotten amid the whirl of conflicting feelings and thoughts; not *drops* but rich full measure of happiness filled *my* cup, at least through the greater part of this time; and many blessings, which till now I have scarcely been aware of, ought to make me very grateful to Him, who does indeed let His sun shine on the most unthankful and evil. You experienced all this a year ago, and so will understand it. . . .

You will like to know the result of my last examina-

tion. Only fancy, when the testimonies were given out at the Louisenschule, amidst heart beating and cheek flushing (especially mine), "Frances Havergal, *Numero Eins!*" broke the still silence of the awed assemblage. You understand German enough to know that *eins* means one. Proud I was, partly on account of being a daughter of Britain. I did not go to sleep till nearly midnight, for pure delight and satisfaction. I can't be satisfied without telling my friend the whole of the history. In the Louisenschule, when a girl has not learnt everything (as you know I did not), she receives merely her testimony but *no number*. This half-year, however, it seems that all the masters, in council assembled, were so very well pleased with the *Engländerin*'s (English girl's) papers and conduct that they agreed to break their rule for once, and honour me with *Numero I.*, a thing which they had never done before!

Autobiography Resumed.

The year 1853 was unique in some things. I was at school at Düsseldorf part of it; and stood alone (as far as I know) among the 110 girls. I do not think there was one besides myself who cared for religion. This was very bracing. I felt I must try to walk worthy of my calling, for Christ's sake; and it brought a new and very strong desire to bear witness for my Master, to adorn His doctrine, and to win others for Him. It made me more watchful and earnest than perhaps ever before, for I knew that any slip, in word or deed, would bring discredit on my profession. There was very much enmity to any profession, and I came in for more unkindness than

would have been possible in an average English school, where I believe the tone is infinitely higher in every way and the supervision far more strict. Results were: as to my schoolfellows *none*, I do not *know* that I did *any* good among them; though, towards the end of the time, several were certainly disarmed, and left off the small persecutions in which they had delighted, and were even affectionate to me. As to teachers, I had the reward of leaving with the best *zeugniss* in the whole school, and with the highest praise and regret from every one. As to myself, it was a sort of nailing my colours to the mast. I had taken a higher standard than ever before, and had come out more boldly and decidedly on the Lord's side than I might have done for years under ordinary circumstances. Yet the tide ebbed again before many months had passed, and I remember longing to be able to say "O God, my heart is fixed,"—in bitter mourning over its weakness and wavering.

(*Letter to E. C.*)

OBERCASSEL, 1853.

You will want to know, dear Elizabeth, what brings me here. Dear papa's eyes have been lately quite at a standstill as to improvement. He is now with mamma at Heidelberg, leaving me under the care of a good pastor and his wife. Obercassel is a pleasant village on the Rhine. We see the Drachenfels, with a peep into a narrow rock-shut-in valley, through which the Rhine flows from Coblenz. That you may glance into my room, I send herewith a Raphaelistic sketch thereof! Busts of Goethe and Schiller, shelves and table covered

with German and French books, etc., etc. It will soon be dusk, and then I go down and take my place by the Pastor Schulze-Berge, who will read aloud, while the pleasant frau pastorin and Lottchen work or knit. Conversational interruptions, serious or amusing, will take their turn; and Goethe, whose life is the subject, will be criticised in every light. Now, is not this very pleasant? I like my quarters amazingly, and am very happy. I get up at five o'clock, breakfast at seven; then I study for four hours. Of course my books are nearly all German, and I write abstracts; I also give one hour to French literature. How I do enjoy myself when I get to the German poets and Universal History, which I dive into with avidity. If anything strikes me, I can always refer to the good pastor. . . . . I have opportunities here of seeing a little of German high life. Close by is the "court" of the Count von Lippe, a family worthy of their rank and title. They live very simply, because they give more than half their income away. The dowager countess is a perfect pattern of a Christian noble lady, also her gentle suffering daughter, Mathilde. The count and his wife are now travelling in Italy. Then there is an adopted daughter, Fraulein von Clondt, whom I like very much. To her I go now regularly from 9 to 10 a.m., to read some German author, which is very nice for me and very kind of her. Besides that, I am constantly invited there to tea or for some excursions, so that I see many of the German aristocracy who are often there. One of the countess's daughters is a princess; I should like her to come while I am here, as I have never

spoken to a princess in my life! I am often on the Rhine, and I always row a little, it's such fun! . . . The German language is very easy to me, for except on Sundays, which I spend with the English clergyman of Düsseldorf, I never hear or speak English. It is most absurd now when I begin to speak English; I cannot get to think in it, and keep translating German expressions which seem so much more natural to me to use. I must go to Düsseldorf to visit Fraulein Quincke, whose especially beloved pupil I was. One of her friends, Herr Niessen, an artist, was to paint a portrait of me for her; but he was ill and could not do it till the last day, and so he only sketched one.* Not many weeks more till I see you, —hurrah!

(*Pastor Schulze-Berge to M. V. G. H.*)

September 24, 1879.

It is a joy to myself to give you some information about your beloved sister Frances' progress in those studies in which I had the privilege of being her instructor. I had the greatest esteem for her while she was in our house, which only deepened each time I saw her again or heard of her work. She was committed to my care for her studies in 1853, at Obercassel. I instructed her in German composition,

* This fact about the artist's sketch led to recent search for it. After many failures, Messrs. Elliott and Fry traced it by some artist friends. The portrait was first heard of at Cologne, then at Bonn, and finally found in Fraulein Quincke's possession there, and sent to London.

literature, and history; I learned to appreciate her rich talents and mental powers, so that the lessons were more pleasure than work. She showed from the first such application, such rare talent, such depth of comprehension, that I can only speak of her progress as extraordinary. She acquired such a knowledge of our most celebrated authors in a short time as even German ladies attain only after much longer study. They were precious moments when I unfolded to her the character of one of our noblest poets and thinkers, and let her have a glimpse into the splendour of his works. Stirred to the depths of her soul, she burst out enthusiastically, "Oh what mental giants, what gifted men, these Germans are!" What imprinted the stamp of nobility upon her whole being, and influenced all her opinions, was her true piety, and the deep reverence she had for her Lord and Saviour, whose example penetrated her young life through and through.

Seldom have I been more touched than by the news of her early "going home," but she is with Him to whom her soul belonged, her Lord. With the united remembrance of Adelheid (her goddaughter) and all my family,

Yours very sincerely,

PASTOR SCHULZE-BERGE.

In December 1853 Fanny returned with her parents to England. Passing over many months, we come to the solemn and long anticipated time of her confirmation in Worcester Cathedral, by Dr. Henry Pepys, Bishop of Worcester.

[From her Sealed Papers.]

July 17, 1854.

Now, on the evening of my confirmation day, I will look back upon it, and briefly endeavour to write some little record of it, for my own interest and profit in coming years.

Satan has been busy with me all this day. I rose early; he then tried to persuade me to put off, little by little, my reading of the Bible and prayer, and to some extent succeeded in making me do other minor things first, and in preoccupying my mind. At length I knelt. I looked back on all my past life, and tried to thank God for all; but the praise was not so fervent as it should have been, nor the prayer so earnest, for a blessing not only on this day but on my future life; and my soul was grieved at this coldness. But, ere I rose, my heart did seem a little warmer and Jesus a little nearer. . . .

In the procession to Worcester Cathedral Ellen Wakeman was my companion. On reaching our seat very near the rails, I sunk on my knees, and for the first time to-day the thought of "whose I am" burst upon me, and I prayed "my God, oh, my *own* Father, Thou blessed Jesus my *own* Saviour, Thou Holy Spirit my *own* Comforter," and I stopped. It scarcely seemed right for me to use the language of such strong assurance as this, but yet I did not retract. The Litany only was chanted; and, though my thoughts would fain have flown with each petition heavenward, yet every little thing seemed *trebly* a distraction, and the chanting was too often the subject of my thoughts. My heart beat very fast, and my breath almost seemed to

stop, while the solemn question was being put by the bishop. Never I think did I feel my own weakness and utter helplessness so much. I hardly dared answer; but "the Lord is my strength" was graciously suggested to me, and then the words quickly came from (I trust) my very heart; "Lord, I cannot without Thee, but oh, with Thy almighty help,—I DO."

I believe that the solemnity of what had just been uttered, with its exceeding comprehensiveness, was realized by me as far as my mind could grasp it. I thought a good deal of the words "now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling"; and that was my chief comfort. We were the first to go up, and I was the fourth or fifth on whom the bishop laid his hands. At first, the thought came as to who was kneeling next to me, but then the next moment I felt alone, unconscious of my fellow candidates, of the many eyes fixed upon us, and the many thoughts of and prayers for me, alone with God and His chief minister. My feelings when his hands were placed on my head (and there was solemnity and earnestness in the very touch and manner) I cannot describe, they were too confused; but when the words "Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace, that she may continue Thine for ever, and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until she come unto Thy everlasting kingdom," were solemnly pronounced, if ever my heart followed a prayer it did then, if ever it thrilled with earnest longing not unmixed with joy, it did at the words "Thine for ever." But, as if in *no* feeling I might or could rest satisfied, there was still a longing "oh that I desired this *yet* more earnestly, that I believed it *yet* more fully." We returned to our seats, and

for some time I wept, why I hardly know, it was not grief, nor anxiety, nor exactly joy. About an hour and a quarter elapsed before all the candidates had been up to the rails; part of the time being spent in meditation on the double transaction which was now sealed, and in thinking that I was now more than ever His; but I still rather sadly wished that I could *feel* more. Many portions of Scripture passed through my mind, particularly part of Romans viii. . . . Each time that the "Amen" was chanted in a more distant part of the cathedral, after the "Defend" had been pronounced, it seemed as though a choir of angels had come down to witness, and pour out from their pure spirits a deep and felt "Amen."

The bishop pronounced the closing blessing so very impressively that it was like soothing balm to me, and the thought came "why should I doubt that my soul will indeed receive the blessing which God's minister is thus giving? why did God appoint him thus to bless if it were to be a mere idle form? May not His blessing accompany them, and . . . "

The paper was not finished, nor can any account of her first communion be found. In her manuscript book of poems she wrote:

"THINE FOR EVER."

Oh! "Thine for ever," what a blessed thing
To be for ever His who died for me!
My Saviour, all my life Thy praise I'll sing,
Nor cease my song throughout eternity.

In the Cathedral, July 17, 1854.

She always kept the anniversary of her confirmation day. When at Celbridge (1856), her juvenile instructor in Hebrew (John H. Shaw) remembers on one of these occasions missing her at their hour for study, and that she spent most of the day in holy retirement. So lately as 1876 and 1877 she seems to have renewed her confirmation vow, in the following verses.

A Covenant.

Now, Lord, I give myself to Thee,
I would be wholly Thine;
As Thou hast given Thyself to me,
And Thou art wholly mine;
Oh take me, seal me as Thine own,
Thine altogether—Thine alone.

(*July* 1876.)

Only for Jesus! Lord, keep it for ever,
Sealed on the heart and engraved on the life!
Pulse of all gladness, and nerve of endeavour,
Secret of rest, and the strength of our strife!

(*July* 1877.)

We now return to her home life after her confirmation in 1854.

She carefully kept up all her studies, her abstracts in German, French, and English showing the rapidity and variety of her reading. With her father's help she acquired sufficient knowledge of

Greek to enjoy studying the New Testament. Her manuscript book contains twenty-five original German and English poems, beside poetical enigmas and charades, which she contributed to various pocket books under the name of "Sabrina" and "Zoide," and for which she often obtained prizes, the money thus gained being sent to the Church Missionary Society.

OAKHAMPTON, *May* 14, 1855.

Here I am in the height of enjoyment with my brother Frank. Little Miriam's absence is a drawback. My Evelyn is ill; but she is very gentle and patient, indeed I never saw a sick child so utterly without fretfulness. She is lovely, a perfect sunbeam, with golden wavy hair. . . ..

How rife everything in spring seems with beautiful emblems. I don't mean such as are already down in poetry books, but those wildly, lovely, intangible similes which flit across the mind, like the shadows of a flying bird!

Our dear father had again been to Gräfrath in 1855, and returned with his eyesight much better. Frances writes:

Is not this glorious? Such sudden improvement we hardly dared to hope for. We shall see papa in the reading desk on Sunday, where he has not been for nearly four years! Oh, we are so happy. Papa and mamma came home on Saturday. We welcomed them in style. I

made a triumphal arch over the hall-door with flowers and greenery, over the study door papa's crest in flowers, and over the dining-room a banner with the words in rosebuds and leaves, 'Welcome Home.' Oh it was so nice that dear papa was able to *see* it; directly he came in he knelt down with us all, and offered such beautiful prayer or rather praise!

CHAPTER V.

(1856—1860.)

Ireland — F. R. H. and the Irish girls — Hebrew studies — Grateful memory of Bible class teachings—"Nearer heaven!" — Chapters learnt — "Touching the hem" — Leaving St. Nicholas'—The loving teacher—Last page in Sunday Scholar's Register — Welcome to Shareshill.

AN Irish school-girl pens the following recollections of meeting F. R. H. on her first visit to Celbridge Lodge, Ireland, May 1856.

Five o'clock p.m. was the hour appointed for the elder girls from the school to arrive at the Lodge. Mrs. Shaw met us at the hall door with gentle words to each, and then brought us into the drawing-room, we being in a great state of delight at the thought of seeing "the little English lady." In a few seconds Miss Frances, carolling like a bird, flashed into the room! Flashed! yes, I say the word advisedly, flashed in like a burst of sunshine, like a hillside breeze, and stood before us, her fair sunny curls falling round her shoulders, her bright eyes dancing, and her fresh sweet voice ringing through the room. I shall never forget that afternoon, never! I sat perfectly spellbound as she sang chant and hymn with marvellous sweetness, and then played two or three pieces of Handel, which thrilled me through and through. She

finished with singing her father's tune (Hobah) to "The Church of our fathers." She shook hands with each, and said with a merry laugh: "the next time I come to Ireland I think we must get up a little singing class, and then you know you must all sing with me!"

As we walked home down the shady avenue one and another said: "Oh, isn't she lovely? and doesn't she sing like a born angel!" "I love her, I do; and I'd follow her every step of the way back to England if I could." "Oh, she's a real Colleen Bawn!"

Another of the class felt, all the time, that there must be the music of God's own love in that fair singer's heart, and that so there was joy in her face, joy in her words, joy in her ways. And the secret cry went up from that young Irish heart: "Lord, teach me, even me, to know and love Thee too."

On her next visit to Ireland the singing class was formed. An invalid remembers at this time her "tender lovingkindness in lonely days of sorrow and suffering. It was Miss Frances who first taught me Greek, which was *such* an interest and help to me, and afterwards she gave me Hebrew lessons too. Truly can I say, 'I thank my God on every remembrance of thee!'"

Frances much enjoyed the study of Hebrew this summer with J. H. S. During a pleasant expedition through county Wicklow one of our party was a learned Hebrew scholar. It rather discomfited our good brother-in-law that Frances'

attention seemed deeper in investigating his knowledge of Hebrew psalms and grammar than in the surrounding geography of glens and passes. One other incident of her Irish visits was her attendance at a Bible class, conducted by the Rev. M. J. Bickerstaffe (now Vicar of Cookley). Side by side with the tiniest children Frances took her seat, and long afterwards referred to the pleasure and benefit of his instructions.

September 20, 1869.

DEAR MR. BICKERSTAFFE,—

. . . . I am so sorry not to be well enough to hear you preach this morning. Your sermons and Bible classes in 1865 were more real help to me than any I ever heard. I always look gratefully back to them as having done more to open my eyes to the "wondrous things" in God's word than any other human instrumentality.

Yours affectionately and gratefully.

The year 1858 had not much incident. She mentions her pleasure in listening to her father's Lent lectures on the Queen of Sheba, and tells her friend E——: "the lectures are beautiful; you could not form an idea of their fulness and freshness without hearing them. These typical sermons are what papa specially excels in!" She writes of

—gleams and glimpses, but oh to be filled with joy

and the Holy Ghost! Oh, why cannot I trust Him fully? How very sweet those words are, "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for His name's sake." They have comforted me, for I am but a little child, only a babe in the spiritual life, and this seems so tenderly addressed to *such*. But oh that I could grow up in Him! Sometimes I have felt almost happy in trying to realize what you write to me about, and at times I have gone on praying and pouring out all to Him, till time seemed forgotten, and I could scarcely rise and come back to earthly things. Once I had a strange thrill of joy at a passing, and may-be foolish, thought. You know how suffering I have been. Well, one evening, passing the looking-glass in the twilight, I caught sight of myself rather flushed, and I thought it looked like the hectic spot that foretells mortal disease. I know I am not in the remotest degree consumptive, but for an instant I thought it might be so. Oh the extraordinary thrill of delight the idea brought, that possibly I might be nearer heaven than I thought! It was almost ecstatic gladness; and then a chill of disappointment came when my common sense told me it could not be so! But, in whatever way or time death comes to either of us, may our lamps be trimmed and burning. . . .

From this time her letters tell of

> "The tremulous gleams of early days,
> The first faint thrills of love and praise,
> Vibrating fitfully."

She seems to have read and learned the Scrip-

tures systematically with her friend E. C. In this I had joined them, and remember that in our country walks Frances repeated alternate verses with me. She knew the whole of the Gospels, Epistles, Revelation, the Psalms, and Isaiah, and the Minor Prophets she learnt in later years. At this time she was taking the titles of Christ for her daily searchings and remarks. "Yesterday I took Christ our Advocate, it is one of the sweet titles. Alpha and Omega will be a very suitable one for Sunday. I like to think about the Lord Jesus as He is in Himself, not *only* in relation to myself."

Incidental traces of holy walking as well as holy writing come out naturally; *e.g.*, "I said something yesterday, dear Elizabeth, which I much regret, though thoughtlessly and not intentionally uttered. I thought, after, it seemed an imputation upon ——; the faintest impression of which I would remove at once from your mind. Perhaps you did not notice it; but I did, and grieved that I said it." Her home life was beautiful, though often only One knew the self-restraint and the self-denial of actions, trivial in themselves, but springing from the desire to please God. I remember her refusing to go with me for a pleasant visit to Oakhampton, because she would not leave our dear mother alone, adding "if I can only go errands it will be of some use."

(*To E. C.*)

August.

As time passes on, dear Elizabeth, so does my hope strengthen that I really took a step onward when with you in the spring. It was then that (like the woman in the press) I was enabled to come and touch the hem of His garment. It was then that the truth made me free. I have lost that weary bondage of doubt, and almost despair, which chained me for so many years. I have the same sins and temptations as before, and I do not strive against them more than before, and it is often just as hard work. But, whereas I could not see why I *should* be saved, I now cannot see why I should not be saved if Christ died for all. On that word I take my stand and *rest there*. I still wait for the hour when I believe He will reveal Himself to me more directly; but it is the quiet waiting of present trust, not the restless waiting of anxiety and danger. *His death* is really my confidence, and I have tasted the sweetness of one new thing, *praise*!

In 1860 our father resigned the living of St. Nicholas, but not before the bishop had kindly promised that his successor should be his much esteemed curate and friend, the Rev. Charles Bullock.

Many parting gifts from the parishioners flowed in, both for the Rector and his wife, whose organizing powers and activity had much endeared her to the parish. A most troublesome class of adult boys was quite a trophy of what loving words and

gentle rule could effect, and their parting address and present to her came with more costly gifts. One of her class became a Scripture reader, another an ordained minister of our Church, and all brought forth good fruit in after years.

Frances writes to E. C.:

What could be more conducive to spiritual improvement than what God has sent me lately, besides innumerable mercies, extra gratifications in many ways; all these beautiful testimonials to my precious papa, and lovely ones to dear mamma, and my own undeserved share in them, and my success in writing) for I have just received a formal application from the Editor of *Good Words* for poetical contributions).* On the other hand I have just enough bodily infirmity to keep me mindful and humble. Gold watches for dear Maria and myself came yesterday. The inscriptions are both the same inside the cases: "From the parishioners of St. Nicholas, Worcester, March 1860." The teachers and children of the Sunday School have also sent us books, nicely chosen by Mr. Bullock. One special little token from my own children I shall ever treasure.

* See "A Line Left Out," in Appendix, page 343. Her well known hymn, "I gave My life for thee," first appeared in *Good Words*. It was written in Germany, 1858. She had come in weary, and sat down opposite a picture with this motto. At once the lines flashed upon her, and she wrote them in pencil on a scrap of paper. Reading them over, they did not satisfy her. She tossed them into the fire, but they fell out untouched! Showing them some months after to her father, he encouraged her to preserve them, and wrote the tune "Baca" specially for them.

Her Sunday School work was a loved employment. In the neatly kept register, entitled "My Sunday Scholars, from 1846 to 1860," each child's birthday, entrance date, occurrences in their home, general impressions of their character, and subsequent events in their life, are all carefully noted. While absent for a few weeks, Frances writes to them, and says: "My dear children have kept up quite a correspondence with me, and printing all my answers is quite a work of time and patience, but one I do not grudge. Some of their letters are very sweet and encouraging, and all are at least affectionate and interesting. At one time I had desperately uphill work, for mine was then the worst class in the school, and, out of fourteen, only a small minority were even hopeful. Sunday after Sunday I absolutely cry about them! Still, for some I thank God and take courage."

"MY SUNDAY SCHOLAR'S REGISTER."

[*The last page.*]

I did not think when I ruled this page that it would be unfilled. Yet so it is, and the last of my dear second class fills its first space. He who appointeth the bounds of our habitation has, in manifest providence, removed our own after fifteen years' sojourn. And it will probably be some time ere I again have a regular class to care for, as other claims will fill my Sunday hours.

Among all my St. Nicholas memories, none will be fonder or deeper than my class. I cannot tell any one how I loved them, I should hardly be believed; no one in the parish, either rich or poor, called forth the same love that they did. Neither could I tell how bitter and grievous any misbehaviour among them was to me, no one knows the tears they have cost me; and because no one guessed at the depth of either the love or the sorrow, I had but little sympathy under disappointments with them. I am wrong in one thing I know, but cannot help it; the feeling that, though I may have a very sincere love and interest in other children, yet I should never be able to give any future class the same intensity of affection which these have won and some of them have reciprocated.

It has been to my own soul a means of grace. Often, when cold and lifeless in prayer, my nightly intercession for them has unsealed the frozen fountain, and the blessings sought for them seemed to fall on myself.

Often and often have my own words to them been as a message to myself of warning or peace. My only regret is that I did not spend more time in preparing my lessons for them, not more on their account than my own, for seldom have Bible truths seemed to reach and touch me more than when seeking to arrange and simplify them for my children. Therefore, I thank God that these children have been entrusted to me!

For some time past several of them have come to me, once a week, for separate reading and prayer. These times I have enjoyed very much. I rather dissuaded than otherwise, unless any real desire after salvation was manifested; and I do think that this was so far effectual

that nearly all of those who did come were, at least at the time, truly in earnest on the great question. I mark * the regular, × the occasional comers. Nearly two years have already passed since they were "my children," and I cannot say that my love and interest have yet diminished. I went to Oakhampton at Midsummer 1859, and on my return relinquished them with great secret regret for another class. I have one token of their love; given me, not by the then existing "2nd class," but by those of both 1st and 2nd who were "my children." This I treasure for their sakes, yet the remembrance of their love is more than its outward sign.

I trust it has been *true* bread which I have cast upon these waters; my Saviour knows, and He only, my earnest longings that these little ones should be His own. I think I am quite content now that others should see the fruit, so that it be but truly borne, that others should enter into my feeble and wanting labours. But, in dear papa's words, I do most fervently pray,

"May all whose names are written here
In the Lamb's Book of Life appear!"

F. R. H., *March* 1860.

Leaving St. Nicholas was to Frances a strange mixture of sorrow and thankfulness, "because I do care more for papa and his health than for anything else in all the whole world! But it is not a trifle to leave the many, rich and poor, with whom one has necessarily become more or less

entwined in a way which none but a clergyman's family can. Yet I hope dear papa will find comparative rest and strength in consequence, by going to the little country parish of Shareshill. Papa is so very much to me, so much more than all besides! He has been very ill again, and this puts an end to all ideas of farewell sermons or visits. It is wonderfully thrilling to see him in illness, such utter peacefulness, such grand conceptions of God's absolute sovereignty in everything, such quiet rejoicing in His will, be it what it may; such shining trust in Him, in and for everything, personal or parochial."

The removal to Shareshill proved beneficial, and the welcome of the parishioners was pleasing and encouraging. Frances writes: "The first step, in the way of improvement at Shareshill, has been to abolish the Sunday post; to obtain this, the inhabitants were, as required, unanimous." This subject was deeply felt by her, ever sympathising, as she did, with the men deprived of their Sunday rest; and she often grieved that some of her Christian friends did not take it up. Among the subjects upon which she intended writing, when called home in 1879, was "Sunday Postal Burdens." And, in a letter the same year, she writes: "I do think we Church of England are more conscientious about Sunday post than some others. I was de-

lighted when visiting 'B. M.' to see with the notice of post times (in the hall) 'no delivery or despatch on Sunday.' 'No manner of work' must include postal delivery, and it is not right to ignore it; it grieves me when some double-first-class Christians do not consider the subject."

CHAPTER VI.

(1861—1869.)

Oakhampton — A new power — Musical gifts — Deep borings — Subjects for prayer — Hiller's commendation — Remarkable power of harmonizing — Welcome to Winterdyne — Stormy petrelism — Sent empty away — Calmer waters — Joining Young Women's Christian Association — London — "Guess my birthday treat!" — Signor Randegger — Epitome of his first singing lesson — New home at Leamington — How poems came — My Evelyn!—"The Two Rings"—Weary and sad—First sight of Alpine mountains.

IN February 1861, by the wish of her sister and her brother-in-law Henry Crane, Frances undertook the instruction of her two youngest nieces, and made Oakhampton her second home. Her father approved of this plan, because he thought it would prevent her from pursuing the severe studies so prejudicial to her health. The lesson hours were very short, owing to the temperament of both teacher and pupils, and she had many and long changes of scene, at the seaside, at home and abroad. She entered with zest into the recreations of her young companions, riding and scrambling, swimming and skating, croquet and chess, each in its turn, and excelled in them all. Her

needlework was exquisite, from the often despised darning to the most delicate lace work and embroidery. How she redeemed her time these few lines will prove: "Stirring you up, dearie, to mental improvement is no new subject to me. I know, by my own teaching days, how very much might be learnt in all the odds and ends of time, how (*e.g.*) I learnt all the Italian verbs while my nieces were washing their hands for dinner after our walk, because I could be ready in five minutes less time than they could." The faithful old nurse well remembers "vexing over Miss Frances's hard studying, and that she found her at those Latin books long before breakfast."

Her one great object was the education of her nieces for eternity, not for time only; and not merely religious knowledge, but the realities of faith and holy living, were dwelt upon.

From the close of her Autobiography, darkness seems often to have clouded her path. From time to time she writes:

I had hoped that a kind of table-land had been reached in my journey, where I might walk awhile in the light, without the weary succession of rock and hollow, crag and morass, stumbling and striving; but I seem borne back into all the old difficulties of the way, with many sin-made aggravations. I think the great root of all my trouble and alienation is that I do not now make an un-

reserved surrender of myself to God; and until this is done I shall know no peace. I am sure of it. I have so much to regret: a greater dread of the opinion of worldly friends, a loving of the world, and proportionate cooling in heavenly desire and love. A power utterly new and unexpected was given me [singing and composition of music], and rejoicing in this I forgot the Giver, and found such delight in this that other things paled before it. It need not have been so; and, in better moments, I prayed that if it were indeed hindering me the gift of song might be withdrawn. And now that through my ill health it is so, and that the pleasure of public applause when singing in the Philharmonic concerts is not again to exercise its delicious delusion, I do thank Him who heard my prayer. But I often pray in the dark, as it were, and feel no response from above. Is this to test me? Oh that I may be preserved from giving up in despair, and yielding, as I so often do, to the floodtide enemy.

I want to make the most of my life and to do the best with it, but here I feel my desires and motives need much purifying; for, even where all would sound fair enough in words, an element of self, of lurking pride, may be detected. Oh, that He would indeed purify me and make me white at any cost! No one professing to be a Christian at all could possibly have had a more cloudy, fearing, doubting, sinning, and wandering heart history than mine has been through many years.

The first part of this year (1865) I was very poorly, and on the old régime of having to give up everything, Sunday school and Saturday evening class, visiting,

music, etc. It was very trying to me, specially so because I had rather built upon being stronger, and several points of interest had arisen which made me feel the more being shut off from all. But it was very good for me; I was able to feel thankful for it, and to be glad that God had taken me in hand as it were. I do not think I would have chosen otherwise than as He ordered it for me; but it seems as if my spiritual life would never go without weights, and I dread needing more discipline.

Deep borings, even down into darksome depths, often precede the supply of unfailing springs of refreshing water. Thus my dear sister knew much of doubt and gloom, so that she might be able to comfort others and reveal to them God's deep teachings in the darkness. Then, when she afterwards found such joy in the wells of salvation, she drew forth these teachings, refreshing other weary and thirsty ones with her words of sympathy both in poetry and prose.

It may be useful to copy the paper kept in her Bible, showing how she arranged the subjects of her prayers.

For daily Morning Prayer.

Watchfulness. Guard over temper. Consistency. Faithfulness to opportunities. For the Holy Spirit. For a vivid love to Christ.

Mid-day Prayer.

Earnestness of spirit in desire, in prayer, and in all work. Faith, hope, love.

Evening Prayer.

Forgiveness. To see my sinfulness in its true light. Growth in grace. Against morning sleepiness as hindrance to time for prayer.

The initials of all her relatives and friends are distributed to each day, and various items of intercession added, such as:

That my life may be laid out to the best advantage as to God's glory and others' good. For the Church Missionary Society and Zenana work. For success and usefulness with my subscribers. For the poor whom I visit. For the Irish Society. Guidance and (if it is God's will) success as to music. For my Sunday school class. For the servants.

In the winter of 1865–6 Frances revisited her German friends, and also resided some time with her parents at Bonn.

Having composed many songs, she was anxious for some verdict on their merit. The following letter describes her interview with Hiller, the German musician.

CLAPTON SQUARE, *February* 1, 1866.

DEAR MIRIAM,—

I must take up my history where I left off, and give you the Cologne story at last. To begin at the beginning,

Elizabeth C. told the Schulzeberges of my composing, and so they were curious about it and wanted me to go to the Musical Academy of Cologne. As I declared that out of the question, they hoped I would go to Ferdinand Hiller, whom they consider the greatest living composer and authority, and show him my songs. I shrunk from this because I expected nothing but utter quenching from such a man ; still I thought that after all I might as well know the worst, and if he thought scorn of all I had done, that would decide me to waste no more time over it ; while, if I got a favourable verdict, it ever opportunity should arise of prosecuting the *study* of composition, I should do so with a clearer conscience and better hopes. To my utter amazement, papa quite urged me to go, and a pleasant mirage of a possible musical term at Cologne screwed my courage up to writing to Hiller, who replied kindly, and made an appointment with me. I went with mamma, such a queer way among the Rhine wharfs, and through narrow streets scarcely wide enough for the droschky to pass, till we emerged in a more open part, and found Hiller's abode. He is a small elderly man, quiet in manner, of handsome and peculiar Jewish physiognomy (he is a Jew), with a forehead remarkably like papa's, and terribly clever looking eyes ; I think one would single him out as a genius among any number. He was in a double room full of musical litter, with a handsome grand piano in the middle. He received us very politely, and asked me a few questions (he is a man of few words), and then took my book of songs and sat down to *read* it through, giving me a volume of poetry to amuse myself with meanwhile. You may imagine I didn't read much ! He made

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no remark till he was about three quarters through, when he turned and said: "What instruction have you had?" I told him of Hatherley's having corrected my first six songs, and that I had a musical father to whom I occasionally referred difficult points, and with whom I had musical talk in general. "I do not care anything about that," said he, "I mean what regular musical course have you gone through, and under what professor?" I told him I had done nothing of the sort. He looked very hard at me, as if to see if I was telling the truth, and then turned back to my music, saying, "In that case I find this very remarkable!" When he had finished he delivered his verdict, the worst part first. He said my melodies bore the stamp of talent, not of genius. "In the early works of great composers," he said, "one comes across things that startle and strike you; ideas so utterly fresh and novel that you feel there is great creative power. I do not find this in your melodies; they are not bad; on the contrary I find them very pleasing and many really very good, but they are thoroughly English in character and type; I do not consider that English melodies rank highest. But, as for your harmonies, I must say I am astonished. It is something singular to find such grasp of the subject, such power of harmonization, except where there has been long and thorough study and instruction; here I can give almost unlimited praise.' I told him my question was (for I thought I would take a high standard at once) not, had I talent enough to make music a mere pleasure to myself and my friends? but had I enough to make it worth while to devote myself to music as a serious thing, as a life work? Was there promise enough to make it an advisable investment of

my life, in case I wished to do so? He said: "Sincerely and unhesitatingly I can say that you *have*." I remarked how much I should like to study at Cologne, and under himself. He said he should like to have the training of me; but, if distance were a difficulty, there were reliable men in London, and he would recommend his friend Macfarren. But I was to go to no second-rate man, that would be simply no use to me; I could only gain the polish and "form" which my work wanted, from some one really first-rate. He recommended me a book on harmony (which I procured in Cologne), and then wrote a few lines to papa, saying he had found a good deal of musical talent in my compositions, and that "but a short time would be sufficient to place me in a state to give a good form to the musical ideas with which I was gifted." I did not expect all this; and though I shall not do anything at present, it is pleasant to know I have a talent, which I may some day develop to some purpose, for I never quite believed what Dr. Marshall said about it, and I thought, if I had the talent he said I had, I should *feel* cleverer, somehow, than I do. Papa is vexed because when Hiller asked "Spielen sie gut?" (do you play well?) I replied simply "No, not well," because I thought he would judge by a professional standard. Papa says I ought to have then offered to play one of my things, but I had not the pluck or the presence of mind. . . . I supposed you would like to hear *all* about Hiller, else it seems conceited to have written so much.

Now for the home journey to Lille and a pleasant visit to Mons. and Madame V——'s. Their country house is about a mile out of the town. . . . It was

pleasant to meet old friends, and it is quite fascinating to get, also, a spice of fresh characters and life. Next morning Mons. V. took me about the lower rooms, and gave me an amusing description of Lille life. He is a sort of chieftain of the clan, which consists of about 270 nephews and nieces, and their children. He keeps them all in order. "On a grand peur de mon oncle Emile," says he; "if I see what I do not like I lecture them de manière qu'on s'en souviendra." But, on the other hand, "mon oncle Emile" is rich, and can be very gracious, and is worth keeping on good terms with. Every Sunday there are thirty-eight who "have the right" to dine with him, and every Wednesday evening he receives a wider circle in a large *galerie*, glass above and all round, like an immense enclosed verandah, so pretty with creepers and fancy plants all about. It overlooks his orangery and greenhouses, ornamental water with two bridges, pretty trees, a most charming view altogether. . . .

Such a good crossing from Calais; the sea quite glassy! I leaned over the side and watched the foam and curl of the water behind the paddles, and wrote verses ["Travelling Thoughts"] in my account book. I was able to *see* the white cliffs of Dover for the first time, and was almost sorry to leave the boat. . . .

Your loving sister.

It may not be out of place here to mention that such was the strength of her musical memory, that she would play through Handel, much of Beethoven and Mendelssohn, without any notes. A pupil of Beethoven thought her rendering of the

Moonlight Sonata perfect; her touch was instinct with soul, as also was her singing.

During her stay at Oakhampton her brother-in-law engaged Dr. Wm. Marshall to give her singing lessons; and she attended the meetings of the Philharmonic Society at Kidderminster, of which he was the conductor. The practice of sacred music was an extreme gratification to her, and she soon became a valued solo singer. Her rendering of Mendelssohn's "Woe unto them," "But the Lord is mindful of His own," are remembered as peculiarly effective, though it was in Handel's music that she more particularly delighted.

The ease with which Frances constantly versified family events is shown in the following lines, written when Mr. and Mrs. Shaw left Ireland, for their English home at Winterdyne.

WELCOME TO WINTERDYNE.

(*For December 14th*, 1866.)

FRANCIE and Willie, welcome to you!
Alfred and Alice, welcome too!
To an English home and English love
Welcome each little Irish dove:
Never again we hope to be
Kept apart by an angry sea.
A thousand welcomes, O darlings mine,
When we see you at Winterdyne.

Welcome all to a warm new nest,
Just the place for our doves to rest,
Through the oaks and beeches looking down
On the winding valley and quaint old town,
Where ivy green on the red rock grows,
And silvery Severn swiftly flows,
With an extra sparkle and glitter and shine
Under the woods of Winterdyne.
On a quiet evening in lovely spring,
In the tall old elms the nightingales sing;
Under the forest in twilight grey
I have heard them more than a mile away,
Sweeter and louder and far more clear
Than any thrush you ever did hear;
Perhaps when the evenings grow long and fine
They will sing to you in Winterdyne.
Little to sadden, and nothing to fear;
Priest, and Fenian, never come here;
Only the sound of the Protestant bells
Up from the valley pleasantly swells,
And a beautiful arch, to church, is made
Under the sycamore avenue's shade;
You pass where its arching boughs entwine,
Out of the gates of Winterdyne.
Welcome to merry old England! And yet
We know that old Ireland you will not forget;
Many a thought and prayer will fly
Over the mountains of Wales, so high,
Over the forest and over the sea,
To the home which no longer yours must be.
But farewells are over, O darlings mine,
Now it is Welcome to Winterdyne!

Her own words will continue the record of her inner life in the year 1866.

Few things have a more salutary effect upon me than reading secular biographies. For, successful or unsuccessful alike, "vanity of vanities" seems the truest characteristic of every life not devoted to the very highest aim. "Queens of Society," "Autobiography of Louis Spohr," and others, have left this feeling strongly upon me, and have been auxiliary in making me wish that my life may be laid out for Him, whose it is by right. Oh, that He may make me a vessel sanctified and meet for the Master's use! I look at trial and training of every kind in this light, not its effect upon oneself *for* oneself, but in its gradual *fitting* of me to do the Master's work. So, in very painful spiritual darkness or conflict, it has already comforted me to think that God might be leading me through strange dark ways, so that I might afterward be His messenger to some of His children in similar distress. My ill health this summer has been very trying to me. I am held back from much I wanted to do in every way, and have had to lay poetizing aside. And yet such open doors seemed set before me. Perhaps this check is sent that I may consecrate what I do more entirely. I have a curious vivid sense, not merely of my verse faculty in general being given me, but also of every separate poem or hymn, nay every line, being given. It is peculiarly pleasant thus to take it as a direct gift, not a matter of effort, but purely involuntarily. . . .

I suppose that God's crosses are often made of most unexpected and strange material. Perhaps trial must

be felt keenly, or it would not be powerful enough as a medicine in the hands of our beloved Healer; and I think it has been a medicine to me latterly. You may wonder that I write thus, when I was so merry with you at L——; but, among the best gifts of God to me, I count a certain stormy petrelism of nature, which seems to enable me to skim any waves when I am not actually under them. I have an elasticity which often makes me wonder at myself, a power of throwing myself into any present interest or enjoyment, though the sorrow is only suspended not removed.

But once I seemed permitted to suffer mentally in an unmitigated sort of way, which I never knew before. Perhaps to teach me how to feel for others who have not that stormy petrelism which bears me through most things. For that forsook me utterly, and I felt crushed and forsaken of all or any help or cheer, to an extent I never felt before.

I wish I rejoiced more, not only on my own account, but if I may so say, on *His*, for surely I should praise Him more by both lip and life. Mine has been such a shady Christian life, yet "He led them forth by the right way" must somehow be true here, though I don't see how. I ought to make one exception; I have learned a real sympathy with others walking in darkness, and sometimes it has seemed to help me to help them.

I send you this text, Matthew xxv. 40, and I want you to let it brighten all your work; but one can never come to the end of the graciousness of it. Some months ago, I called on one of my dear old women in Worcester. She talked of the King; and, coming away, I felt impelled to give her something which I had not

intended for her, and knew I could not afford without a trifling self-denial. She took it silently, paused, and then said, with a simple sweet solemnity, "Inasmuch!" Well, ever since I have revelled in that wonderful "Inasmuch." Only think of His really considering all our poor little services as done unto Him! And this is quite apart from what we consider success or results. It is not only spiritual ministrations, but all other little kindnesses. How one would have liked to have been one of the women who ministered unto Him, but it is so marvellously gracious of Him to give you and me, to wit, opportunities of doing what He considers the same thing. . . . . You may think it strange, but I have long almost shrunk from going to the sacrament, dreading the being sent empty away. Oh, if He would but grant me my request just once—that I might "taste and see!" Communion Sundays are so often my saddest days; great tension of feeling, longing unsatisfied desire, and sorrowful pleading, followed by the reaction of miserable apathy. It is only one or two who know about my clouds, though many know what I *believe* about sunshine. . . . Sunday is over. "Sent empty away." Just *empty*, no other word seems to express it; not full of anything. I would rather even have been full of distress than thus empty. Not one sweet verse or comforting thought seemed given me. All the beautiful service seemed to pass through the ear and never reach my heart. Oh, if He would only show me "wherefore He contendeth with me." It has brought me to the terrible old feeling, "how can I be one of His sheep if I never hear the Shepherd's voice, if He never meets me where He meets others?"

Her nieces Evelyn and Constance went to school in 1866-7; and, in consequence, Frances then left Oakhampton, and always afterwards resided at home.

(*From F. R. H.'s manuscript papers, May* 1867.)

It seems as if the Lord had led me into a calmer and more equable frame of mind; not joy, but peace. And texts light up to me very pleasantly sometimes. Why should I not take for granted all I find in the Bible? why should I hesitate and tremble over it, as I have been doing for years? I have been appropriating all the promises with a calm sort of twilight happiness, waiting for a clearer light to show me their full beauty and value.

It does seem to me that "free grace" does not mean there is *nothing* on our side. We may phrase it "coming," "accepting," "believing," "touching the hem"; but there is something which these words represent, which is necessary to salvation; and then comes the question, have *I* this condition? Yet as soon as *I* in any form comes in, there is shadow upon the light. Still, this shadow need not fall when the eye is fixed upon Christ as the Substitute, the Lamb slain; then all is clear. But it is in reading, when one's heart leaps at some precious promise made to the children of God, that a cold check comes, "am *I* one of them? what is my title?" Answer, "Ye are all the children of God by faith in Jesus Christ." Have I faith? Once introduce that *I*, and you get bewildered between faith and feeling.

When I go on and grapple with the difficulty, it comes to this. As far as I know, I have come to Jesus, not once but many times. I have knelt, and literally prostrated myself before Him, and told Him all, that I have no other hope but what His *written* word *says* He did and said, that I know it is true, that the salvation it tells of is just *what* I want and *all* I want, and that my heart goes out to it, and that I do accept it; that I do not fully grasp it, but I *cling* to it; that I want to be His only and entirely, now and for ever.

(*The last entry.*)

I have been so happy lately, and the words "Thou hast put gladness in my heart" I can use, as true of my own case; especially as to one point, I am *sure* now (and I never was before) that I do love God. I love Him distinctly, positively; and I think I have loved Him more and longer than I thought, only I dared not own it to myself. Oh that I loved Him more and more! How I abhor myself for having loved, for loving, so little.

In the autumn of 1867 she enjoyed a visit to the lakes with her former schoolfellow, J. H. E., and J. T., a charming poetess. Frances writes: "I had every possible variety of effects, from grey lake mists and rain to silver and gold, and rosy transparent purple and soft dreamy hazes, and marvellous clearness and veilings and unveilings, and everything that is lovely except snow."

(*F. R. H. to Miss Clara Gedge, September* 1867.)

. . . I thank you very specially for having asked me to join the Young Women's Christian Association. On my side it will be an extra strong link; because, whatever help and blessing for myself and others I may find through it, I shall not forget that I owe my membership to you. I have written the date of my joining in the cover of my Bible, as a continual reminder (if any could be needed) of such a privilege; and under it the names of all whom I know to be members, yours of course standing first. How little we know each other's need! How often the text we want to send must be a bow drawn at a venture! Yet again, how alike are our needs, and how pleasant to know that we may ask Him, to whom each heart is open, to guide us to choose the right gem from the precious mine of His word! I do not feel inclined to send you anything out of the way to-day, dear Clara, but just one of the dear old rock-texts, which are always something to stand upon, and this one especially so for your birthday: "He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." For this embraces all our years; if true at all, it has been so all along, even when we felt far off. He was near when we felt alone; He was surely, though hidden, beside us. . . .

The date on the Y. W. C. A. card of membership is September 23, 1867; No. 2181. This Association proved a lifelong rivet; and manifold were her efforts, to link others in its helpful fellowship.

It is impossible to give even an idea of her efforts for many societies. Just at this time, she was wishful to give lessons in singing, for the Church Missionary Society; and her steady work in collecting for it never ceased. The Jews', the Church Pastoral-Aid, and the Bible Society were alike valued. Skilfully did she induce others to take an interest in them; and in the February of her last winter (1879), one bitter night, she headed a number of Welsh neighbours and lads to go, for the first time in their lives, to a Bible Society meeting at the Mumbles.

We again give some extracts from her letters.

PEMBRIDGE CRESCENT, *November* 1867.

. . . Among other pleasures in London, I have made acquaintance with the authoress of "Doing and Suffering." She gave me a good deal of practical advice about my schemes for milliners' classes. I want very much to give singing lessons for the Church Missionary Society, and German lessons for the Irish Society; this would be clear gain, and also give me opportunities for influence among the class which interest me so much.

. . . I must tell you about the east window in Mr. Bickersteth's church at Hampstead. Nothing in the window line ever made such an impression upon me. It is all filled in with simple arabesque and diaper work, merely quiet harmonious colour, nothing to arrest the eye, except the centre light, and in that is a white scroll on a blue ground, with just the words in crimson and

gold letters, "Till He come." It sent quite a thrill through me. It is so exactly what one would like to look up to from the holy table. . . . I must send you "In whom we have the forgiveness of sins," because I have just had a glimpse of the beauty and power of it, and I like best to send you what has been given me. Of course I lost it again; but, in praying for forgiveness, and sorrowfully enough, as usual, I remembered your quotation from Adelaide Newton, and *then* this flashed upon me, "*in whom—we have*," and was so satisfactory. Perhaps you don't feel the utter need of it that I do, but still I know it *is* precious truth for every one.

GODSTONE, *December* 1867.

Guess my birthday treat? To the Zoological Gardens. I don't know anything I would rather see in London. I am a perfect baby as to animals! I managed to get three more singing lessons, though I was never in voice, and had a bad cold. Signor Randegger says I have many mechanical difficulties to overcome, but gives me credit for "talent, taste, feeling, and brains." I might improve if under him for a year, and he consoled me by saying "I might always calculate on expressive singing." His first lesson was a lecture on the formation of the throat and production of sound, which he told me to write out as an abstract. I was very poorly in bed the next day; so, having nothing to do, it occurred to me to rhyme it. Afterwards I was afraid lest he might be touchy and think I was making game of it. However it was quite the other way, and he asked for a copy to show his pupils.

MY SINGING LESSON. (*Abstract.*)

HERE beginneth,—Chapter the first of a series,
To be followed by manifold notes and queries;
So novel the queries, so trying the notes,
I think I must have the queerest of throats,
And most notable dulness, or else long ago
The Signor had given up teaching, I trow.
I wonder if ever before he has taught
A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought!

The voice has machinery (now to be serious),
Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.
A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,
Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass:
Below an Æolian harp is provided,
Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided.
Above is an orifice, larger or small,
As the singer desires to rise or to fall;
Expand and depress it, to deepen your roar,
But raise and contract it, when high you would soar.
Alas for the player, the pipes, and the keys,
If the bellows give out an inadequate breeze!
So this is the method of getting up steam,
The one motive power for song or for scream.
Slowly and deeply, and just like a sigh,
Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply;
Through the mouth only, and not through the nose;
And the lungs must condense it ere farther it goes.
(*How* to condense it I really don't know,
And very much hope the next lesson will show.)
Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it comes,
And reaches the region of molars and gums,

And half of the sound will be ruined or lost
If by any impediment here it is crossed.
On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike,
The effect would be such as your ear would not like.
And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note
Will straightway be driven back into the throat.
Look well to your trigger, nor hasten to pull it,
Once hear the report and you've done with your bullet.
In the feminine voice there are registers three,
Which upper, and middle, and lower must be;
And each has a sounding-board all of its own,
The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone.
But in cavities nasal it never must ring,
Or no one is likely to wish you to sing.
And if on this subject you waver in doubt,
By listening and feeling the truth will come out.
The lips, by-the-bye, will have plenty to do
In forming the vowels Italian and true;
Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous,
With an *o* and a *u* that are simply amphibious.
In flexible freedom let both work together,
And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.

Here endeth the substance of what I remember,
Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.

The following extracts will illustrate my dear sister's life at this time.

PYRMONT VILLA, LEAMINGTON, *December* 27, 1867.

. . . . My first note in my new room in our new home must be to you. It is solemn to think of what I may go through in this room: probably many happy

hours, certainly many sorrowful ones. In all human probability it will be my room until the great sorrow falls which has already often seemed imminent, unless I die before my precious father. I have just been praying words from my own mamma's lips, when I was a little girl, "Prepare me for all that Thou art preparing for me." Yet, spite of these thoughts, I have not been at all in a good frame of mind; oh, how often hidden evil is brought to light by some unexpected Ithuriel touch. Every one calls me sweet tempered; but oh, I have been so ruffled two or three times, that I wonder and grieve at myself. I always suffer for being naughty; I lose all enjoyment in prayer directly. "Oh, for a heart that never sins!"

January 18th, 1868, after describing her room:

Can you fancy me there? The only drawback is that, being at the top of the house, it will not be available for classes. I do wish all good carpets and furniture were at the bottom of the sea! They are among the devices to hinder usefulness. I have done nothing about a class yet, and do hope I shall not be wilful in choosing for myself! . . . I never saw such a place as Leamington, every hole and corner seems dusted out! Such a number of earnest loving workers; some are wonderful, I am not worthy to sit at their feet.

(*To E. C.*)

LEAMINGTON, *February* 22, 1868.

"Grace unto you and peace from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ." I send for your birthday the result of a year's daily and loving thought for you [a

Bible marked]. It is the worse for wear, having been with me in boxes, bags, and pockets. I have marked what struck me as containing food, light, and teaching of some sort. I do hope you will find my markings a help and pleasure, because not one chapter has been read without prayer for the Holy Spirit's teaching. . . . Can you not take Psalm xxiii. 6 as a birthday text? only, the goodness and mercy *are* following all the days, even when their bright outline is lost in the shadow of closely pressing trials, and sometimes in our own shadow. . . . I am getting on with my book, and might finish it in a week or two by putting on steam; but I am resolutely not hurrying it. . . .

February, 1868.

. . . I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way, Minerva fashion, full grown. It is so curious, one minute I have not an idea of writing anything, the next I *have* a poem; it is *mine*, I see it all, except laying out rhymes and metre, which is then easy work! I rarely write anything which has not come thus. "Hidden Leaves" is the title; I wonder how you would work it out after this beginning:

> "Oh the hidden leaves of life,
> Closely folded in the breast!"

The illness and death of her niece, Evelyn Emily Crane, was deeply felt. We may not give full details; but it was her Aunt Frances who had led her to Christ some three years before, and her

dying message confirmed the reality of her joyful trust in the Lord Jesus.

April 14, 1868.

DEAREST MARIA,—

That is indeed a precious message. The tension of this last week has been terrible. I think it so excessively kind of you to tell me all you do. I hunger for it; *you* will understand how. My Evelyn's ring! * This is kind! I shall always wear it. Once she wanted to wear mine. I have had most beautiful and comforting notes from J. H. E. and many others. The Hebrew word J. H. S. sent me pleased me much. I have had such sympathy from my new friends here. Oh, Marie dear, it *is* answer to prayer indeed. Don't think me selfish in letting out a little to you, or that I do not intensely feel for *them* because I feel so much myself. I wrote some verses Saturday evening (which I intended no one to see), "Dying? Evelyn, darling! Dying? can it be?" † but will send them you; and, if you think they would be more pleasure than pain, show them poor ——. The memorial card made me realize it at last. Last night I sat long with it before me, with such an utter flood of love for that child in my heart. It rose and rose, and the sorrow and sense of loss with it, and how I last saw her, in all her graceful beauty. Then, at last, came a sudden glimpse, almost a vision, of seeing her again and having *such* a full and loving welcome from her above! . . .

Your loving sister.

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* See "The Two Rings," in "Under the Surface," page 221.

† See "Under His Shadow," page 167.

LEAMINGTON, *May* 1868.

. . . I am not ill, but overdone and tired. A nice letter even to you is an impossibility. This has been trial, but as yet I see no "nevertheless afterwards." I have been falling back on "O Lord, Thou knowest." . . . I only send you two words; but they are, and will be seen to be, the true "theme" or "subject," speaking musically, carried through all the majors and minors of life: "MARVELLOUS LOVINGKINDNESS." . . .

(*To E. C.*)

LEAMINGTON, *February.*

Another birthday! so I send you another note of birthday love; "Surely my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." That word "work" seems to include and imply "*reward* of work," so the whole thing is with your God; it is as if you carry home your daily portion of work to Him, and He lays it up safe with what preceded it; and some day He will bring it out all in one beautiful completed piece, with many finishings and beautifyings beyond what your hand wrought; and His "Well done!" will be your reward, whether it be delayed till He adds "Enter thou" or not. At last I *have* had my longed for "pause in life," but as yet I am not well enough to enjoy it. Maria will tell you how wretchedly ill I have been. . . . .

May 8th.

I only heard of your accident last night. My dear old text flashed upon me the instant I heard of it, "Meet for the Master's use"; surely it is for that He has taken His vessel away from active use, that it may be made more meet. I feel so disposed to look out

for much marked blessing upon you and your work when He permits you to resume it. Let me give you another, "He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry." That has comforted me often, more than any promise of answer; it includes answers and a great deal more besides; it tells us what He IS towards us, and that is more than what He will *do*. And the "cry" is not long, connected, thoughtful prayers; a cry is just an *unworded dart upwards* of the heart, and at *that* "voice" He will be very gracious. What a *smile* there is in these words! . . .

In May 1869 our brother-in-law, Mr. Crane, took Frances, with his wife and eldest daughter Miriam, to Switzerland, by the Rhine route to Heidelberg, Freiburg, Basle and Schaffhausen. Her neatly kept journal has photographs of the several places visited, and the Alpine flowers she dried for its pages.

THE RHINE FALLS, *June 9th.*

It was fascinating to look down at the wild rapids, sheets of glass-like transparency, flowing swiftly over rock tables, then a sudden precipice below water, which might go down to any depth, only that you are not looking down into darkness, but into emerald and snow mingled and transfused marvellously. The rocks beneath are not a smooth ledge; thus the water is thrown out into a chaos of magnificent curves and leaps, infinitely more beautiful than any single chute could be. You look up, and see masses of bright water hurled everlastingly irresistibly down, down, down with a sort of

exuberance of the joy of utter strength; you look across, and see shattered diamonds by millions leaping and glittering in the sunshine; you look down, and it is a tremendous wrestling and overcoming of flood upon flood, all the more weirdly grand that it is half hidden in the clouds of spray. Every drop is so full of light that the eye is soon dazzled and weary: oh if one were only all spirit! The next day it was great luxury to sit on the terrace overlooking the falls. I jotted some verses ("He hath spoken in the darkness"),* which have been haunting me for two or three days. The text was sent me lately, "What I tell you in darkness that speak ye in light." I never noticed it before; how strange it is what treasures we miss every time we read His word!

BERNE, *June 12th.*

At last! Miriam crept quietly to the window about 5 a.m., and I woke as she passed. "Anything to see?" "Oh yes, I really do believe I see them!" Of course I was up in a second. The sun had risen above the thick mist, and away in the south east were the weird giant outlines of the Bernese Oberland mountains bending towards the sun, as if they had been our mighty guardian spirits all night, and were resigning their charge ere they flew away into farther light. The very mist was a folding of wings about their feet, and a veiling of what might be angel brows, quiet and serene. It is no use laughing at "fancies"; wait till you have seen what we did from the roof of the Berner Hof!

So now the dream of all my life is realized, and I

* See "Under the Surface," page 161.

have seen snow mountains! When I was quite a little child of eight years old I used to reverie about them, and when I heard the name of the snow-covered Sierra de la Summa Paz (perfect peace) the idea was completed; and I thenceforth always thought of eternal snow and perfect peace together, and longed to see the one and drink in the other. And I am not disappointed. They are just as pure, and bright, and peace-suggestive as ever I dreamt them. It may be rather in the style of the old women who invariably say "It 's just like heaven," when they get a tolerably comfortable tea-meeting; but really I never saw anything material and earthly which so suggested the ethereal and heavenly, which so seemed to lead up to the unseen, to be the very steps of the Throne; and one could better fancy them to be the visible foundations of the invisible celestial city, bearing some wonderful relation to its transparent gold and crystal sea, than only snow and granite, rising out of this same every-day earth we are treading, dusty and stony! . . .

In the autumn of this year Frances went to Scotland, and extremely enjoyed the Highland scenery; at the same time visiting various friends.

CHAPTER VII.

(1870—1871.)

A father's holy teachings — Peaceful death — "Yet speaketh" — "Songs of Grace and Glory" — How harmony was learnt — Letter on tunes in "Havergal's Psalmody" — The "hush of praise" — Sympathy — The great transition — The most enjoyable trip to Switzerland — A real Alpine dawn — The Vaudois chaplain — Vivas on the Col de la Seigne — Christmas Day — Waiting, not working.

MANY pictures could be drawn of Frances' home life at Leamington. Especially did she value the sympathy of her dear father in all her studies. With him she delighted to talk out hard questions; and his classical knowledge, his poetic and musical skill, settled many a point. She would rush down with her new poems or thoughts, awaiting his criticisms. And very charming was it to hear her lively coaxing that he would "just sing," as she accompanied his sacred songs; while at other times I have seen her absorbed with his improvised melodies, fugues and intricate progressions, thrilling yet passing. His holy and consistent example, ever holding forth the word of life and sound doctrine, had been

as a guiding light on his child's path; of this Frances writes in "Yet Speaketh."

"Deep teachings from the Word he held so dear,
Things new and old in that great treasure found,
A valiant cry, a witness strong and clear,
A trumpet with no dull uncertain sound;
These shall not die, but live; his rich bequest
To that beloved Church whose servant is at rest."

Another daughter describes him very truthfully; and her lines are also given.

A Tribute to my Father, on his Birthday, 1866.

WHILE we reckon up thy years,
Balancing our hopes and fears,
Praise we our Redeemer's grace
Shining on thy pilgrim race.
He hath given thee work to do,
And the task to suffer too.
He hath given thee art to twine
Music-chords with song sublime,
Holy chant and choral hymn,
Praise-notes fit for seraphim;
Tuneful voice and ready pen
Charm and teach the souls of men;
And thy God hath given thee skill,
Guiding youth to do His will;
And, as pastor in His fold,
Christ's salvation to uphold.
Now a time for rest is thine
In the land of Beulah's shine,

Where the angels come and go,
Bringing help and hope, and low
Sweet echoes of the heavenly chime,
Cheering on the flight of time.
Oh may health and peace be given,
Till the ties of earth be riven,
And this birthday happy be
With the light of heaven on Thee!

J. MIRIAM CRANE.

The shadow of death fell swiftly and stealthily on our dear father's path. The care of his devoted wife had, doubtless, warded off many an attack of serious illness. On Easter Even, 1870, he was unusually well and had walked out during the day. Later on he sat down to his harmonium, playing and singing the tune composed by him in the morning.* He rose early, as usual, on Easter Day; but apoplexy ensued; and, after forty-eight hours of unconsciousness, he passed away.

"Yet speaketh!" there was no last word of love,
So suddenly on us the sorrow fell;
His bright translation to the home above
Was clouded with no shadow of farewell;
His last Lent evening closed with praise and prayer,
And then began the songs of endless Easter there."

In Astley churchyard, under the fir tree (the place which he had chosen years before), he rests

* No. 163 in "Havergal's Psalmody."

"till that day." The epitaph on the white marble tomb is as follows.

The Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, M.A., Vicar of Shareshill and Hon. Canon of Worcester Cathedral. Died at Leamington, 19th April, 1870, aged 77. Curate 7, and Rector 13 years, of this parish, 1822 to 1843. "A faithful minister in the Lord" (Eph. vi. 21).

Memorial tablets were also placed in Worcester Cathedral, St. Nicholas and Shareshill Churches.

Some weeks after, Frances wrote to Elizabeth Clay:

I was terribly upset last night, and yet not all sadness; one of papa's chants was gloriously sung at the Westminster Abbey evening service; such a scene and such music! . . . "I know their sorrows" (Exod. iii. 7) is full of intensest comfort when it *is* needed; it is the climax in it which has so much struck me as corresponding to three degrees of sorrow which I suppose all know; anyhow, you do and I do. That sorrow which can be *seen* is the lightest form really, however apparently heavy; then there is that which is *not* seen, secret sorrows which yet can be put into words, and can be told to near friends as well as be poured out to God, but there are sorrows beyond these, such as are *never* told, and cannot be put into words, and may only be wordlessly laid before God: these are the deepest. Now comes the supply for each: "I have *seen*" that which is patent and external; "I have heard their *cry*," which is the expression of this, and of as much of the external as is expressible; but this would not go deep enough,

so God adds, "I *know* their sorrows," down to very depths of all, those which no eye sees or ear ever heard. Is it not a beautiful climax?

It was soon after her father's death that my sister undertook the preparation for the press of "Havergal's Psalmody," which afterwards was largely used in connection with the Rev. C. B. Snepp's Hymnal, "Songs of Grace and Glory," of which full details will be found in the Appendix.

The preparation for the work of harmonizing she alludes to in a letter to her friend Mary C. in 1866.

How I should like to teach you harmony! I do believe I could make it lucid; you can't think what exquisite symmetry there is in chords and intervals, so that I always feel, as well as believe, that man by no means invented harmony, but only found out God's beautiful arrangements in it. As for my own compositions, I am (at some cost of resolution) abstaining entirely. Hiller, of Cologne, recommended me an excellent book, which I got, and determined to write no more till I had gone through it; this I am steadily doing, and enjoy writing the exercises. I suppose, after Hiller's professional opinion, it would be affectation to say I had no talent, and I certainly do feel I have at least a sort of inherited instinct for seeing into harmonies. The way I studied harmony was rather unique; some years ago (at home) I kept a treatise on harmony in my bedroom, read as much as I could conveniently grasp the last thing, and then worked out the exercises in my head before going to sleep. This I did for several weeks,

and suppose I must have taken it in very comfortably under this system, inasmuch as I had some work to persuade Hiller that I had gone through no "academical course!"

Frances writes (1870) of difficulties in the work:

I was so struck this morning with "Thou art the Helper of the fatherless,"—the very first time one of those special orphan promises has come home to me. I had been puzzling over a tune which papa would have decided about in a minute, and missed him so much, when suddenly this verse flashed upon me brightly. I think that even in music the Lord is my helper now; much more in other things.

When composing some tunes at this time, I selected six about which I felt doubtful, and sent them to Sir Frederic Ouseley, asking him to say if they were all right. This he most kindly did; to my great delight he endorsed them every one, and praised them too.

Very prayerfully did she write several hymns for "Songs of Grace and Glory"; and, when she heard from time to time of their being blessed, she wrote in answer to a friend's communication:

It does seem wonderful that God should so use and bless my hymns; and yet it really does seem as if the seal of His own blessing were set upon them, for so many testimonies have reached me. Writing is *praying* with me, for I never seem to write even a verse by myself, and feel like a little child writing; you know a child would look up at every sentence and say "And

what shall I say next?" That is just what I do; I ask that at every line He would give me, not merely thoughts and power, but also every *word*, even the very *rhymes*. Very often I have a most distinct and happy consciousness of direct answers. As you use "Havergal's Psalmody" I thought you might be interested to know a little more about my dear father, so will you accept a "Memorial" of him.

Literal "singing for Jesus" is to me, somehow, the most personal and direct commission I hold from my beloved Master; and my opportunities for it are often most curious, and have been greatly blessed; every line in my little poem "Singing for Jesus" is from personal experience. . . .

I was so overwhelmed on Sunday at hearing three of my hymns touchingly sung at Perry Church. I never before realized the high privilege of writing for "the great congregation"; especially 633, "I gave My life for thee" to papa's tune "Baca"; the others were 120 and 921 in "S. G. G."

(*To Margaret W——.*)

. . . Last night they sang "To Him who for our sins was slain," to my little tune "Tryphosa"; it went so deliciously, and choir and congregation really rang out the Alleluias so brightly that it suddenly came over me, as it never did before, what a privilege it is even to have contributed a bit of music for His direct praise. It was a sort of *hush* of praise, all alone with Jesus, for His great goodness. I had no idea "Tryphosa" was such a pretty tune before! . . .

About coming to hear ——, I see that I shall glorify

Him most by staying away. *Fruits* of my profession are looked for, and what will be looked for in this case is *submission* to known wishes and the yielding up of my own. It is sure to be all right. I don't think *He* will let me lose the blessing and the help I had looked for in coming. . . .

One result of her own trials was sympathy with others, beautifully expressed in the following letter.

LEAMINGTON, *December* 10, 1870.

DEAR, DEAR MRS. SNEPP,—

What can one do but just weep with you! *I* can only *guess* what this sorrow is. Only, I know it must be the greatest, except *one*, which could come to you. That dear little beautiful thing! He looked so sweet and happy when I saw him at the station: no baby face ever haunted me as, somehow, his did. If you could only see him now, how beautiful he must be now that he has seen Jesus and shines in the light of God. It is even more wonderful to think of that great transition for a baby than for a grown person; one cannot imagine the sudden expansion into such knowledge and conscious joy. I was looking back, early this morning, upon long memories of soul trials, years of groping and stumbling and longing, sinning and sorrowing, of heart weariness and faintness, temptation and failure; all these things which I suppose *every* Christian must pass through, more or less, at some stage or other on the way home; and the first distinct thought which came through the surprise and sorrow at the sad news was, "that dear little redeemed one is spared all *this*, taken home without any of these

roughest roughnesses of the way; he will never fear or doubt or sin, *never grieve the Saviour.*" Is it not the very best and kindest thing that tender Saviour could do for him? Only it is not what you meant when you prayed that he might be His own. But *better*, for he is *with Him* at once and for ever, and waiting for you to come home too. I am only writing all this because my heart is full, and must pour out a little. I know we can't comfort, only Jesus can; and I shall go and plead long and intensely for this as soon as I have closed my letter. He must be specially "touched" in such a sorrow, for He knows by actual experience what human love is. Three such great sorrows in one year! how specially He must be watching you in such a furnace! . . . Yours, with deepest sympathy and love.

In June of 1871 Frances and her friend Elizabeth Clay spent some weeks in Switzerland; with no encumbering luggage, just carpet bags and knapsacks, they often diverged from beaten routes. Frances always spoke of *this* as the most enjoyable of all her Swiss tours. Walking up the Reuss valley she writes from Geschenen:

Hurrah! we are in a most exhilarated state of mind, just like children; and, except a little undercurrent of general thanksgiving we don't feel solemn at all, and have been in the wildest spirits.

From Andermatt we took the diligence to the Furca pass. It is so early that, in some places, the road lay between walls of snow. We were obliged to take a guide up the Furca horn, as there is no vestige of a track; the

snow slopes were most entertaining to cross, and I enjoyed the scramble excessively.

Going up the Aeggischhorn (she continues), an Alpine Clubbist with the guide Fischer was before us, and he afterwards told our guide, Alexander, that he watched us from above, and that I "went up like a chamois!" and he was quite astonished how quickly I got up a difficult climb; but I always had an instinct I should find myself a rather extra good climber. The glissades down are simply delicious.

Bel Alp, July 8. To-day has been the best of all. We secured Anton Walden for the Sparrenhorn, which is nearly 10,000 feet. Another lady, Miss Anstey, joined. Coffee at 3.30, started before 4 a.m.

Now I have seen it at last, a real Alpine dawn and sunrise to perfection! When we came out we saw the "daffodil sky," which Tyndall describes, in the east a calm glory of expectant light as if something positively celestial must come next, instead of merely the usual sun. In the south west the grand mountains stood, white and perfectly clear, as if they might be waiting for the resurrection, with the moon shining pale and radiant over them, the deep Rhone valley dark and grave-like in contrast below. As we got higher, the first rose flush struck the Mischabel and Weisshorn, and Monte Leon came to life too; it was *real* rose-fire, delicate yet intense. The Weisshorn was in its full glory, looking more perfectly lovely than any earthly thing I ever saw. When the tip of the Matterhorn caught the red light on its evil-looking rocky peak, it was just like a volcano and looked rather awful than lovely, giving one the idea of an evil

angel, impotently wrathful, shrinking away from the serene glory and utter purity of a holy angel, which that Weisshorn at dawn might represent if anything earthly could. The eastern ridges were almost jet, in front of the great golden glow into which the daffodil sky heightened. By 4.30 a.m. it was all over, and thenceforth we devoted ourselves to getting up the Sparrenhorn.

After many other excursions they went down into the Italian valleys.

July 28th. COURMAYEUR. . . . I have been writing in a delicious den, under a rock, cool and shady, a discovery of Elizabeth's. It commands a grand front of Mont Blanc. We had a stiff climb to the shoulder of a mountain whose Courmayeur face is a striking precipice. There is a tolerable path up a gorge, leading to a ride just below the cone of Mont Chétif. From this point we had a face-to-face view of the most precipitous side of Mont Blanc, with the ice fall of the Glacier de Brenva. The summit of Mont Blanc was veiled, but I think that added to the weird sublimity of the view.

One evening the English chaplain and Mrs. Phinn asked us to come to tea, to meet Costabel, the Vaudois missionary pastor stationed here. This was very interesting; he is a nice, simple, good man, and told us a great deal about Vaudois work. Costabel is very isolated here (but Mr. Phinn has quite taken him up), for he has only a few poor Christian friends, and never any superior society unless the English find him out. He told us that the fear of death among the people here is awful, and that he is frequently present at the most painful death scenes. During life and health they leave everything to

the priest, and believe that he will make it all right for them; and, except complying with certain forms, do not think or trouble themselves about religion at all. Then, when they are dying they get alarmed, and see that this natural shifting of their religion upon another (the priest) will not do; they lose confidence in him, and have no other; they want peace and have none; they would like to feel assured, but they have no assurance; and they die in agonies of terror. It was terrible to hear Costabel's description of what he says is the rule as to Romish death beds. "Unto the poor the gospel is preached," and he says it is so here. Only the poor will listen to him, and those in the outlying villages where no priest resides. We find the people here quite different from the Swiss, and not at all so ready to accept Gospels. It is the first place where, on offering any, we have been asked "whether it was a Protestant book"; however they always end by taking them.

Mont Blanc is more than ever supreme to me; it is quite strange what a difference in effect there is between him and Monte Rosa, though this is second in height and only 500 feet lower. Monte Rosa is quite disappointing and unimposing; and, as there are four other mountains round Zermatt very nearly as high, and seven or eight more not much lower, there is nothing of this imperial supremacy which makes Mont Blanc so unmistakable from *anywhere*.

I think that, either for strong or weak folk, Courmayeur is the very best place I know of for making a long stay at; the walks and excursions are inexhaustible, there are any amount of grand things to do for mountaineers, and lovely little easy walks, as short as you like,

for mere invalids. Valleys and gorges fork and re-fork in all directions. Another advantage is that it lies on a gentle slope some little height above the noisy, foaming Dora, and so one has not the perpetual roar which I always think the greatest drawback to Swiss enjoyment. If the rivers would but go to sleep at night, what a relief it would be! I certainly have not been so well for years, and except for some wakeful nights I should have done the whole tour without flagging at all.

Saturday, 5.30 p.m. CHAPIU. We have got off at last; it was not at all hopeful yesterday, and I began the day rather anxiously (as I should really have been in a fix if we could not have left till Monday), and there was the clearest, most transparent, dawn sky imaginable; not a cloud; and a delicious north wind, which is an infallible sign of first-rate weather. We got off exactly at five, in great spirits, as the views must be first-rate on such a morning, and the cool wind would make walking very easy. As we passed our old hotel, we found a caravan of about eighteen mules and nearly as many guides, as all the Italians pensioning there were going up the Col de la Seigne for the day. We hastened on, as we of course did not want to be mixed up, and succeeded in keeping ahead the whole way, five hours, though we were alternately on foot and they all riding, and got to the top just before them. We chose our spot to lunch, and they camped at a little distance with many bows and "Bon appetits!" and other small foreign civilities, as they passed us. When we had finished and were moving off, they shouted to us to stay, and all rose and came to us offering us wine and fruit, and saying they wished to propose a toast

and drink with us before we left. It was far too gracefully done to refuse; so red wine was poured, and all raised a most cordial "Vive l'Angleterre!" with great enthusiasm and clinking of glasses, to which we responded with a "Viva l' Italia!" which seemed to please them. Then an old priest said, "Mesdemoiselles, êtes vous catholiques? Viva Roma!" to which I replied in Italian, "We can at least say, *Viva Roma capitale d' Italia!*" which response he quite understood and said, "Ah well, ah well, viva Christianity," to which we of course responded *con amore.* Then two or three more (probably freethinkers, I'm afraid) said, "Oui bien, but no more Popery", and two or three similar exclamations, at which we were very much astonished, as at least three priests were in the party. Then we were allowed to depart, with no end of hat wavings and good wishes. We were so taken by surprise with the whole thing, and all passed so quickly, and so many rapid exclamations and vivas firing off in French and Italian, that I was quite sorry afterwards that I had not recollected all quite distinctly. It was such a curious little episode, and occurring too at such a superb spot, and close to the cross which marks the boundary and bears on one side "France" and on the other "Italia." We reached Chapiu at two, having only been eight hours in actual progress, as we stayed nearly an hour on the col, as we hoped it might be possible to put on steam and get over the Col de Bonhomme this afternoon, and thereby be yet able to do Chamounix. But we found that, owing to the great snow, it would take five hours from Chapiu, and that *all* on foot, as a mule could not go at all; so we were obliged to give it up, (though feeling quite

If not, we take away from this most precious promise, and, by refusing to take it in its fulness, lose the fulness of its application and power. Then we limit God's power to "keep"; we look at our frailty more than at His omnipotence. Where is the line to be drawn, beyond which He is *not* "able"? The very *keeping* implies total helplessness without it, and the very cleansing most distinctly implies defilement without it. It was that one word "*cleanseth*" which opened the door of a very glory of hope and joy to me. I had never seen the force of the tense before, a continual present, always a present tense, not a present which the next moment becomes a past. It *goes on* cleansing, and I have no words to tell how my heart rejoices in it. Not a coming to be cleansed in the fountain only, but a *remaining* in the fountain, so that it may and can go on cleansing.

Why should we pare down the commands and promises of God to the level of what we have hitherto experienced of what God is "able to do," or even of what we have thought He might be able to do for us? Why not receive God's promises, nothing doubting, just as they stand? "Take the shield of faith, whereby ye shall be able to quench *all* the fiery darts of the wicked"; "He is able to make *all* grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things"; and so on, through whole constellations of promises, which surely mean really and fully what they say.

One arrives at the same thing, starting almost from anywhere. Take Philippians iv. 19, "your need"; well, what is my great need and craving of soul? Surely it is now, (having been justified by faith, and having assurance of salvation,) to be made holy by the continual sanctifying

power of God's Spirit; to be kept from grieving the Lord Jesus; to be kept from thinking or doing whatever is not accordant with His holy will. Oh *what* a need is this! And it is said "He *shall* supply all need"; now, shall we turn round and say "all" does not mean quite all? Both as to the commands and the promises, it seems to me that anything short of believing them *as they stand* is but another form of "yea, hath God said?"

Thus accepting, in simple and unquestioning faith, God's commands and promises, one seems to be at once brought into intensified views of everything. Never, oh never before, did sin seem so hateful, so really "intolerable," nor watchfulness so necessary, and a keenness and uninterruptedness of watchfulness too, beyond what one ever thought of, only somehow different, not a distressed sort but a happy sort. It is the watchfulness of a sentinel when *his captain is standing by him* on the ramparts, when his eye is more than ever on the alert for any sign of the approaching enemy, because he knows they can only approach to be defeated. Then, too, the "*all* for Jesus" comes in; one sees there is no half way, it must be absolutely *all* yielded up, because the least unyielded or doubtful point is sin, let alone the great fact of owing all to Him. And one cannot, dare not, temporize with sin. I know, and have found, that even a momentary hesitation about yielding, or obeying, or trusting and believing, vitiates all, the communion is broken, the joy vanished; only, thank God, this never need continue even five minutes, faith may plunge instantly into "the fountain open for sin and uncleanness," and again find its power to cleanse and restore. Then one wants to have more and more light; one does

not shrink from painful discoveries of evil, because one so wants to have the unknown depths of it cleansed as well as what comes to the surface. "Cleanse me *throughly* from my sin;" and one prays to be shown this. But so far as one does see, one *must* "put away sin" and obey entirely; and here again His power is our resource, enabling us to do what without it we could not do.

One of the intensest moments of my life was when I saw the force of that word "*cleanseth.*" The utterly unexpected and altogether unimagined sense of its fulfilment to me, on simply believing it in its fulness, was just indescribable. I expected nothing like it short of heaven. I am so thankful that, in the whole matter, there was as little human instrumentality as well could be, for certainly two sentences in letters from a total stranger *were* little. I say only two sentences, for nothing else seemed to make much difference to me; all the rest was, I am sure, God's own direct teaching. And you know I had read no books and attended no meetings or conferences! I am so conscious of His direct teaching and guidance, through His word and Spirit, in the matter that I cannot think I can ever unsee it again. I have waited many months before writing this, so it is no new and untested theory to me; in fact, experience came before theory and is more to me than any theory. But, understand me, it is "not as though *I* had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after, I press *toward* the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Frances wrote to her friend J—— K——:

I send you my own New Year's motto and message.

It is a wonderful word, "from glory unto glory." May we more and more claim and realize all that is folded up in it. I know you have prayed for me, so I must tell you that your prayers are answered. 1873 has been a year of unprecedented blessing to me. I think you will see this in "From Glory unto Glory." So now will you join me in praise. . . . .

This hymn was written at Winterdyne, and Mr. Shaw well remembers Frances bringing it and reading it to him, saying, "There! I could not have written this before." And as she stood, even in the twilight, the sunny radiance of her countenance was sealing her words:

"The fulness of His blessing encompasseth our way;
The fulness of His promises crowns every brightening day;
The fulness of His glory is beaming from above,
While more and more we realize the fulness of His love."

Every visit seemed now to open doors for her loving words, and she longed for whole households to taste with her of the goodness of the Lord. One extract must be as it were a glimpse of many others.

Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, "Take my life." I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed for, some

converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, "Lord, give me *all* in this house!" And He just *did!* Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with, "*Ever*, ONLY, ALL for Thee!"

The beautiful couplet in the same hymn,

> "Take my voice, and let me sing,
> Always, only, for my King,"

was thenceforth (from December 1873) really carried out. She writes:

Let us sing words which we feel and love, sacrificing everything to clearness of enunciation, and looking up to meet His smile all the while we are singing; our songs will reach more hearts than those of finer voices and more brilliant execution, unaccompanied by His power. A sacred song thus sung often gives a higher tone to the evening, and affords, both to singer and listeners, some opportunity of speaking a word for Jesus.

. . . . I was at a large regular London party lately, and I was so happy. He seemed to give me "the secret of His presence," and of course I sang "for Jesus," and did not I have dead silence? Afterwards I had two really important conversations with strangers; one seemed extremely surprised at finding himself *quite easily* drifted from the badinage with which he started into a right-down personal talk about *his* personal danger and *his*

only hope for safety; he took it very well, and thanked me. Perhaps that seed may bear fruit. Somehow it is wonderful how the Master manages for me in such cases. I don't think any one can say I force the subject; it just all develops one thing out of another, quite naturally, till very soon they find themselves face to face with eternal things, and the Lord Jesus can be freely "lifted up" before them. I could not *contrive* a conversation thus.

And the following letter gives another reference to the reality of her experience.

January 26, 1874.

DEAR MR. S——,

I have just had such a blessing in the shape of what would have been only two months ago a really bitter blow to me; and now it is actual accession of joy, because I find that it does not even *touch* me! I was expecting a letter from America, enclosing £35 now due to me, and possibly news that "Bruey" was going on like steam, and "Under the Surface" pressingly wanted. The letter has come, and, instead of all this, my publisher has failed in the universal crash. He holds my written promise to publish *only* with him as the condition of his launching me; so this is not simply a little loss, but an end of all my American prospects of either cash, influence, or fame, at any rate for a long time to come. I really had not expected that He would do for me so much above all I asked, as not merely to help me to acquiesce in this, but positively not to feel it at all, and only to rejoice in it as a clear test of the reality of victorious faith which I do find brightening almost daily.

Two months ago this would have been a real trial to me, for I had built a good deal on my American prospects; now "Thy will be done" is not a sigh but only a *song!* I think if it had been all my English footing, present and prospective, as well as the American, that I thus found suddenly gone, it would have been worth it, for the joy it has been to find my Lord so faithful and true to all His promises. With regard to many of the promises, there seems no room for even the exercise of faith. It is not that I believe or grasp them, but that I find them all come true as I never did before. The sense of His unutterable lovingkindness to me is simply overwhelming. . . . . Several times lately I have felt literally overwhelmed and overpowered with the realization of God's unspeakable goodness to me. I say it deliberately, and with thankfulness and joy for which I have no words. I have not a fear, or a doubt, or a care, or a shadow upon the sunshine of my heart. Every day brings some quite new cause for thankfulness; only to-day He has given me such a victory as I never had before, in a very strong temptation; He lifted me above it in a way I never experienced yet. . . . .

Two months afterwards she writes:

March 19, 1874.

DEAR MR. W——,

. . . I can never set myself to write verse. I believe my King suggests a thought and whispers me a musical line or two, and then I look up and thank Him delightedly, and go on with it. That is how the hymns and poems come. Just now there is silence. I have not had the least stir of music in my mind since

I wrote that tiny consecration hymn, a most unusually long interval; and till He sends it there will be none. I am always ready to welcome it and work it when it comes, but I never press for it. . . .

And the following letter confirms this statement.

DEAR MR. W——,

I can't make you quite understand me! You say "F. R. H. could do 'Satisfied' grandly"! *No*, she couldn't! Not unless He gave it me line by line! That is how verses come. The Master has not put a chest of poetic gold into my possession and said "Now use it as you like!" But He keeps the gold, and gives it me piece by piece just when He will and as much as He will, and no more. Some day perhaps He will send me a bright *line* of verse on "Satisfied" ringing through my mind, and then I shall look up and thank Him, and say, "Now, dear Master, give me another to rhyme with it, and then another"; and then perhaps He will send it all in one flow of musical thoughts, but more likely one at a time, that I may be kept asking Him for every line. There, that is the process, and you see there is no "I can do it" at all. That isn't His way with me. I often smile to myself when people talk about "gifted pen" or "clever verses," etc.; because they don't know that it is neither, but something really much nicer than being "talented" or "clever."

Nearly every poem would verify the above. Some instances are given. When visiting at Perry Barr she walked to the boys' schoolroom, and

being very tired she leaned against the playground wall while Mr. Snepp went in. Returning in ten minutes, he found her scribbling on an old envelope, and at his request she handed him the hymn just pencilled, "Golden harps are sounding."

In my dear sister's copy of the "Ministry of Song" she has written particulars, which may be interesting, in connection with others of her well known hymns.

"This Same Jesus" is founded on a recollection of one sentence in a sermon of my father's, at St. Nicholas, which struck me most vividly and happily. I shall not forget the thrill which went through me when he said, "it will be 'this same Jesus.'" It also developed a much earlier impression of the same kind in 1851. "This same Jesus" is one of the chief watchwords of my faith. I constantly recur to it, and I think it will be my comfort in the dark valley. I wrote the lines at Oakhampton, one Sunday, when detained from church by a slight accident, and gave them to my niece Miriam.

"Daily Strength." The New Year's bells were ringing (1859), when Maria awoke me to hear them, and quoted to me the text, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," as a New Year's motto. I did not answer, but presently returned it to her in rhyme. She was pleased; so the next day I wrote it in her album.*

* The facsimile of the last verse, "When thy days on earth are passed," will be found beneath the engraved portrait of my dear sister. It shows her handwriting when copying.

"Making Poetry" was suggested by a nice little girl, Charlotte Kirke, who was spending her holidays in Wales, when I was there in 1863. She made some really pretty little quatrains, and repeated one, about a daisy, to me sitting on the window seat. She called it "making poetry," as children always do.

"Adoration" ("O Master, at Thy feet I bow in rapture sweet") was written on December 31st, 1866. I felt that I had not written anything specially in praise to Christ; a strong longing to do so possessed me. I wanted to show forth *His* praise, to *Him*, not to others; even if no mortal ever saw it, He would see every line, would know the unwritten longing to praise Him, even if words failed utterly. It describes, as most of my poems do, rather reminiscence than present feeling.

"O Master!" It is perhaps my favourite title, because it implies rule and submission; and this is what love craves. Men may feel differently, but a true woman's submission is inseparable from deep love. I wrote it in the cold and twilight in a little back room at Shareshill Parsonage.

As I began my book ("Ministry of Song") with the expression of its devotion to God's glory, I wished to close it with a distinctive ascription of praise to the Lord Jesus, and therefore at once decided to place "Adoration" at the close.

Her missionary hymn "Tell it out among the heathen" was written at Winterdyne, when unable

to go to church one snowy Sunday morning. She asked for her Prayer-Book (in bed), always liking to follow the services for the day. On Mr. Shaw's return from church, he heard her touch on the piano. "Why, Frances, I thought you were upstairs!" "Yes; but I had my Prayer-Book, and in the psalms for to-day I read 'Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.' I thought, what a splendid first line! and then words and music came rushing in to me. There it's all written out." With copperplate neatness she had rapidly written out the words, music and harmonies complete.

Only those who heard her could imagine the brisk ringing time with which she sang this tune. It distressed her when told how slowly and drowsily it was sometimes given.

Further extracts from the correspondence of the period will close the present chapter.

MY DEAREST G——,

I am waiting for the carriage to take me back to Oakhampton, having been spending a few hours in Worcester, and seeing some old parishioners of years ago, who recollect me as "little Miss Fanny." . . . The last two days I have been very busy, having spent the whole day before at Winterdyne, and even a *day* always throws me behind in letters, etc. I meant to *rest* here, but somehow there always seems to be too much to do. Such a very nice "open door" is set before me that I

cannot but enter in, and so I have four different Bible classes a week! besides which, as many cottagers as I can possibly visit are grateful for reading. Yesterday evening I had a "farmers' daughters" class; twelve came, but I think a few more will join. I enjoyed it extremely, was frightened and nervous beforehand, and unavoidable visitors detained and distracted me up to the last minute, which seemed most unfortunate, but probably cast me all the more upon Jesus and His strength. . . . Dear G——, will you pray for my little work here. I do think that in each of my classes here there is something going on, and a most earnest spirit of attention among the servants. And will you ask that I may be kept near to Jesus.

I have brought you a crystal and amethyst locket from Geneva. . . . They told me it was a quite new device, but somehow the novelty did not weigh with me in choosing for you, so much as the suggestiveness of the stones; the very words "crystal and amethyst" are like a far gleam from the heavenly city.

. . . . . .

I have been thinking much lately of the Lord's loving-kindness in giving us so much wayside enjoyment, and so much present reward in all our work for Him. In spite of dark life enigmas, and real and heavy trials, and often keen inner conflict, not to mention daily burdens of weariness or anxiety or worry, we can set to our seal that His "ways are ways of pleasantness." For, over and above the great gifts, the "blessed hope" set before us, and the quiet "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ," what numbers of bits and drops of pleasure and delight one gets, which simply would not exist for us if

we were not His children. Just look at Christian intercourse, the meetings without any cloud of suspicion or doubt of each other, the consciousness of true sweet sympathy, the thrill that one does feel when His beloved name is named; all this, even with Christian *acquaintances*, is a great deal more than all the pleasure or good to be got out of any worldly intimacy or friendship so called. I want to hand over to you what I have been enjoying very much this week, a simple thought enough, but so nice. Dr. Candlish gives (in his beautiful book on the First Epistle of St. John) as one of the proofs of "fellowship with the Father," etc., our *sympathy of aim*, His cause being our cause, His kingdom and its advancement our interest, what interests Him interests us, and so on. This seemed at once to transfigure all one's daily life, and poor little small efforts to speak or write or work for God, and to exalt it into "fellowship." I cannot convey to you how much I enjoyed it, and what a bright reality and force it gave to the words "TRULY our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." I like to think how impossible it would be to untwine Christ and the things of Christ from our life, inner and outer; when one comes to think about it He is so really and truly interwoven with our life that one seems to feel the "no separation" not merely as a grand promise, but an actuality which *cannot* be otherwise.

CHAPTER IX.

(1874.)

Circular letters — Sunset on the Faulhorn — Ormont Dessus — Interruptions to poems—Other work done—"Little Pillows," etc. — Swiss singing — That great transfer — A musical reverie — Return to England — Bright work and results.

WE give extracts from F. R. H.'s circular letters on her journey to Switzerland in 1874, with her niece Constance Crane, other friends (Elizabeth, Margaret, and Bessie) joining in their mountain excursions.

"Sunset on the Faulhorn!" All day there had been strange rifts in the clouds, and sudden pictures of peaks or of abysses framed in white and grey; but towards seven o'clock the wind rose, and there was a grand outpour of colour upon everything, sky, clouds, and mountains.

Imagine yourself midway between heaven and earth, the sharp point of rock on which we stood hardly seeming more of earth than if we had been in a balloon, the whole space around, above, and below filled with wild, weird, spectral clouds, driving and whirling in incessant change and with tremendous rapidity; horizon *none*, but every part of where horizon should be, crowded with unimaginable shapes of unimagined colours, with rifts of every shade of blue, from indigo to pearl, and burning with every tint of fire, from gold to intensest red; shafts

of keen light shot down into abysses of purple thousands of feet below, enormous surging masses of grey hurled up from beneath, and changing in an instant to glorified brightness of fire as they seemed on the point of swallowing up the shining masses above them; then, all in an instant, a wild grey shroud flung over us, as swiftly passing and leaving us in a blaze of sunshine; then a bursting open of the very heavens, and a vision of what might be celestial heights, pure and still and shining, high above it all; then, an instantaneous cleft in another wild cloud, and a revelation of a perfect paradise of golden and rosy slopes and summits; then, quick gleams of white peaks through veilings and unveilings of flying semi-transparent clouds; then, as quickly as the eye could follow, a rim of dazzling light running round the edges of a black castle of cloud, and flaming windows suddenly pierced in it; oh, mother dear, I might go on for sheets, for it was never twice the same, nor any single minute the same, in any one direction. At one juncture a cloud stood still, apparently about 200 yards off, and we each saw our own shadows gigantically reflected on it, surrounded by a complete rainbow arch, but a full circle of bright prismatic colours, a transfiguration of our shadows almost startling, each moreover seeing only their own glorification! When the whole pageant, lasting nearly an hour, was past, we sang "Abide with me," and then the dear old joyous "Glory to Thee, my God."

ORMONT DESSUS, *September.*

This second month of my Swiss journey is altogether different from the first, for now I am making *writing* the first thing instead of idleness. I am doing it quite in

moderation, and taking plenty of fresh air as well; one can be out half the day and yet get four or five good hours writing as well, under these circumstances, when there are no other calls upon time or strength whatever; and this combination of work and leisure is very delightful. Besides, I feel as if I had got quite a fresh start with that month's rest; it seems as if nature had then walked into my brain and taken possession (turning *me* out meanwhile), and given it a kind of spring cleaning! rubbing up the furniture, and fresh papering some of the rooms, and cleaning the windows! That perpetual "moving on," which some so delight in, does not suit me nearly so well as staying in a place and taking it easy. The weather has been so much colder and more variable, since I changed my tactics, that the two things coincided beautifully; for, except two days, it has been too cold the last fortnight for any sitting out of doors.

I don't know why I always seem to shrink from writing much, or even anything, of the "under the surface" life, (which is so much more than the "on the surface" and the mere surroundings,) in my circulars. They would be much fuller if I told one tithe of the hourly bits of gentle guidance and clear lovingkindness which make the real enjoyment, or of the perpetual little opportunities of a "word for Jesus" which He seems to give me, and often of real work for Him, which yet seems to come so unsought, so easily and naturally, so altogether without any effort, as to be not felt to be any working at all. Now I will give you an instance of how He took me at my word the other day. It was one of the few warm days, and I established myself with pen and ink in a shady nook by a little, steep, down-hill torrent. I had

suddenly got that sort of strong impulse to write on a certain theme, without which I never do my best, but with which I always do my best poems. The theme was a grand one ("The Thoughts of God") ; I had thought of it for months, and never before had this impulse to begin upon it; though, once begun, I expected it to be one of my best poems. I spent a little time in prayer first, and then the warning and the promise in Jeremiah xv. 19 came strongly to my mind : "if thou take forth the precious from the vile, thou shalt be as My mouth." I felt that wanted looking into ; I wanted Him to take forth the precious from the vile for me, and to reveal and purge away, then and there, all the self and mingled motive which would utterly mar the work that I wanted to be for His glory. After that the question came, was I—had He made me—just as willing to do any little bit of work for Him, something for little children or poor people, simple and unseen, as this other piece of work, which might win something of man's praise ? Then, I was intensely happy in feeling that I could tell HIM that I had no choice at all about it; but would really rather do just what He chose for me to do, whatever it might be. However, there seemed nothing else to do, so I began my poem. I don't think I had written four lines when a labourer with a scythe came along a tiny path to drink at the stream a few yards below me. He did not see me, and started when I hailed him and offered him a little book. He climbed up to receive it, and then, instead of departing as I expected, deliberately sat down on a big stone at my feet, and commenced turning over the leaves, and evidently laying himself out to be talked to. So here was clearly a little call ; and I talked to him for some

time, he being very interested and responsive. Just as he was going to move off, two lads, of about fifteen and eighteen, his sons, came crashing through the bushes; I don't recollect whether the father beckoned them or not, anyhow up they came, and he quietly sat down again, and they sat down too, and seemed quite as willing to listen to the "old, old story" as he had been, only I could not get so much out of them. At last the whole crew departed, and I was just collecting my thoughts and reviving the aforesaid "impulse," when in about ten minutes the younger lad reappeared, with his sister, a girl of about seventeen. They did not say a word, but scrambled straight up to me, and, seating themselves at my feet, looked up into my face, saying by their look as plain as any words, "Please talk to us!" What could one do but accede! and they stayed at least another half hour, so quiet and interested that one could not but hope the seed was falling on "good ground." The girl, Félicie, was more communicative than the lads, very simple, but intelligent. By the time they departed a good part of the morning was gone, and the "impulse" too! but I enjoyed the morning probably twice as much as if I had done a good piece of my poem; and it seemed so clear that the Master had taken me at my word, and come and given me this to do for Him among His "little ones," and that He was there hearing and answering and accepting me, that it was worth any amount of poem-power.

However, *next* day the "impulse" came again, which is by no means always the case when once interrupted; and once fairly started, I have worked out what I *think* is perhaps the best poem I ever wrote, so far as I can judge.

But this is only one of constant instances which I

could tell. I do so feel that every hour is distinctly and definitely guided by Him. I have taken Him at His word *in everything*, and He takes me at my word *in everything*. Oh, I *can* say now that Jesus *is* "to me a living bright Reality," and that He really and truly *is* "more dear, more intimately nigh, than e'en the sweetest earthly tie." No friendship could be what I find His to be. I have more now than a few months ago, even though I was so happy then; for the joy of *giving* myself, and my will, and my all to Him seems as if it were succeeded, and even superseded, by the deeper joy of a conscious certainty that He has *taken* all that He led me to give; and "I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him": so, having entrusted my very trust to Him, I look forward ever so happily to the future (*if* there be yet much of earthly future for me) as "one vista of brightness and blessedness." Only I do so want everybody to "taste and see." Yesterday I somehow came to a good full stop in my writing much earlier than I expected, and asked what He would have me do next, go on, or go out at once? Just then a young lady came in; "Had I just a few minutes to spare?" So I went out with her at once. She had overheard a short chat I had had some days ago with another, didn't know *what*, but it had set her longing for something more than she had got. She had started out for a walk alone, thinking and praying, and the thought came to her to come straight to me, which she seemed to think an unaccountably bold step. Well, God seemed to give me exactly the right message for her, just as with Miss M—— last week, the two cases starting from a very different level but the result the same, a real turning point.

Don't conclude, however, from these that I am always seeing results, because I am not; but that I am entirely content about, just as He chooses it to be.

It has occurred to me that, as I profess to be "writing," you will expect a new book as the result, and will be disappointed; so I tell you simply what I *have* written, and what I am going to write.

"Our Swiss Guide." Article for *Sunday Magazine*, on the spiritual analogies in all sorts of little details of mountaineering.

"For Charity." Song for Hutchings and Romer.

"Enough." Short sacred poem.

"How much for Jesus?" A sort of little true story for children; for an American edition.*

"True Hearted." New Year's Address (in verse) for Y. W. C. A., for January 1875.

"Tiny Tokens." A small poem for *Good Words*.

"Precious Things." A poem.

"A Suggestion." Short paper for *Home Words*.

"The Precious Blood of Jesus." A hymn.

"The Thoughts of God." The aforesaid poem.

"Shining for Jesus." Verses addressed to my nieces and nephews at Winterdyne.

"New Year's Wishes," by Caswell's request, for a very pretty card.

These are all written, and copied, and done with. Next week, D.V., I set about what I have long wanted

* This manuscript we have no clue to; any information concerning it would be acceptable.

to do: "Little Pillows," thirty-one short papers as a little book for children of, say, twelve years old; a short, easily recollected text, to go to sleep upon for each night of the month, with a page or two of simple practical thoughts about it, such as a little girl might read every night while having her hair brushed. I think this will take me about a fortnight to write and arrange for press; adding probably a verse or two of a hymn at the end of each of the little papers. There are lots of little monthly morning and evening books for grown up people, but I don't know of one for children except those containing *only* texts. I dare say I shall get in somehow three other little poems that want writing (being on the simmer): "The Splendour of God's Will," "The Good Master," and (don't be startled at the transition) "Playthings"; also "Johann von Allmen," a little article for the *Dayspring*. I can clear off things easily here, especially through not having so many letters. If I could manage three months every year in a Swiss or Welsh valley, I should keep my printer going.

ORMONT DESSUS, *September* 29, 1874.

DEAREST MOTHER,—

I don't know whether there is enough of interest for a final circular. Not being sure of your address, the last went to Maria. . . . The last week at the Ormont Dessus the weather was perfect, and, without being unpleasantly hot, was warm enough for sitting out not merely in the sunshine but in the moonlight too. Sunday was one of the most exquisite days imaginable, brilliantly clear, the autumn tints throwing in touches of crimson and gold in splendid contrast to the pine woods, and

(what is so rare in Switzerland) the noon and afternoon as glowing as the morning, everything vivid all day. At the little French service I soon saw we had "somebody" in the pulpit, and it was M. de Pressensé, who is, I have been told, one of the first French orators. His sermon was both eloquent and good. The people sing beautifully, a downright treat, in German choral style as to music, slow rich harmonies that bear dwelling on; one tune was Cassel, No. 190 in "Havergal's Psalmody." It was such sweet singing, every one keeping to *cres.* and *dim.*, neither instrument nor apparently any stated choir, but all the parts correctly sung by the congregation of peasants. . . . I have finished not only "Little Pillows," but a little companion to it for morning use, "Morning Bells"; both manuscripts are ready for press. I do not think it is nearly so easy to write for children as for adults; constantly I refrained from what I would most like to say about the texts, because it would not be simple enough for the little ones. I have purposely avoided any stories or anecdotes, lest children should skim the book through in search of them, instead of reading them night and morning steadily. At least I know that is what I should have done! I do so hope these books will be really helpful to some of His little ones. . . . I am so sorry that I shall not see Miss Whately at Montreux; I have a nice letter from her; she has been delayed in England. You ask me how I am, dearest mother. Very well indeed; those pleasant mountain ascents with Constance were delightful. She is a first rate Alpinist, and we both enjoyed getting over crevasses and glissading. Since then I have done nothing to tire myself, and in every way have set health

first; I do wish to be very prudent, only by prudence I don't mean idleness. I sought to gain health and strength, that I might use it on my return. . . .

I had a short conversation with two respectable men from West Bromwich, who had been for a Swiss holiday with Cook's tickets. They applied to me to interpret something for them, and this led to a little talk which drifted as usual into better things, and I found a decided response. I had alluded to Christ's finished work for us, when one of them answered quietly, "Yes, it's a *transfer*, that's the word. The last three days I have had that word always in my mind; that's just what it is, a transfer, He takes our sins and makes over to us His righteousness." Then he told me that he had met on the Rigi an invalid Irish clergyman, who seemed full of that one thing; that he began telling him of Christ's finished work and he ended with it. "And I never saw it so clearly before, though I've been, so to say, looking about for it this long time; it was worth all my journey to get hold of this truth. It seemed curious that such an excellent clergyman should be obliged to give up his living from ill health and ordered abroad; but he was sowing the seed in fifty places instead of one. Yes, that great transfer! It's blessed!"

Was it not a nice instance of the real use of such seed sowing? . . .

. . . In the train I had one of those curious musical visions, which only very rarely visit me. I hear strange and very beautiful chords, generally full, slow and grand, succeeding each other in most interesting sequences. I do not invent them, I could not; they pass before my mind, and I only listen. Now and then

my will seems aroused when I see ahead how some fine resolution might follow, and I seem to *will* that certain chords should come, and then they do come; but then my will seems suspended again, and they go on quite independently. It is so interesting, the chords seem to *fold over each other* and die away down into music of infinite softness, and then they *un*fold and open out, as if great curtains were being withdrawn one after another, widening the view, till, with a gathering power and intensity and fulness, it seems as if the very skies were being opened out before one, and a sort of great blaze and glory of music, such as my outward ears never heard, gradually swells out in perfectly sublime splendour. This time there was an added feature: I seemed to hear depths and heights of sound beyond the scale which human ears can receive, keen, far-up octaves, like vividly twinkling *starlight* of music, and mighty, slow vibrations of gigantic strings going down into grand thunders of depths, octaves below anything otherwise appreciable as musical notes. Then, all at once, it seemed as if my soul had got a new sense, and I could *see* this inner music as well as hear it; and then it was like gazing down into marvellous *abysses of sound*, and up into dazzling regions of what, to the eye, would have been light and colour, but to this new sense was *sound*. Wasn't it odd! It lasted perhaps half an hour, but I don't know exactly, and it is very difficult to describe in words.

The long letter ends with:

I wish you had seen and heard the welcome my cousins gave me! It was so nice, and altogether I am so

well and happy! It was curious, dearest mother, that you should send me Psalm ciii. 1–3, for my mind was specially full of it, only adding verses 4 and 5. I have so very much to thank Him for, and the beautiful sequence of five blessings seemed to sum it all up: "forgiveth," "healeth," "redeemeth," "crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender mercies," and "satisfieth thy mouth with good things." And, really, I may add "so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's," for I feel so *mentally* fresh and unweary, and my cousins say they never saw me looking so well. Hoping soon to reach home, herewith ends the circular series of 1874!

Your very loving child.

Returning from Switzerland in perfect health, much could be told of her active work. We are glad to be permitted to give one result of a visit, before returning home to Leamington, as a representative of many others.

DEAR MARIA,—

This is *not* a circular. Just pray for all here. —— is first-fruits! full and joyous decision for Christ, singularly tested and acted on at once. I knew she was not happy. When alone, I asked why she should let days and weeks go by, drifting away in the cold. I told her I should leave her room after praying, and begged her to remain praying alone, and surrender her whole self to the Lord Jesus. By and by, the time came for her music practising. There was a ringingness in her touch, playing with such joyance. Presently, I

went in and just put my arm round her: "Is it for Jesus?" "Yes, I've made up my mind, it is *all for Jesus!*" Every action spoke it, the smile and bright determination of her voice. Without any suggestion from me she told her mamma, the next day, that she could no longer act in a French play at school. Here was a test at once. We told her to "pray about it and trust." The governess was astonished at her decision, and the girls still more so. So the good confession was made, and she took her stand on the Lord's side at once, in a way which is a real crossing of the Rubicon at school. I never talk to girls about "giving up." . . .

I sent my sister the address of a young stranger, thinking that a visit would comfort her, and knowing how loyally she accepted work, but not knowing how inconvenient and pressing it would be.

DEAREST MARIE,—

I felt tempted to the old sense of pressure with your request, and cannot really possibly manage either of the calls you suggest, without getting totally overdone; that I can't feel would be right. I know you will approve, for you and I always understand each other.

Then follows the characteristic postscript:

I have thought it over, and decide to telegraph to your friend to meet me at Willesden Station on my journey home, and I could stay an hour at the station with her. It will be well worth *any* fatigue if I can comfort her. . . .

CHAPTER X.

(1874—1875.)

A dark enigma— Typhoid fever — "Waiting at the golden gates" — Coming back from them — Winterdyne — Relapse — Oakhampton — The ministry of kind servants — Return to work — Letters — Gleams — Whitby — "Reality!" — The old friend's letter — Kindness of friends.

"WHAT though to-day
Thou canst not trace at all the hidden reason
For His strange dealings through the trial season,
Trust and obey!
Though God's cloud-mystery enfold thee here,
In after life and light *all* shall be plain and clear."

IN the latter part of this year (1874) came one of the strange enigmas of her life, stranger to our weaker faith than to her own implicit trust.

Somehow or somewhere she caught fever, and commenced her homeward journey with dull headache and sickness. But she did not fail in that loving care for the stranger to whom reference was made on the preceding page; and, through some mistake on her not arriving at Willesden, Frances waited an hour and a half, and then took her in the train some miles on her journey, that she might

not forego the promised interview. This testimony was received after the conversation : " Oh, if I could only feel as she looked ; your sister Frances was so young and lovely, and I am glad I saw for once that God-satisfied face. A ray of hope came as she talked to me in the train. . . ."

Home was reached, shiverings and feverish symptoms rapidly set in, and she was soon utterly prostrate with typhoid fever. All that motherly watchfulness, medical skill, and trained nursing could do failed to arrest the attack. About the middle of November the balancings of our hopes and fears were just between life and death. Prayer was made unceasingly for the life so dear to us, and even special prayer meetings were held to plead for one known so widely, though principally by her writings. Our prayers and cries and tears were answered, and our beloved one was restored.

Some weeks after she told me many things which may be profitable to others.

" All through my long illness I was very happy ; the first part was the most painful, I think it must have been neuralgia with the fever. I don't really think I was impatient deep down in my heart, and yet the pain and agony I was in made me anxious for the poultices, and to try anything. I do think I am sensitive to pain, and what was agony to me would be slight to others. My

one wish was to glorify God and to let my doctor and nurse see it; so at the very first I determined to ask for nothing and just *obey*. Nothing could exceed dear mother's kindness and tenderness to me day and night, and getting everything I wished for. For some time, even in those bright days in the Ormont Dessus, I had a presentiment that, may be, my faith would be tried, and that my Father would not leave me without chastisement. Not that I think illness such a trial as many others I have gone through; oh, it's nothing to *unseen* trials! Besides, you get such sympathy in illness, and I knew many would pray for me. Only, I did *not* want them to pray that I might get well at all. Sometimes I could not *quite* see His Face, yet there was His promise 'I will never leave thee.' I knew He said it and that He was there."

M. "Had you any fear at all to die?"

F. "Oh no, not a shadow. It was on the first day of this illness I dictated to Constance, 'Just as Thou wilt, O Master, call!'"

M. "Then, was it delightful to think you were going home, dear Fan?"

F. "No, it was not the idea of going home, but that *He* was coming for me and that I should *see my King*. I never thought of death as going through the dark valley or down to the river; it often seemed to me a going up to the golden gates and lying there in the brightness, just waiting for the gate to open for me. . . . I never before was, so to speak, face to face with death. It was like a look into heaven; and yet, when my Father sent me back again, I felt it was His will, and so I could not be disappointed."

About the middle of January (1875) change of air was recommended, and I brought her to Winterdyne. I remember that, just as we were assisting her into the carriage at our Leamington home, the telegram came with the almost sudden news of our dear brother Henry's death, but it was thought right not to tell her till the journey was over.

Only a few days passed of comparative recovery, when a relapse set in, and she was again ill for many weeks. It was really delightful work to nurse one so patient, so thankful, so considerate; and, when it seemed needful to relieve the servants, and send for a nurse, they pleaded to be let sit up in turn with "dear Miss Frances."

Turning to my notebook I find some recollections which may be given.

January 29, 1875. Sitting by dear Frances she said to me, "Isn't He gracious not to send me so severe an attack as in November? I felt sure the night I was shivering that illness was coming again; and, as I lay down, the sweet consciousness that I was just lying down in His dear hand was so stilling."

"Marie, do you think this simile holds good, that when we cast our burden on the Lord, at our *first* prayer He cuts the strings that bind it on us; then, if we give a leap, the burden will slide off, and we shall not go on toiling with it up the hill! I mean, if we just

thanked and praised Him, at *once* the burden would be clean gone!"

M. "Were you thinking of the burden of sin, dear?"

F. "Yes, and other burdens; specially aggravations of things that you have no strength to bear."

M. "I suppose if He is carrying *us*, then He carries our burdens too."

F. "Yes, that was our text last night, 'I will carry'; if carried, no weight on us at all."

M. "I think carrying is His first and last act; when He finds the lost sheep He lays it on His shoulder and just carries it *all* the way, even *into* His fold above. It will be nice to see Him, Fan!"

F. "'*Nice*,' I like that; but I never heard any one but you say it just like that, except Mary ——. She once told me of a missionary and his wife who had reached the end of their voyage to India, and were to have landed that night but were prevented; a sudden cyclone arose, and the ship and all in it went down instantaneously. Mary added, 'Was it not nice?'"*

My dear sister always enjoyed the early morning air for a few minutes, and often we had sweet talks before the break of day, and then she would get a little sleep.

Sunday, February 1, I found her very exhausted, and moaning with pain. She said: "No sleep last night, Marie. The Master wants me to bring forth more fruit,

* "*Nice*, nice, nice indeed!" were the last words of Fanny Bickersteth. See "Doing and Suffering."

more patience." I said: "The Husbandman must be very *near* when He is pruning the branch, and He is the God of patience."

F. "That's nice."

Another morning I said: "I will give you your Morning Bell, 'Thou hast given me the shield of Thy salvation.'"

F. "His shield is the biggest and brightest! I want you to ask some of His praying people to pray for me; it's not I suppose a question of recovery, but that it may be blessed and sanctified to me. But I know the Lord Jesus is praying for me."

M. "Yes, and He prays even *before* the trial or temptation comes to us, as He said to Peter, 'But I *have* prayed for thee.'"

F. "And He must have presented all those intercessions *for* Peter before they heard him knocking at the door."

After some days Frances was so extremely ill, that we telegraphed for our mother to come to Winterdyne. Remarking to Frances that dear mother was so wise, and that I could always trust her judgment in illness, she added, "Yes, and such watchfulness and handiness too."

When our dear mother arrived Frances said, "I am trusting Him for every bit of the way."

Mother. "Yes, dear, and He will not bring us by the right way and then leave us in the midst."

F. "But perhaps the vessel won't get in *just* the tack she expects to."

After the feverish attack had passed, she suffered very much from supervening results; but even when in acute pain would say lively things, to divert our thoughts from herself. The servants were indeed astonished at her cheerful patience; and I well remember a remark she made to me: "Oh, Marie, if I might but have five minutes ease from pain! I don't want ever to moan when gentle sister Ellen comes in. How I am troubling you all!"

M. "But, Fan! we should not think it trouble to minister to the Lord Jesus!"

F. "Well no, I only hope relationship won't preclude a big 'inasmuch' for you all."

". . . It's no mistake, Marie, about the blessing God sent me December 2, 1873; it is far more distinct than my conversion, I can't date that. I am always happy, and it is *such* peace; I could not help smiling when my kind doctor said, 'I dare say you feel rather depressed.' I said: 'No indeed! quite happy, only tired and want to be quiet.' Of course I should like to be at work, and it seems strange how often I am hindered from it. You are always pegging away; but I like to think I *shall* serve Him up there, and I would rather serve than rest. . . . The work I should so like to take up is drawing-room Bible readings; I so enjoyed one I took down at Bocking, but was rather startled to see the good folks taking notes! You see, I had

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just overcome the nervousness I used to feel, and I could so trust about this also."

Another day Frances said: "I think my special anticipation of heaven is seeing the Lord Jesus exalted, glorified, vindicated, reigning King of kings, and all His enemies owning Him."

M. "Have you thought that as, in the Gospels, Christ's special manifestations were to people when *alone*, so when we first see Him in heaven it will be *alone*?"

F. "Yes, and that is most beautifully brought out in Mr. Bickersteth's 'Yesterday, To-day, and For ever,' it's the very gem of the book. When I read it, and came to where the angel leaves him waiting for the King to come, I almost trembled as I turned the page; for, if Mr. B. had treated it with a light hand, it would have been profane; but it's lovely."

"I have been thinking, Marie, how much more God gives me than I need. Look at this illness! Well, except the bearing it, there is no other sting in it. I feel illness is the least trial, and it comes so directly from the hand of God. And how kind they all are to me! Winterdyne always seems to me a sort of millennial household!"

Her recovery was extremely slow, but her room was the brightest in the house. At last she

was carried downstairs, but for some time used crutches. Needlework for the Zenana Missions was a great enjoyment to her. Sitting by her one day she told me her reasons for giving up singing at the Philharmonic. "It is a long time ago that I made the choice of singing sacred music *only*. I did so some months before I wrote:

'Take my lips, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my King.'

I was visiting at Perry Villa when Dr. Marshall sent me the programme of the next Kidderminster concert, and strongly urged me to sing the part of Jezebel in the 'Elijah,' saying that he could not depend on any one else for it. I knew I *could* do it; for once, at the practice, the doctor said I threw such life into it. Mentioning it to Mr. Snepp, he expressed surprise, and his words struck me: 'How can a Christian girl personate Jezebel?' So I thought about it, saw the inconsistency, and gave it up. I think the last thing I sang in the hall was 'Come unto Him!' Then at Leamington, the first large party I went to, they asked me to sing, and I sang 'Whom having not seen ye love.' Every one seemed astonished, and especially some Christian girls who had begun to think music could not be for the King's service, and were rather rebelling at their daily practice. They had never

thought of consecrating their voices and fingers, but began from thenceforth. I would advise any one thoroughly to master one song, make it part of yourself, throw your whole self into it, then pray it may be His message, and it will be all right. For myself, I have more confidence in singing Scripture words than any other, because they are *His*. And, Marie dear, as I sing I am praying, too, that it may soothe or reach some one, though I may never know whom."

"I have been resting lately on 'The Lord is my portion.' All else is so unsatisfying, and even the best earthly gifts fail to reach the true depths of the heart. I do so love that hymn :

> 'To Thee, O dear, dear Saviour,
> My spirit turns for rest.'

What could we do without Him in this lonely world of shadows? And He will not let us do without Him! And may we not reverently and wonderingly say, 'Neither can He do without us!' His people are so entwined around His heart that it must be so.

"I have also been thinking that only the Holy Spirit can teach any one the mystery of 'the blood which cleanseth from all sin.' For years I believed it, without seeing as I do now into the mystery, and there are depths yet unseen,

which God's Spirit reveals as His work of sanctification goes on."

We are kindly allowed to insert two or three letters of this period.

WINTERDYNE, *February* 22, 1875.

DEAR MR. ——,

I want to thank you for all your prayers for me. Only, only, have the prayers of my dear friends held me back from going to be with the Beloved One? Or is it that He has some more little work for me to do, and so has only been richly answering all your prayers in the "perfect peace" in which He has kept me? Oh, He has been so tenderly gracious to me; it has been such gentle, faithful lovingkindness all through. It seems worth even coming back from the very golden gates if I may but in some way "tell of His faithfulness." I do wish people would but trust Jesus *out and out*, and give themselves up utterly to Him; and then wouldn't they find rest to their souls! But it will be a long waiting time yet, "at least six months" says my doctor, before I may write or do anything. But now just see how wonderfully kind He is to me. He has taken my will as I gave it to Him, and now I really am not conscious of even a wish crossing His will concerning me. I seem to be enabled to be PERFECTLY satisfied with whatever He chooses, and it is so nice. This is all of Him, otherwise I should fidget and kick! Somehow, of late, I mean for many months, He seems not to have allowed the enemy to come near me. From the hour my illness began I have only had one dark hour, and that was when I thought my special prayer, "that this sickness might be for the glory of

God," had been denied, for I felt I had not "glorified Him in the fires," because, after I had lost all my strength, I could not bear the pain without moaning and crying out, and showing eagerness for remedies. But He so tenderly assured me of pardon, and gave me "He knoweth our frame," that even that cloud soon passed. In this second illness He has mercifully spared me any recurrence of such pain, only laying upon me discomfort enough to exercise the patience which has perhaps been His chief lesson for me. Perhaps you and other dear friends will be disappointed. I know you expect that the Master will give me new and fuller messages for others after all this. But I really do not know what He has been teaching me; I do not seem conscious (at present) of having gained anything for others; it has been just lying fallow. For myself I feel as if it had intensified my trust; I *do* trust Him utterly, and feel as if I could not help trusting Him; it seems to "come natural" now! And "I will fear *no* evil" seems a natural sequence; what should I fear? There is no terror in anything when "safe in the arms of Jesus," and nothing can take me out of them. The marvellous way in which God has inclined you especially, and others too, to pray for me does seem such a token of His incomprehensible love to me, that I see I need an eternity to praise Him to my heart's content! Now, dear friend, I am asking Him that, somehow, and in His own time, He would graciously let me, even me, be the means of some new sweet blessing to you, perhaps to your people too, as a tiny return for all your loving prayers for me.

Do you think that the Lord does show unto His servants things which must shortly come to pass? It was

so strange that, while perfectly well and strong in Switzerland, I had a constant presentiment that some form of physical suffering would be the next step in His dealings with me, that His loving wisdom would see it needful for me. But I had not a vestige of fear or shrinking; I rather felt I could welcome it, if it might but make me more "meet for the Master's use." So I was not a bit surprised when the illness came.

How infinitely blessed it is to be *entirely* Christ's! To think that you and I are never to have another care or another fear, but that Jesus has undertaken simply everything for us! And isn't it *grand* to have the privilege of being His instruments? It does seem such loving condescension that He should use us.

I don't know when I shall get downstairs; much too weak as yet. But I am in no hurry, He will give me strength at the right time. Yours, etc., etc.

WINTERDYNE, *February* 1875.

DEAR MR. ——,

Your letter came on the evening of a day of more than usual languor, after a bad night, and it was spiritual salvolatile to me! I am so glad to hear of your ten.

Many thanks for your remembrance of me on Wednesday evening, and for letting me have the pleasure of joining you. Will you tell your "band" that God seemed to put it into my heart, in a very special way, to pray that they all might be soul-winners, and *at once!* No waiting for further orders, they have got their commission *now*: "let him that heareth say, Come!" And I prayed long at Acts iv. 29, 30, for them; "grant unto Thy servants," etc. But there must be power from on high,

or they are helpless; and I asked that this might be given. Then, I think the Master gave me a special text for them, will you ask them to take it *each one* as from Him: "Behold I give you power over all the power of the enemy, and nothing shall by any means hurt you." Why, it is *grand*; "power over *all* the *power* of the enemy!" Just where he is strongest, there they shall prevail; not over his weak points and places, but over the very focus of his power; not over his power here and there, or now and then, but over *all* his power. And Jesus said it! Isn't it enough to go into any battle with! And it is not future; not "I *will* give," but present, *now*: "I *give* unto you," "unto *you*," to every one whom He sends out, to every one of your dear "ten," if they will but put out the hand of faith to take it. One hardly seems to need any addition to this, and yet His tender love adds the personal assurance, "nothing shall by any means hurt you." Nothing, really and absolutely nothing! So there is not the least loophole left for the shadow of a fear to steal in. No end to the promise, it won't leave off, good for every day and moment all along, "till glory." Now, with such a clear commission and such an inspiring promise, which of your "ten" will be content to let another day pass without an attack upon "the power of the enemy"? When shall I hear of the victories that must follow? You will tell me of them, won't you? I want each one of your "ten" to begin at once to work out with God the fulfilment of Isaiah xlix. 25, so that numbers of captives may be delivered from the enemy, and led as blessed, willing, rejoicing captives in the triumph of Jesus Christ. I should like also to send to your "loving F——" "more than conquerors through

Him that loved us," and to your "little S——" Jeremiah i. 7. Why, only think if he begins winning souls at fourteen, and goes straight on, (God sparing him,) what splendid sheaves he will have to lay at the Master's feet! Will you ask them to send me a text for myself.

In what I have said I need hardly say I do not forget the other side, that "no man can come to Me except," etc. and so on; but then is not the seeking and obtaining His power a proof that we are on the track of His purposes? "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power," and it is *only in* "Thy power" that we hope to succeed. I rejoice in your joy in Him. How good He is to us!

I never find that He fails to respond to trust; it is indeed "*whatsoever*" in its fulness. And now I see that "able" means *able*, and "all" means *all*. Do you not find that, even in proportion as we realize this marvellous power upon us and in us, we realize as never before our utter dependence upon it, and utter weakness without it, AND our utter vileness and sinfulness were the cleansing power of His precious blood withdrawn for one moment! But why should we ever refuse to believe in its glorious fulness? (1 John i. 7.)

I keep wondering every day what new lovingkindness is coming next! It is such a glorious life! And the really leaving EVERYTHING to Him is so inexpressibly sweet, and surely He does arrange so much better than we could for ourselves, when we leave it all to Him.

(*To J. E. J.*)

DEAR J——,

I realize, "Lord, I have given my life to Thee, and every day and hour is Thine." For, literally, every hour

seems in His hand, and filled with His work in some form or other, either preparation, actual service, or, as now, weakness and pain. It is quite marvellous how He really seems answering my prayer that He would accept my whole life, down to its very moments.

. . . It always seems to me the worst compliment possible to our dear Church of England, when a certain class of minds regard anything which has a little extra life, and love, and warmth, and glow, as being, well—*suspicious!* As if WE are never to ask, and never to expect, and never to *have* any such extra blessing as He is pouring out in our very midst!

In April, 1875, it was thought desirable that my sister should try change of air; and on the 3rd the Winterdyne servants gathered round for farewell words, and she thanked them warmly for all their kindness, adding: "It was a great comfort, in my illness, the way in which you waited upon me; I saw you never grudged the trouble I gave you; *that* would have distressed me. Remember, God's promises are for each of you; faith is just holding out your hand, and taking them. It is what I am learning every day; it makes me happy, and I want all of you to be always happy, trusting in the Lord Jesus."

One inscription written in the books she gave them is: "Fanny Holloway, with the writer's warm thanks for her great kindness and atten-

tion during her illness at Winterdyne, January to April, 1875. 'INASMUCH.' (Matt. xxv. 40.)"

A short drive to Oakhampton, and there all the comforts of her eldest sister's pleasant home awaited her.

Frances' constant consideration for the servants, wherever she visited, secured the most loving service. Bible readings in the servants' halls, kind talks alone, and helpful prayers are all remembered. The large reference Bibles she gave them are treasured remembrances of this visit. She was delighted when every servant at Oakhampton joined the Christian Progress Union.

(*To J. T. W.*)

OAKHAMPTON, *April* 1875.

DEAR MR. W——,

I see now! And the whole thing is brightened up splendidly! I both meant myself, and took your remarks to apply, to "fallow" as to service and preparation for service; and so, while I read them with great interest and pleasure, I did not get the full benefit of them, because I said, "Oh yes, but I *am* all right on this point!" But I was all wrong on the point you aimed at, and by your second letter *hit*. I see that "lamenting" and "trusting" are not compatible; and that, while I fancied I was trusting for everything, I was not trusting as to His *spiritual* dealings with me, and that I might rest as satisfied about this as about all else.

Yes, I "could not read His prescription," but I can now take it without trying to spell it. I see that my growth in grace is *His* affair, and that He is certainly taking care of it, even though I don't see it. Only, I am so sorry I did not trust Him perfectly; it makes me feel that I shall henceforth mistrust myself more than ever, and yet trust Him more than ever.

I am beginning to taste a little bit of the real blessedness of waiting. One does not wait *alone*, for He waits too. Our waiting times are His also. I have been so delighted with the two "waits" in Isaiah xxx. 18, surely it implies a fellowship of waiting.

(*To the same.*)

April, 1875.

I must just begin a letter to you. Intercourse, even by letter, with real and dear Christian friends, is one of the pleasures which one only *sips* here, but don't you think it will be a great delight above? I have been thinking how nice it will be to have a long talk with you in heaven, in the grand leisure of eternity, and interchange the blessed things which the Master will (I suppose) be showing and saying to each, with just as much individuality of revelation as here. Perhaps I look forward to this peculiarly, because I have so very many congenial Christian friends whom I rarely see, and correspondents, known and unknown, with whom I cannot have the intercourse I would; and, owing to my delicate health, there have always been so many interruptions to communications, and of late so much entire isolation. But I think you probably have the same keen anticipation, for you can't have time on earth

for much "sweet counsel"! And how well we can afford to wait for *some* of our "good things"!

Nearly nine months, since I was last at morning family worship! I was in almost *too* great spirits about it, which is not good for me, and of course I had to subside, and go and lie down for a considerable part of the morning; still it was quite an epoch! After four months' illness and weakness, I am told that I must not expect to be able for any sort of work for at least six months longer; but I do not feel one regret. Somebody wrote to me about resignation the other day; but I don't feel as if the word suited at all; there is an *undertone* of "feeling it rather hard nevertheless" in it, of submitting to a will which is different from one's own. He has granted me fully to *rejoice* in His will, I am not conscious of even a wish crossing it; I do really and altogether desire that His will may be done, *whatever* it is. It was so sweet, when my second illness began, to lie down under His dear hand, not knowing how long or how much I might have to suffer, but perfectly happy and trustful about it, and *quite* satisfied that He should do with me just as He would. Oh, isn't it good of Him to have wrought this for me! This terrible pain,—I cannot feel that I *wish* it taken away a day sooner than His far-sighted faithful love appoints. . . . .

This morning I opened on Deuteronomy xxxii. 2, "My speech shall distil *as the dew*." It seemed a direct answer from Him, for one does not see the dew fall, one never sees it at all till morning, and then! So perhaps He is speaking to me more than I think for, and, when the "afterward" comes, it may be that I shall find He has said a good deal to me after all! Yours ever.

(*To the same.*)

I find (having fairly tried) that the whole gift of verse is taken from me. I think it will some day be restored (as once before after five years' suspension); but at present I could not write a hymn or poem. Thus God proves to me it is directly from Him, not a power to be used at my will, but only when He will; and I would rather have it so. But, even if I were in full vein, I only consciously write up to my own experience; so, though I might write what you would like to see on "Rest and Brightness," I should have to leave out praise for "power," because I do not feel that, as yet, God has ever endued me with *that*. It is not "come, see, and conquer," as to souls, with me as it is with you. I know some of my words do not fall to the ground, but most of them do; and the blessing which He does seem to send with my printed writings, and sometimes with my letters, does not seem to me quite the same thing as the blessed "power" which some have. That reminds me, this morning I read 2 Corinthians iv. in the Greek, and was so wonderingly happy over that "far more exceeding weight of glory." I had not specially noticed the Greek before, how magnificently far reaching and strong it is! I suppose "*from* glory *to* glory" is even here and now, and *then* to go beyond this to an eternal weight of glory, and *then* for *this* to be καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολήν, is such a marvellous leading on of finite thought into *infinite* glory! It is like those flights that one now and then takes from planets to suns, and suns to star systems and cycles, and then away to the farthest nebulæ, and then one sees no end, for imagination and analogy go on

till they get lost in infinity. But to think that we are actually going right *into* all this glory, and have actually begun with it; having the earnest of the purchased possession *now*, and absolute certainty of all of it before long! What are flights among stars and nebulæ compared to this! I have not thought it out, but I *feel* a connection between this and the Greek in Ephesians iii. 19.

(*To J. G. M. Kirchhoffer.*)

DEAR JULIA,— *May* 9.

Thank you very much for your very pretty little ballad, and for the leaflets. I shall watch your pen, if we live, with much interest, and pray that you may be enabled to consecrate it, always and entirely, to our beloved Master. You will need to be very watchful, for Satan will try to sow tares among your wheat, and to introduce *self* into what we want to be *only* for Christ.

But His grace is sufficient, and if He keeps you, by that grace, humble and looking unto Him, the gift He entrusts to you will be help to yourself, and I hope to many others, and the enemy will not be able to turn it into a hindrance. I am so glad you have been at work already for the dear old Irish Society, and with such thorough good will. Will you make it a matter of prayer? It is often wonderful what unexpected opportunities God gives us when we ask. I have so often found it so in collecting for this very thing. Your taking the card was an answer to myself, for I was feeling rather disheartened that day in the work, and prayed that I might have some extra bit of success at last, as a token for good. And then you consented to *collect*, where I only looked for a

single subscription. I am afraid it will be, still, a long time before I come home, but I hope to see you and your kind friends when I do. I send you one of my favourite texts, "He *is* precious." Think of the absolute "*is*," always and unspeakably precious, whether we realize it or not. How little we know of His preciousness yet, but how much there is to know, and how much we shall know! Press on then to find more of His preciousness.

Yours affectionately.

(*Extracts from Letters to Miss E. J. Whately.*)

June 1875.

. . . . Though I have had plenty of invalided times, and of short sharp suffering, this has been my very first experience of really severe and prolonged illness (since October); and I do not merely think I *ought* to feel, but I DO feel, that it was the crowning blessing of a year of unprecedented blessing and yet of many trials. "Great is Thy faithfulness" shines on every day of it; and "I will fear no evil" is more than ever a very *song* to me. It was as if, while laying His own dear hand ever so heavily upon me, He kept the enemy completely at a distance, and did not let him even approach me, encompassing me with a wall of fire. . . . For three or four weeks I was too prostrate for any consecutive prayer, or for even a text to be given me; and this was the time for realizing what "silent in love" meant (Zeph. iii. 17). And then it seemed doubly sweet when I was again able to "hold converse" with Him. He seemed, too, so often to send answers from His own word with wonderful power. One evening, (after a relapse,) I longed so much to be able to pray, but found I

was too weak for the least effort of thought, and I only looked up and said, "Lord Jesus, I am *so* tired!" And then He brought to my mind "rest in the Lord," with its lovely marginal reading, "*be silent* to the Lord," and so I just was silent to Him, and He seemed to overflow me with perfect peace, in the sense of His own perfect love. It was worth anything to lie and think that it might be really "the Master's home call"; but I do think it was worth almost more to find, when the tide turned, that He had really *taken* the will I had laid at His feet, and could and did take away all the disappointment which I had fancied must be so keen at being turned back from the golden gates. I was more astonished at finding that He could make me quite as glad and willing to live and suffer, as to go straight away to heaven, than at anything, I think. And it is just the same now. I have no idea how long I may have to wait, for (though not now ill, but only invalided), what with relapses and results, I am making very slow progress, and not likely to be able for any sort of work for months yet: but I do so feel the truth of "blessed are they that *wait* for Him." It seems a necessary sequence of the first part of the verse, "therefore will the Lord wait," for waiting *for* Him is waiting WITH Him. I am breaking rules in writing so much, but I could not help wanting to tell you how very kind He has been to me, and I don't think any Christian could be more utterly unworthy than I of such gentle, gracious dealing. I doubted and mistrusted Him for so many years, and what I used to call "terrible conflict" I now see to have been simple unbelief.

. . . . It is so nice to meet those with whom one is in full sympathy. One meets so many who only go

such a little way; I mean really Christians, yet taking such faint interest in Christ's cause and kingdom, all alive as to art, or music, or general on-goings, yet not seeming to feel the music of His name. One does so long for all who are looking to Him for salvation to be "true-hearted, whole-hearted." And I have been thinking how inevitably such half-hearted Christians will be at a disadvantage when "He cometh," as compared with those whose whole gladness is from Him only, and whose whole interests are centred in His kingdom and that which advances it.

With the return of health came a return to work. Her quick sympathy and loving help, by word and by letter, can hardly be represented. "Aunt Fanny always understands me" indicates the source of her influence. Pencil notes of hers, which are really treasures, lie before me, but only glimpses may be given.

(*In the train*) *September* 29, 1875.

MY OWN DEAR "LITTLE THING",—

. . . I have been thinking so much and so sadly of the hint you gave me. . . . We must be much in prayer about it. For yourself, dear little thing, whatever the *near* bothers or the *far* griefs may be, you and all your "matters" are in the dear Saviour's hand, and He says, "My grace is sufficient for thee," and I like to take a still simpler Saxon word and say, "My grace is *quite enough* for thee." Yes, "quite enough," dear, for all the sorrows and all the trials, little ones as well as

great, and all the weakness and all the insufficiency and all the coldness and hardness of heart, *quite* enough for you in spite of all!

(*To the same.*)

DEAREST "LITTLE THING",—

Let the Lord lead you, *let* Him have you *altogether*. And, dear pet, blessing hardly ever comes alone; if He has the joy of winning you altogether for Himself, He won't stop there, He will do more, He is doing so here. I do trust two of the servants are resting and trusting, and I quite hope the gardener has laid hold on eternal life; and I am expecting more for the angels to rejoice over. . . . I feel most deeply for you. Keep very close to Jesus, my darling, and ask Him never to let you take back what you have now given Him. Be His entirely, without any reserve, and He will be yours entirely. . . .

MY OWN "LITTLE THING",—

If you knew how glad we all are! But, better still, I know Jesus is glad. He wanted you, or He would not have drawn you. And now, dearie, just *rest* in Him. Listen to all He has to say, and you will find He has "somewhat to say to thee" every time you open His word. Listen, and obey whatever He says (John ii. 5). Mr. Mountain said, "our souls should be like aspen leaves, responsive to the least breath of the Spirit." Dear little thing, be one of the Lord's aspen leaves; don't wait for great strong blasts, but yield to the least whisper from Him of "this is the way, walk ye in it." And, now, expect great things! You don't know what

He is going to astonish you with. "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." Go to work for Him at once, put your little sickle in, and see if the Lord does not make the sheaves fall before it! *Don't hold back from letting Him use you.* Your blessing will probably, if you are quite faithful with it, result in fresh blessing all around you to those who have been blessed already, and who knows what to those who do not yet know the fulness of the blessing! Keep trusting the Lord Jesus, or rather let Him keep you trusting, and draw every word from Him; ask Him always, all day long, what to do, what to say. Pray Mr. Aitken's prayer: "Lord, take my lips and speak through them; take my mind and think through it; take my heart and set it on fire!"

Your loving aunt.

P.S.—Yes, sing for Jesus! do *all* in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

(*To C. H.*)

DEAR CLEMENT,—

You are all alone, so I must send you a line. However, you will not find it very dismal in this lovely weather and the bright look out of seeing your dear ones. Last evening I was at a young women's meeting, and asked to sing, so I prayed the dear Master would let me bring them a message of song from Himself. There are so many "all for Jesus" Christians here. Seriously, dear Clement, if that is indeed our heart's motto, we find that Jesus *is* all for us, and all in all to us. I hit upon two little texts yesterday which fitted together beautifully. First, a prayer, "Do Thou for me, O Lord," did you ever notice it? "*do* Thou," just whatever wants doing for us or in us, just whatever we

cannot do at all for ourselves. Then, if we really pray this, we shall follow it up with "God that performeth all things for me!" Think of *His* simply *doing every thing* for you and me. What can we wish more?

Your loving aunt.

"Don't hold back from letting Him use you!" Loyal words, often repeated. A friend in Leamington remembers showing F. R. H. a letter she had received from Miss Weston, asking her to write "Monthly Letters for Seamen." Frances read the letter and said to Mrs. B., "What are you going to do? Accept it of course!"

Mrs. B. "I am not fit for such a work. I know nothing of ships and sailors."

F. "If you reject it, God does not want for instruments to do His work; don't shrink from the honour He puts upon you."

Such was her faithful encouragement.

(*To* ——.)

ASHLEY MOOR, *September* 1875.

I can hardly say I am sorry for you, dear friend, although you tell me of suffering and trial, and although I feel very much for you in it; because I am so *sure* the Master is leading you by the right way, and only means it to issue in all the more blessing. What mistakes we should make if we had the choosing, and marked out nice smooth paths for our friends! It has struck me too, very much lately, that the Lord's most used and blessed

workers are always almost *weighted* in some way or other. I don't know one who, to our limited view, is not working under weights and hindrances of some sort, contrasting with mere professors who seem so much more favourably placed for what they *don't* do. . . .

I am so very glad that He did not answer prayer for my recovery all those eight months of illness; why I should have missed all sorts of blessing and precious teaching if He had! But when one feels that He Himself gives "the prayer of faith," then I would pray it "nothing doubting."

After the 14th, my address will be Post Office, Whitby, Yorkshire. I am so thankful and rejoiced at what you tell me about the two ladies; it is so gracious of Him to use my hymns. Yours, in His grace and love.

In the autumn of 1875 Frances went to Whitby with Mr. and Mrs. Shaw; *en route* she visited Miss Sadler and her sister, the friends of early days. She also enjoyed a visit to York Minster, and a pleasant interview with Dr. Dykes.

It was at Whitby she heard, in the noon prayer meeting, the petition of a working man, "Father, we know the reality of Jesus Christ." The same evening she wrote the poem: "Reality, Reality, Lord Jesus Christ, Thou art to me."

(*To E. C.*)

WHITBY, *September.*

. . . So singular! you know I have not been able to write verses at all for a long time, but reading a

naughty article in —— —— set me going, and I wrote "Without Carefulness." Curiously enough, it was written just in time for the International Women's Christian Association Conference at New York. I was invited to this, and if I could not come, to write a poem to be read at it. I was going to answer "I can't write a line," when this came to me, and it will reach the committee just in time, though I did not write it with that intention. Then Mr. Shaw lent a copy to a friend, and reply came asking permission by telegraph to use it at another Conference. Had the article reached me a day later, it would have been too late for both!

Does not this look like God's hand? It seemed like coming back into the stream again, out of the shadowy pool of silent waiting. Somehow, I don't feel enough physical strength to be at all eager to get into the current at present. . . .

WHITBY, *October*, 1875.

DEAREST G——,

. . . I hope to be at home the end of next week (but don't publish it, as I can't see everybody immediately on arriving).

Mamma is better, but has been so ill that it was a question whether she could reach England. I am so thankful for her.

For myself, I have not been ill, though often poorly, since my last relapse in June; but I decidedly do not get strong, and am not nearly so strong as before my illness, even under these most favourable circumstances of bracing air, and nobody that *must* be seen, and nothing that *must* be done; so I am hardly likely to get any

stronger at Leamington. I can do a little, write an hour or two, see one or two people, sing one song, go to church once on Sunday and subside all the rest of the day; but that is the length of my tether. I came upon some verses which seem just to express it.

"I am not eager, bold, or strong,
All that is past;
I 'm ready *not* to do,
At last, at last.

My half-day's work is almost done,
'Tis all my part;
I bring my patient God
A patient heart."

For I am quite satisfied to do *half-day's* work henceforth, if He pleases; and well I may be when I have plenty of proof that He can make a *half-hour's* work worth a whole day's if He will: yes, or half-a-minute's either!

. . . So curious your praise meeting (Young Women's Christian Association) being November 19th, for it will be the anniversary of my very worst day last year. You can't think how much I am looking forward to being at a meeting again, and to seeing you, and a few other special Y. W. C. A.'s. But I shall always have an idea that I was *prayed back* from the golden gates! I can't think why God always so graciously lets me see such heaps of reasons for every trial He sends me. Why, as to this year of calling apart, I wouldn't have done without it if I could, and I couldn't have done without it if I would; it seems to me a consummately wisely sent

and wisely timed trial (only that I hardly like to use that word for it, except perhaps as regards the physical pain). I want to tell everybody, now, that they need "fear *no* evil."

On page 5 we have already referred to our dear father's curate, Rev. F. Jeffery, and his recollection of the early birthday crown of bay-leaves. That reference will make clear the allusions in the following letter.

December, 1875.

DEAR MR. JEFFERY,—

If you only knew the gush of early recollections your beautiful little verses * brought up! my birthday wreaths, and dear papa's and mamma's birthday kisses and wishes,

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* The following are the verses referred to.

To F. R. H., *on Her Birthday, December 14th*, 1875.

"Non sine Diis animosus infans."—*Horace.*

FANNY, canst thou still remember
How, of old, they kept this day?
How they marked thy fourth December,
Crowning thee with wreath of bay?

"Child belov'd, these leaves poetic
Hence shall aye to thee belong,
Wear them as a wreath prophetic
Of the Ministry of Song."

Say not now thy task is ended;
Sing the lovely, pure, and true
Sing until thy verse is blended
With the Song for ever new.

F. J.

which I always felt meant a great deal more than I could possibly understand. And now the Lord hath led me, not quite, but pretty nearly, the "forty years," though only the very old friends give me credit for much beyond thirty.

How kind of you to recollect the little chit! And how I should like to thank you personally for the pleasant remembrance! But I must tell you how refreshing it is, quite apart from the sentiment, to come across such *trochaics*. It is rarely that I light on such, among the thousands of hymns I have gone over in my work of "Songs of Grace and Glory"; yours have such a perfect ringing rhythm as very few seem to hit upon now-a-day.

I have just begun to work a little, as a sort of "half-timer" (to use the factory expression), after twelve months of "calling apart": typhoid fever, which, with relapses and results, kept me ill for eight months, and part of the time very suffering, and then four months of very slow convalescence. But it has been the most precious year of my life to me. It is worth any suffering to prove for oneself the truth of "when thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," and worth being turned back (as it seemed) from the very golden gates, if one may. but "tell of His faithfulness." It is so *real*.

Your own signature, dear Mr. Jeffery, makes the verses doubly valuable, written "in the shadow" (your darkness is the shadow of His hand). I do feel so much for you in your blindness! How I should like to come and sing to you! My dear mother is very bright in spirits but very suffering in body.

Yours affectionately.

PYRMONT VILLA, *December* 13, 1875.

MY DEAR E——,

Nothing surprised me so much as, and nothing pleased me more than, your beautiful flowers and card. I have had a battle with mamma as to where they are to go; she thinks them too good for her room, where I wanted to have the pleasure of putting them. However, I think I have won! Thank you *so* much for them. I must tell you why they are such special pleasure: because I don't think you would have sent them if you had just simply hated all I said the other day. Dear ——, I never told you, but you can't think how I have longed for you ever since I first saw you. I have prayed for you again and again. I want you for Jesus! It is not only that I want you to be safe in Him, I do want that; but I want you to be altogether His own, knowing all the sweet peace of being His very own, and using all your bright days for Him. I want you to be "all for Jesus." I do so long for you to give Him your heart and life now, so that you might never have the terrible sorrow of having only a death-bed to give Him! And I am sure He wants you; really and truly now, at this very moment, is waiting for you, and wanting you to come to Him and let Him show you His "exceeding great love." There are so few comparatively that are on His side: won't you be one? If you could see Him now, this minute, *waiting for you*, you wouldn't like to keep Him waiting I am sure; and you wouldn't and *couldn't* think about anything else till you had heard what He, Jesus, your real Saviour, wanted to say to you. Dear child, I have asked my own dear Master to give me some

token of His love on my birthday: shall it be this, that He will call you, *so* call you that you shall come to Him and "find rest"?

Your loving friend.

Mention should be made of the kindness of many Leamington friends constantly shown to both our dear mother and Frances. But it is impossible even to give outline of any such, or the names of most valued friends, whose ceaseless ministry threw flowers of sympathy on paths of weariness and suffering.

CHAPTER XI.

(1876.)

"The Turned Lesson" — Patient work — Sympathy with E. C., going to India — Upton Bishop Vicarage — The brother's organ and last singing — The last visit to Switzerland — "*Seulement pour Toi*" — Bible reading to peasants — The Great St. Bernard — Champèry — Baroness Helga von Cramm — Alpine cards — Illness at Pension Wengen — Return home — "My King" — Pruning.

"Was it not kinder the task to turn,
Than to let it pass,
As a lost, lost leaf that she did not learn ?

Is it not often so,
That we only learn in part,
And the Master's testing-time may show
That it was not quite "by heart"?
Then He gives, in His wise and patient grace,
That lesson again
With the mark still set in the self-same place." *

THERE were many "turned lessons" in my dear sister's life to which no clue can be given in these Memorials; but we may here refer to one testing-time. Very patiently had she prepared for press many sheets of manuscript music

* The Turned Lesson, in "Under His Shadow," page 113.

in connection with the Appendix to "Songs of Grace and Glory." Well do I remember the day it was completed. We were at home, and she came down from her study with a large roll for post, and with holiday glee exclaimed, "There it is all done! and now I am free to write a book!" Only a week passed, when the post brought her the news: "Messrs. Henderson's premises were burned down this morning about four o'clock. We fear the whole of the stereotypes of your musical edition are destroyed, as they were busy printing it. It will be many days before the *débris* will be sufficiently cooled to ascertain how the stereotype plates stand."

Further news confirmed the loss: "Your musical edition, together with the paper sent for printing it, has been totally destroyed." On the same sheet Frances wrote to her sisters in Worcestershire:

The signification hereof to me is that, instead of having finished my whole work, I have to begin again *de novo*, and I shall probably have at least six months of it. The greater part of the manuscript of my Appendix is simply *gone*, for I had kept no copy whatever, and have not even a list of the tunes! Every chord of my own will have to be reproduced; every chord of any one else re-examined and revised. All through my previous "Songs of Grace and Glory" work, and my own books, I had always taken the trouble to copy off every

correction on to a duplicate proof; but, finding I never gained any practical benefit, I did not (as I considered) waste time in this case! Of most of the new work, which has cost me the winter's labour, I have not even a memorandum left, having sent everything to the printers. However it is so clearly "Himself hath done it," that I can only say "*Thy* way not mine, O Lord." I only tell you how the case stands, not as complaining of it, only because I want you to ask that I may do what seems drudgery quite patiently, and that I may have health enough for it, and that He may overrule it for good. It may be that He has more to teach me, before He sets me free to write the two books to which N—— alludes, and which I hoped to have begun directly. Perhaps they will be all the better because I cannot now write them for next season. Thus I am suddenly shut off from the bright stream of successful writing, and stopped in all my own plans for this spring, and bid work a few months longer in the shade at what is to me special exercise of quiet patience. . . . I have thanked Him for it more than I have prayed about it. It is just what He did with me last year, it is another *turned lesson.* I had mourned over not bearing pain in my first illness, and so He gave me another opportunity of learning the lesson by sending me another painful illness, at Winterdyne, instead of giving me up as a hopeless pupil; and now I have been eager to get done with "Songs of Grace and Glory" that I might hurry on to begin work of my own choosing and planning, and so He is giving me the opportunity *over again* of doing it more patiently, and of making it the "willing service" which I don't think it was before. If I could not rejoice in letting Him do what He will with

me, when He thus sends me such very marked and individual dealing, I should feel that my desire for sanctification, for His will to be done in me, had been merely nominal, or fancied and not real.

(*To Miss E. J. Whately.*)

One must be an infidel not to see God's hand upon one, most distinctly, in such a matter as this. But it was very good of Him to give me the opportunity of learning the unlearnt lesson, and of offering, as more willing service, what had been *un*willing. I must tell you, however, how overwhelmingly gracious He has been to me the last few days, quite startling me. I thought it had been such a useless spring, that I had not been allowed to be any service to any one. Then all at once, during three days, a number of notes poured in upon me, quite astonishing me with telling that I had been made such real use and blessing, in some cases quite unconsciously, in others where I thought my efforts had produced little or no effect. . . . Now, is not this enough to make one's heart overflow with praise? It has been a most sweet lesson of trust, and of more simple and absolute dependence on Him.

(*To J. T. W.*)

PYRMONT VILLA, *March* 21, 1876.

DEAR FRIEND,—

Your letter, which I was providentially prevented from reading before breakfast, sent me straight away to my knees. I have been putting it all into my Saviour's hands, pouring out to Him. I don't *feel* cured, but I believe

He has taken me into His hands afresh. No, it has not been all for Him of late; I don't mean anything definite, but breaches in the enclosure, made not by any outward foe or even "the religious world," but by self, which I wanted to be crushed out of me, that He might take its place wholly. I think that has been the "something between," and it has dimmed not only the inner brightness, but the free-hearted testimony. It is so utterly horrid not to have been *all* for Him. I do feel ready to say "sinners, of whom *I* am *chief*," and no expressions of self bemoaning are too strong for me. He has been so much to me, so very, *very* gracious; and yet I have wandered, without knowing it except by finding that He withdrew the brightness of His shining, graciously so, because I felt the chill; and yet, at times, off and on, it has even of late been very bright, very happy, only it has not been the steady and growing brightness. Thank you very much for telling me how it is with you; that helps, because I have to do with the "*same* Jesus." I want Him to prove me to the very depths, to "search and try" and cleanse entirely. I am glad He did not set me free to write. I distinctly believe it to be His holding me back from teaching before I am taught! I am so grateful for your letter, it is so good of Him to put it into your heart to watch over me. Will you pray for me? I imagined I had thought much of the "keep," as well as of the "take," but I have not *lived* it somehow. I know you must feel disappointed with me; I have not "run well" as you hoped, but don't give me up and throw me overboard altogether, pray for me, and "watch over me" still for the dear Master's sake, for I know He has not thrown

me overboard, and oh *I do* love Him. Thanks for the card; I thought it *was* "*none* of self and *all* of Thee." I have immense temptations. I don't mean that as any excuse, only it is so; temptations to self seeking and self complacency, etc.; and I am made too much of, looked up to by plenty who should rather look down on me, both here and by strangers; and I thought I was on my guard against it all; and yet I see it has insensibly undermined the "enclosure," even though I have been having exceptionally great outward privileges. I wonder whether one thing has been wrong! I have been, for some time, nearly every day giving half an hour to careful reading of Shakespeare; I felt as if I rather wanted a little intellectual bracing, as if something of contact with *intellect* were necessary to prevent my getting into a weak and wishy-washy kind of thought and language. I like intellects to rub against, and have no present access to books which would do it; so I bethought myself of seeing what Shakespeare would do for me, and I think my motive was really that I might polish my own instruments for the Master's use. But there is so much that is entirely of the earth earthy, amid all the marvellous genius and even the sparkles of the highest truth which flash here and there, so much that jars upon one's spirit, so much that is downward instead of upward; that it has crossed me whether I am not trusting an arm of flesh in seeking intellectual benefit thus. Yet, on the other hand, if one admits the principle, one would throw over all means as to study and mental culture, and it does really seem as a rule as if God endorsed those means, and uses cultivated powers, and only very exceptionally uses the uncultured ones. Yours gratefully.

(*To F. A. S.*)

LEAMINGTON, *February* 16, 1876.

I hope you have had a happy week, dear F——. Only you must not let the temptation come, to fancy that He cannot, or will not, be as much to you afterwards as He perhaps was to you during the special week; for, to begin with, "He faileth not," "I change not." He will be every day "*this same Jesus*"; and, to go on with, your whole Bible does not contain one word about His giving less grace, but always and only "more grace." If He gave you blessing last week, it is only an earnest of MORE, if you "open your mouth," etc. "*Always* more to follow." Your loving aunt.

(*To J. T. W.*)

THE LEASOWES, *April* 9, 1876.

It seems to come natural to send you whatever odds and ends come out, so I enclose this last leaflet, "I could not do without Him." I very seldom write at the suggestion of another, but a London worker said she so wanted an appeal to the outsiders based on my hymn "I could not do without Thee." So I told her she must pray if she wanted it, and I forthwith forgot all about it. Three months after, a most strong and sudden sense came over me of "what *can* they, what *will* they, do without Jesus?" that I *must* write it; and it was not until afterwards I recollected that this was the very thing that had been asked. And, on sending it, I found it was *just at the right time* for her special wish to distribute it before one of Mr. Aitken's mission weeks! It will be in *Home Words* for June, which means going

straight to 300,000 homes, let alone leaflets and American copies. Somehow, I have felt able to ask great blessings on this leaflet, though it is such a poor little simple thing, without a spark of poetry about it.

Yours ever gratefully.

I got just a glimpse of the marvellous indwelling of *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost* last week; it was so sweet and glorious; I want to realize it *always*.

(*To J. G. Kirchhoffer.*)

April 9.

DEAREST JULIA,—

You deserve an immense long letter, and I have really only time for a few lines, as I am giving up my whole available time to work at the new edition of "Songs of Grace and Glory." Though your letter-case looks too pretty to use, yet I immediately adopted it for unanswered letters, putting in yours to begin with. Yours must be indeed a pretty home. It is not just words, but both wish and prayer, that it may be a happy one to you, and that you may make many around you happy and happier. Of course I mean this in the very fullest and deepest sense. Ever since I knew you, I have specially wished and prayed that you might entirely live for Jesus, and shine very brightly for Him. And you have immense responsibilities.

Why not work out your "plan of education" as a little ballad? I think it would be a capital subject, and might be really useful. Send it to the Editor of *The Children's Friend.* (S. W. Partridge & Co.)

As to imperfect scanning, I must try to answer seriously, for it is rather important to you. Never leave imperfect

scanning, to save the trouble of making it perfect, *never!* Discipline yourself for the next few years most sternly in this, and you will be thankful, later on, for the habit and facility which it will give you. But irregular scanning may be used with great artistic effect, where you purposely wish to suggest abrupt, broken, startling, rugged, spasmodic, etc., effects. A good critic will easily detect the difference between the devices of an artist and the negligence or clumsiness of a tyro in this matter.

I have an idea that metre answers to key in music, and that one may introduce modulation of metre exactly as one introduces modulation of key, and with similar mental effect. I have tried it in several recent longish poems, using different metres for different parts, and modulating from one into the other instead of passing directly. You will see what I mean in "The Sowers," where, instead of jumping direct into the rather jubilant metre of the last part, I work up to it through "One by one no longer," etc.

I must not scribble more Yours lovingly.

(*To the same.*)

PYRMONT VILLA, *Monday.*

DEAR JULIA,—

How I *do* wish I had known! It would have been the most exquisite pleasure to have come to sing to you. I know that longing for music *so* well, though I do not think many know what it is. Sometimes I have thought that this very "music-thirst" is part of God's gentle discipline, leaving us with that thirst instilled, just that we may turn afresh to that which stills all longings, the

music of His name. I have had plenty of verses headed "F. R. H.," but I am telling you the truth when I say that I never had any which touched me more, or gave me such a thrill of loving fellow-feeling towards the writer. Thank you very much for sending them to me.

Now I have a request. Will you give me a copy of your extremely good verses on the recovery of the Prince of Wales. . . .

(*To the same.*)

Many thanks, not only for the enclosure, but for your most amusing note.

N.B.—It is only fair to tell you that you and Ellen Lakshmi Goreh are the solitary ones, out of any number of dozen possible geniuses, whose "efforts" I have seen or had to do with, in whom I *do* believe. I have come across no others who, I honestly believe, may have a "future" in the literary part of the vineyard. This may show you I am not quite indiscriminate! and perhaps add weight to the encouragement which I want to give you, and the seriousness of the hope and aim before you.

My sister's expectations were correct; but Miss Kirchhoffer's early death left, as it were, only a prelude to what might have been a life of song.* (See Appendix, page 354.)

The following shows how faithfully she pointed out the inconsistency of some conversation.

* "Poems and Essays." By Julia G. M. Kirchhoffer. Paisley: ". and R. Parlane.

Tuesday, 7 a.m.

MY DEAR ——,

As I have already had one bad night, and several troubled wakings, all about *you*, I had better get it off my mind. I write to you as one who is really wanting to follow Jesus altogether, really wanting to live and speak EXACTLY according to His commands and His beautiful example; and when this is the standard, what seems a little thing, or nothing at all, to others, is seen to be *sin*, because it is disobeying His dear word and not "following *fully*." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye *even so* to them."

Now, darling, be true to yourself, and to Him, as to these His own words. Would you like any one to retail, and dwell upon, little incidents which made you appear weak, tiresome, capricious, foolish? Yet, dear, everything which we say of another which we would not like them to say of us, (unless said with some right and pure object which Jesus Himself would approve,) is transgression of this distinct command of our dear Lord's, and therefore *sin*,—sin which needs nothing less than His blood to cleanse, sin in which we indulge at our peril and to the certain detriment of our spiritual life. And Jesus hears every word, and sees, to the depth, the want of real conformity to His own loving spirit, from which they spring. Do not think I am condemning you without seeing my own failures. It is just because it is a *special* battle-field of my own that I am the more pained and quick to feel it, when others, who love Jesus, yield to the temptation or do not see it to be temptation. I know the temptation it is to allow oneself to say things which one would not say if the person were present, yes, and if Jesus were visibly

present. And I have seen and felt how even a momentary indulgence in the mildest forms of "speaking evil," which is so absolutely forbidden, injures one's own soul, and totally prevents clear, unclouded communion with Jesus. So I want you to recognise and shun and resolutely and totally "put away" this thing.

I should not write all this but that I long for your eyes to be opened to the *principle*, for others' sakes, for your own soul's sake, and for Christ's sake. I want you to pray over it, to search bravely to the bottom, and to put it all into the hands of Jesus, that He may not only for give but cleanse, and so fill you with His love that it (and nothing else) may overflow into all your words, that He may "make you to increase and abound in love . . . . to the end He may establish your heart *unblameable in holiness*." Oh, if you knew how I pray for this for myself, you would not wonder at my anxiety about it for you and for others! So don't be vexed with,

Yours ever lovingly.

(*To E. C.*)

1876.

. . . This seems a great and solemn step. I could never lift up my finger against what looks so like a call from God, though you would seem a long way off from us, and would be much mourned and missed from your Bewdley work. You know how I have always desired, with you, to lay out one's life at *the best interest* for God; and, of course, if you can do ten per cent. of work at Rome, and only five per cent. among the Severn fogs, that is to my mind a strong argument. . . . I send you "I will direct their work in truth," and He *will* direct. Have you thought of work in Syria?

(*To the same.*)

Although dear Miss Nott told me she thought you were thinking of Zenana work in India, I did not expect this! Whether Rome or India, I quite think you are one of those so situated that you are "free to serve," and that the question may be wholly between you and God. . . . I am specially glad it is that Society; it is decidedly my favourite, and I have been interested in it for fifteen years. Dear Elizabeth, I feel so solemnly glad about all this; I myself seem, more and more, a "cumberer," so I am the more glad when others are able for more service than

Yours lovingly.

(*To the same.*)

. . . It often strikes me as one of the wonderful wheels of God's providence that He lays different parts of His work on different hearts, brings one nearer to the focus of one worker's vision and another to another, and thus all the different things get taken up. . . . I had only thought of the disappointment it would be, if you were prevented going to India! I suppose, partly, because I do not feel separation so keenly as you would, and partly because *all my life* it has been a sort of "castle in the air" *to be a missionary*, only that the door for me seemed always closed by the state of my health; and, even with my many ties, it would be nothing like the sacrifice to me that it will be to you. I shall long to hear that the Lord has made the way quite clear, and set before you an open door.

June 1876. During a visit to her brother Frank, at Upton Bishop Vicarage, she was much interested in his schools and cottages. Every day she went about from house to house, reading the Bible and telling in simple words of God's love in sending Jesus Christ to save sinners.

In one instance, at a garden party, my sister's happy face attracted a young stranger, so that she sought conversation with her. Often have I been told: "F. R. H. looks so really happy, she must have something we have not." (With the utmost skill, no artist or photograph gives a *real* idea of her lighted up expression. Is it because soul cannot be represented any more than a sunbeam?) And my *pen* fails, too, in giving an idea to strangers of her sunny ways, merrily playing with children, and heartily enjoying all things. But her deep sympathy with others' joys and sorrows, and her loyal longings that all should know the "joy unspeakable and full of glory," were the secret of her influence with others.

I may mention that her singing from Handel's "Messiah," accompanying herself on her brother's organ, after service on her last Sunday evening at Upton Bishop, will long be remembered by all who heard. The old parish clerk remarked, "I never heard the like of that before." Frances then became the first contributor to a fund for erecting a

vestry. (Since her death it has been determined that this vestry shall be specially "in memory of F. R. H." Her brother has also had her name cast in a new treble bell, thus completing the peal of six.)

Her own words seem to describe passing events and visits better than others can, and therefore we again copy from them.

(*To Margaret W.*)

. . . I came to Newport with the idea of not being responsible for any one's soul at all! I enjoyed the first three days in a general sort of way, but no real gain to myself. I declined addressing the Y. W. C. A. meeting, but was present and was asked to sing. I sang my arrangement of Isaiah xii. After a few more words, and prayer from Mr. W——, I sang for them "When thou passest." * After that I had to shake hands with many. It was all very nice, but not real work. I felt dissatisfied, notwithstanding the affectionate greetings and thanks for singing. Saturday I said I should like to go to work, and went with Mr. W—— to the Infirmary. In the women's ward I read and prayed and sang, and then spoke to each alone. I saw there was sowing and reaping work wanted, and many entreated me to come again. When I went again God sent much blessing. One, very suffering, and who had a most distressed expression the day before, had found peace soon after I left her. She lay

* "When thou Passest through the Waters." Music by F. R. H. London: Hutchings and Romer.

looking so happy, saying, "I've left it all with Him now, and oh it's so beautiful!" Another, a moping groping Christian, told me that the words God helped me to say to her lifted her straight up into the sunlight. Before I left the ward, I do think another was enabled by God's Spirit to trust in the Lord Jesus. From that time, it pleased God to send such continuous blessing. But (I hardly know how it began, I think from my own couplet ". . . let me sing, Always, *only*, for my King," in connection with that Thursday evening) somehow I felt that on both sides, singer and listeners, it was not really "only for Him," but too much of F. R. H. That word "*only*" seemed to be pressed on my own heart. I saw it as I never saw it before, and that the "*all* for Jesus" must be supplemented and sealed with "*only* for Jesus." It was a great and humbling revelation to me of failure in full consecration, where I really did not see it before; and of course I dare not and would not hold back from accepting and following, at any cost, what I felt God's Holy Spirit was teaching me. I felt I could not, and would not, sing again the next Thursday as before, and that I must pass on this "*only*" to the Y. W. C. A. Then I had copies printed of the Consecration Hymn, and had my name left out, and a blank line instead for the signature, which each might fill up alone and prayerfully.

At the meeting, Mr. W—— opened it and then went away. Then I told them I had meant to sing them beautiful songs of Handel, but I *could* not and *dare* not; that I could not, after what my King had shown me last week, sing even partly to please them, it must be "only for my King." Then I told them about this "only," not

merely totality of surrender but exclusiveness of allegiance, and how I wanted every one there to take *this* step with me that night, and to accept with me "ONLY for Jesus," as our life motto, henceforth. To keep my word as to singing, I just sang "Precious Saviour, may I live only for Thee"* (to "Onesimus"). After prayer, I resumed the subject and then distributed the Consecration Hymns (very systematically done in one minute without disturbance); and, after running through it, asked those and those only to sign their names who meant it. Oh, M——, it was *such* singing, one felt it was so real!

Then I gave an interval of silent prayer which I felt was a time of real consecration. I was sure of His presence, so sure that He was bowing the hearts before Him by the Holy Spirit's power. Was it not strange that the first "consecration meeting" I ever came in for should have been in my own hands?

After, I gave each at the door "Enough." I hardly liked giving my own leaflets, but I really couldn't think of anything else just suitable for what I wanted. One, whom I had spoken to after church on Sunday evening, stayed to tell me how bright her hope continued; but she needn't have *spoken*, the change of expression was quite enough to tell. Well, dear M——, I felt there had been real blessing.

As days went on, Mr. and Mrs. W—— saw numbers of those who were there, and who testified that they had really been helped and had gained a step onward by God's grace.

Then, I could tell you much of some dear boys who

* Hymn 695 in "Songs of Grace and Glory."

had never unfurled their banners, or done any work for their King (I always thought I had no notion how to go to work with boys, and this has often hindered me from trying; that idea is overboard now). With these young soldiers it was a sort of leap into "life more abundantly," a going just headlong into life and love and work for Jesus. After a week of prayer, one has decided to give his whole life, instead of the chips and shavings of it, and become a medical missionary. Now they are praying for others; they have pitched upon the worst boy in the school, and asked me to join in special prayer for him. The most remarkable feature is the way they took to their Bibles, and, though holiday time, spent four or five hours a day with intensest enjoyment over them. . . . I never thought of asking a tenth part of all the blessing I received there since then. I shall have to lump my requests for praise at your next Y. W. C. A. meeting.

I must pass on to you what I have been rejoicing in all this week, Exodus xxi. 5, "I love my Master, I will not go out free"; and then connect the end of verse 6 with Revelation xxii. 3, "shall serve Him" for ever. I can't imagine why I never exulted in that declaration before, "I love my Master!"

A few weeks after, Frances wrote the hymn "I love, I love my Master"; and, coincidently, her sister Ellen (Mrs. Shaw) also wrote a very similar one (published by Caswell).

Then came a visit to Ashley Moor, always so refreshing to herself; and, while enjoying breezy

rides and drives and delightful friendships, she did not forget work for her King. She has left a sunbeam track in many cottages in that neighbourhood.

Year after year, my dear sister had pressed me to take a long rest in Switzerland; and so, on July 6th, 1876, we left England, *viâ* Dieppe, for Lausanne. That delightful journey! her sisterly care and unselfishness in revisiting well known places just to give *me* the pleasure! It was with difficulty I persuaded her to go to any new scenes for herself. From Montreux she went up to "Les Avants" to visit her "delightful friend," Miss E. J. Whately. From Vernayaz we went to a quiet pension at Fins Haut, *en route* to Argentière. Sunday came, and the sight of crowds of peasants passing by our door to early mass suggested the desire to try a Bible address for them in the afternoon. Valerie, the daughter of our host, had been so fascinated by my sister's singing that, with the promise that Mdlle. would sing to the meeting, she threw herself heartily into the arrangement. Three o'clock was the time fixed, but an hour before several maidens assembled, so we set them to copy out a French hymn Frances had just written, thereby fixing its truths on their memory; and they then practised it as a choir. Frances shall tell the rest.

(*To J. T. W.*)

. . . . . .

About thirty or forty came; some remained in a room behind our folding doors, these came from curiosity and would not come inside, and there was laughing and talking, evidently led by the priest's servant who was there for no good! First I sang to them, and then got the girls to join in the hymn they had copied out. Then I read some passages from Romans, and Maria spoke to them beautifully (in French) on Romans vi. 23, and afterwards prayed.

A few went away as soon as I began to read, there was evidently *some* opposition. Even those who seemed really to wish to hear were evidently hindered by the total novelty of the whole thing: an intensified form of the hindrance which I told you I felt existed when I first sang at N——. You will wonder what I sang! Well, I had been singing snatches of hymns to myself, and especially "Only for Thee," and found this gave immense gratification in our little pension; so I thought God could as well give me French as English, if He would, and I set to and wrote "*Seulement pour Toi!*" (as they had liked the tune so much.) Only it is quite a different hymn, making prominent the other side, He and He ONLY is and does all for us. We come to the Father "*only* by Thee," place our trust "*only* in Thee"; retaining merely a few lines of the "only *for* Thee," as it is useless to teach "only for Thee" till one has seen "only *by* Thee." I also wrote a free imitation of "Will ye not come?" and part of another. I could write quite easily in French verse!

so it may be I shall have to do some more in this direction, a totally new opening!

Maria had had the priest himself strongly on her mind all the week; and, not having the smallest fear of man, actually went and called on him! with the excuse of borrowing a French Bible, and asking him to see if my verses were correct. Just imagine going to "M. le Curé" for a Bible, and for revision of Protestant hymns! He was very courteous, and Maria relieved her mind entirely; told him how happy she was in Christ, and what was the secret of peace and joy. He did not attempt controversy, and seemed interested, but only assented to all she said, so that she could not get him to open out.

As for taking readings myself, the prospect seems to recede. Even taking part in this little meeting seemed to throw me back. For years, I have always suffered from any work of the kind, and then been made unable for my own more special work, as I never produce a line when overdone. And I find more distinctly, here, that I have not anything like my former strength, and even three weeks (by which time other years I have got into tip-top training) have not brought me up to where I used to start from. All the old elasticity and physical strength are gone. I don't feel the "atmospheric salvolatile," and go out on the freshest of Swiss mornings feeling up to *nothing* instead of equal to *anything*! Yet it is thirteen months since I was really cured from my illness.

Leaving the Chamounix valley for the Great St. Bernard Hospice, we took diligence from Orsière. The passengers sang some French songs remarkably well. We listened and commended,

and then asked if they would join us in a new tune, "*Seulement pour Toi.*" Finding the driver took up the chorus in bass, Frances went outside that he might see the words, and most heartily was it sung by all. Sunday we rested at the hospice. The weather was fine, and the crowds of peasants who partook of that wonderful hospitality were sitting on the rocks in all directions, and of course many a seed was cast among them. My sister's brilliant touch on the piano in the saloon attracted the good fathers, and they requested that, after dinner, she would sing for the assembled strangers. She asked me to pray that she might give the King's message in song, and that it might reach some hearts. As there were different nationalities present, she very simply but gracefully said she was going to sing from the Holy Scriptures, repeating the words in German and Italian, and then sang Handel's "Comfort ye," "He shall feed His flock," and afterwards "Rest in the Lord." An Italian professor of music with many others thanked her, and were expressing their admiration to me when Frances bade them "Good night," saying to me, "You see, Marie, I gave my message, and so it is better to come away." Returning from the hospice we diverged to Lac de Champè, thence to Martigny and Champèry. There we met her Leamington

friends, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers (of St. Paul's); Mr. Rogers was, then, summer chaplain at Champèry.

I could testify of much happy work here, in leading others to rejoice in God her Saviour: strangers, invalids, tourists, to all she was a shining light. And she was never satisfied with any one's profession, without a corresponding *life* for Christ and *work* for Christ. I may give the testimony of one, as representing that of many others.

I feel sure that God led us to Champèry that we might meet your dear sister Frances. Oh, I cannot tell what a blessing she was to me there. I always looked for those fair curls; and the saloon seemed desolate if I could not hear her voice and often merry laugh. She was so happy and whole-hearted, and she spoke to me of the Lord Jesus, and the joy of being altogether and *only* His. Yes, it was on the balcony at Champèry that a new life and love seemed lighted up in my soul. Even as she was speaking to me I felt that, with God's grace, I must take the same step she had, and henceforth live "only for Jesus." That was indeed turning over a perfectly new and bright page in my life.

Another Champèry friendship was with the Baroness Helga von Cramm. We were staying in the same pension; and a few words the first time we met her resulted in many pleasant en-

twinings of work. I give my sister's reference to the fact, in a letter to Mr. W——.

One of my Champèry gains was the Baroness Helga v. Cramm; such an artiste, every picture is a poem, such a soul in all she paints; her two specialities are Alpine scenery with the weirdest effects of snow and clouds, and the marvellous beauty of the tiny Alpine flowers. Well now, of course, she wants to paint for Jesus somehow! So I suggested that we might do something together, and we would first ask Him to give *me* half-a-dozen nice little Easter verses (new ground to me!), and then that He would hold *her* hand, and make her do some exquisite flowers. So the verses all came tumbling in that evening!

Such was the origin of the varied series of lovely "Alpine cards," subsequently published by Caswell.

Leaving Champèry, we went to the Bernese Oberland. Our longest sojourn was in the Pension Wengen, above Lauterbrunnen, just opposite Mürren, with the full range of the Jungfrau and Silberhorn in view. Getting wet through in a thunderstorm was followed by a chill, and my dear sister was seriously ill for a month. The Lauerners were most kind, and we were happy in having the pension to ourselves and being favoured with brilliant weather.

Two or three pages from my notebook recall

our often pleasant talks, and the two following letters are about the same date.

September 30th, a.m. I found Frances with her Bible after a wakeful night: "O Marie, I've just had such a find! I hope you've not stumbled on it." You remember I was speaking of that delightful verse in 2 Chronicles xxxii. 8, 'the people rested themselves upon the words of the King'; now I have found 'the word of my Lord the King shall now be for rest' (margin 2 Samuel xiv. 17): is it not lovely? it will do for one of my night pillows; it's a down pillow, and no rucks in it! Of course it's a woman who said it; all the women in Scripture do say excessively pretty things."

Then she went on telling me that she thought her next volume of poetry would be her "Nunc Dimittis" (see Preface to "Under His Shadow"). On October 8 she had many weary hours of pain. She was so patient in all her suffering, and very thankful for some remedies a lady kindly brought us from Interlaken. One afternoon, after trying a new remedy, I begged her to shut her eyes and try to sleep. When I returned she gave me the lines, "I take this pain, Lord Jesus." "You see, Marie, I know something of the sweetness of taking pain direct from His hand. I had just been saying all this to the Lord, and then it came to me in this hymn; it wants no correction; I always think God gives me verse when it comes so, and it is worth any suffering if what I write will comfort some one at some time!" The next day she told me: "While I was in such pain, the very lines I've been waiting for came to me. Three years ago I began some on the Queen of Sheba, and

brought the unfinished sheet here. Very often, strangers write and tell me that my lines comfort or help them, even when I know there is not a spark of poetry in them. Now *I* cannot tell what will comfort others, so I ask God to let me write what will do so."

Another day she told me she hoped to write a paper on "Men see not the bright light that is in the clouds." "Dear Anne M—— suggested it to me long ago. Many bright young Christians have never been down in the depths of the waves (as I have), and they wait for some *great* cloud to come, instead of seeing His light in the *little*, daily, home clouds! Marie dear, some may think it is presumptuous, my writing

'For Thee my heart has never
A trustless Nay!'

But it really is so, I could not look up in His face and say, 'Nay, my Lord, I do not trust Thee in everything.'"

(*To Miss E. J. Whately.*)

PENSION WENGEN, *October* 1876.

. . . I am just waiting for strength to go home; I have been ill again, and am only arrived at the stage of a few minutes' walk, on my sister's arm. I was splendidly better till the end of August, and meant to have settled down to a delicious month or so of leisurely writing out here, and then gone home to dear mamma, and begun almost a new era of life. However, God has chosen otherwise for me; I am just where I was this time last year, and any book writing is indefinitely postponed. . . . How glad I am that our work is not measured

by quantity, and that its results depend neither on quantity nor quality, but only on the sovereignty of His blessing. . . . It was just a bit tantalizing to see you and yet to see so little of you, there were so many things I wanted to talk to you about. . . .

One never does have anything but sips and glimpses here! No fear of satiety anyhow; we don't have a chance of that misfortune! Yet the sips and glimpses are so pleasant and so varied that, perhaps, each has just that proportion which makes our lives the most really enjoyable. Over and above the intense delight of the coming perfect and leisurely intercourse above, I think we shall almost revel in perfect power of *expression.* Do we ever feel that we have, either by word or pen, expressed our *whole thought*, still less *our whole feeling*? And is there not a peculiar pleasure in finding oneself able to make even the partial expression of it a little more complete than usual? Why is it that such pleasure seems attached to our finding power of proportionate expression (of any kind) of what is surging within? Is it a hint of the wonderful delight it will be to have the totally new power of clothing, unerringly and invariably, the infinitely expanded thoughts and intensified feelings in absolutely perfect expression, *perfect* vehicle of word and song? And, then, this delight will be met and completed by perfect understanding and reciprocation. There must be this last, because the One Spirit will dwell so fully and so equally in both speaker and hearer. . . .

Talking of sips, what unexpected delicious little sips one gets, sometimes, when one is really too tired for a whole draught from His word! Yesterday I was *so*

tired, just on the edge of fainting more than once from mere weakness. I turned over the leaves for a sip, and came upon "the word of my Lord the King shall now be for rest" (margin). I need not tell you how it rested me! I am extremely fond of the typical scraps in the history of David, but I never saw this one before. . . .

(*To Mrs. R.*)

I must send you the last texts I have been dwelling on; the force, beauty, and sweetness of the combination of the King and yet the Father, the kingdom and yet the home, have struck me so much. And it is, in almost every case, first the Father and home, then the kingdom (Matt. xiii. 43; Luke xii. 32). And this royal home of this kingly Father is yours and mine! I suppose you and I are fully half way to it, and the view is clearer and nearer, and will be clearer and nearer yet!

As soon as strength was given we returned to England, in October.

I well remember when Frances first thought of writing "My King." We were returning from Switzerland. Her illness there had quite hindered any writing, and she seemed to regret having no book ready for Christmas. It was October 21st, we had passed Oxford station, on our way to Winterdyne, and I thought she was dozing, when she exclaimed, with that herald flash in her eye, "Marie! I see it all, I can write a little book, 'My King,' " and rapidly went through divisions

for thirty-one chapters. The setting sun shone on her face; and, even then, it seemed to me she could not be far distant from the land of the King. Illness came on again, accompanied by severe suffering, yet the book was quickly written and published. We may regard the pages in "My King" as the fruit of her patiently taking back "the turned lesson," which prevented her writing for so many months. The following letters of this period speak for themselves.

(*To* ——.)

LEAMINGTON.

I send you a prayer which I heard yesterday, and which has been arising from my heart ever since. "Lord, take my lips and speak through them, *take my mind and think through it*, take my heart and set it on fire!" Quite possible for Him to do, though it seems so much to ask. I am asking it; you ask it too. Christ's words, Christ's thoughts, Christ's love, not our own any more! How He does love you, how His very chastening proves it! He has not let you alone, and "blessed is the man whom Thou chastenest." So, the very sense of the reality of chastening proves the reality that you are "blessed," and "I wot that he whom Thou blessest *is* blessed." Only think that you are to "come forth as *gold*." I wonder what He will do with His gold when He does bring it forth! We shall see. He never would thus deal with you, if He had not some very special ends to reach. Trust on; He is worthy of all trust, isn't He?

LEAMINGTON.

I was rejoicingly thankful that you have tasted the delight of real spiritual work for Jesus. Perhaps He is training you, by all this stopping of your own wishes and aims, for something much better, for very much and very happy work for Himself. I have no doubt about it; it seemed such very marked individual dealing with you, that, as He also so graciously made you willing to let Him teach you in His own way, I had not a shadow of a doubt that He meant it to work out real and great blessings to you. Every other aim has to be thwarted and crossed; our soul's health needs it. Even if seemingly right and reasonable, He will not LET one whom He really takes in hand, to make "a vessel unto honour and meet for the Master's use," rest in any aim short of Himself and His glory. He knows that our real happiness lies here, and He loves us so much that He sees to it that we shall not go on "feeding on ashes," if we are feeding on them instead of on Himself. . . . You know He must be right, and most certainly has something better to give instead of whatever He takes away. But I am so glad you see it, and can trust Him. It would be too bad not to trust Him, wouldn't it? He will not, cannot change, even if your trust should be weak and flickering (2 Tim. ii. 13; Jas. i. 3, 4).

(*To J. T. W.*)

November 1876.

This has been a slight edition of my previous illness, but it will be some weeks before I am really as strong as usual. That long illness in 1874 has so weakened me, besides seeming to have left a curious liability to fever,

which has returned so many times. But I am not troubled about the "fallow," and your words, "The Lord is right, you can trust Him I know," have not done chiming yet! Just before this last attack I was in my sister's conservatory watching the gardener cut off every bunch he could find upon a splendid vine. He has been training it for twelve years, never let it bear even one bunch of fruit for two years, and now it is 200 feet long in the main stem alone, and 400 feet with the principal branches. He has pruned off a thousand bunches this spring. "And what do you expect it to bear, by and by?" "Four hundredweight of grapes! and, please God I live to manage it, it will be the finest vine in the county." He was having long patience for *fourteen years* with this choice vine, and I suppose my Husbandman's waiting with me won't be as many months, so that is not a very long trial of trust. "My *faithful* Saviour!" That seemed my one thought while awake last night. I was delighted one day on noticing the Greek of Jude 24, ἀπταίστους "without stumbling," let alone without falling! . . .

No, I am not "basking in the sunshine"; it is not bright and vivid. I seem too tired, somehow, for brightness; but it is not dark either. I know He is faithful, and I am learning and resting. I think I miss outward helps and privileges, and having no direct work for Christ; I know this is all right too, so I am not fidgeting about it. I was able before this attack to go twice to church, a short afternoon service; but the preacher's chief lesson, from Luke xxiv., was that Jesus couldn't be always with us, and that we must *expect* Him to speedily vanish out of our sight whenever we did get one of the rare glimpses

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of His presence! So it wasn't very enlivening, but I was glad indeed that I knew better! Oh, I am so glad that "alway" (Matt. xxviii. 20) means *always*, and that "never" (Heb. xiii. 5) means *not ever* and not "only sometimes," which is really about as much as I used practically to take the words for! But the "alway" and the "never" are always *now* for us, and I believe them now just as they stand. And so, whether the day is dull or bright, and whether my eyes are heavy or clear, I know Jesus is with me. What a difference it does make, doesn't it? . . . I think "The Thoughts of God," printed in *The Sunday Magazine*, is the very best poem I ever wrote; but I have not heard one word about its doing anybody any real good. It's generally something that I don't think worth copying out or getting printed (like "I did this for thee," and "Take my life"), that God sees fit to use.

Do you remember my telling you my difficulty about saving any of my literary earnings for a rainy day? Well, after a deal of puzzle and prayer, I gave it *all* up to the Lord in Switzerland (1874), and intended to give *all* I ever earned straight away to Him. While in London I had an unexpected cheque from Hutchings and Romer, and was arranging how to give it, when down came this fever upon me, and mere doctors and nurses made a clean sweep of this cheque and all my available resources. Was this an indication the other way? and should I be acting rightly towards my relatives, if, when next I receive a cheque, I should give all away without making some provision for future illness? Of course some one must pay doctors, and if I had nothing in hand it would fall on them. So it seems robbing Peter to pay Paul!

And yet *He* knows I would LIKE to give *all* into His treasury, direct and at once.

You spoke in a former letter of rejoicing over good news of your converts. I have been thinking over verse 4 of St. John's Third Epistle, and it seems to me that we too have "*no* greater joy." One is very glad when souls come to Christ, but I do think it is a "greater" joy when the work has been tested, and one finds them growing and working and *shining* for Jesus. On the other hand, it does so pain and depress me when I see that those who do profess to be His, often Christians of long standing, are cool and lukewarm, and taking little or no interest in His cause. Is it wrong that what I feel on such matters often amounts to real suffering, and brings more tears than I ever shed for any personal trouble? Yours ever in Him.

(*To the same.*)

November 1876.

Isn't it odd I should be *hors de combat* just now? And yet it is stranger still not to feel even the least temptation to say "how excessively provoking!" as I should have been saying three years ago; so everything only proves how real the peace of God is. I have not a fear or a flutter, not a care or anxiety, for time or eternity; and I know this is not nature, for the *natural* thing to me would be to fidget as to both present and prospective health, neither being very cheering! But the Lord is right, as you wrote me; only, I have not the vivid joy of December 1873, and I am very much inclined to say "Where is the blessedness I knew?" But then I have deeper experience in several respects, and anyhow I have made trial of His love.

(*To F. A. S.*)

November 17.

Just a loving line for your birthday, dear F——, and fondest wishes for every blessing; yes, "*all* spiritual blessings" (see Eph. i. 3).

I feel so inclined to send you, instead of a proper "birthday text," a word which I never noticed till lately, and which has struck me very much in connection with your saying you had not thought before of "do ye *even so* to them" as an absolute command. It is 1 Chronicles xxviii. 8, "Keep, *and seek for, all* the commandments," etc. (*look* at it!) You see we are not merely to keep what we know of, and what lie on the surface of His law, but to "*seek for all.*" And verily this is no hard lines, for more and more I see that "in keeping of them there is great reward" even in this life. Don't you think this would be a good and helpful aim for the year? I mean, God helping me, to take it as such for myself; and as it was new to me, it may be so for you too. Don't shrink from finding hitherto unrecognised commands; He only "commands *for our good*"; let us shrink rather from living in unknown disobedience to any. "Blessed are they that *do* His commandments"; may that blessedness be really yours and mine.

(*To J. T. W.*)

I see clearly now about the "satisfaction," *i.e.*, that I am so satisfied with the Lord Jesus that it is "Yea, let any Ziba take all, forasmuch as my Lord the King has come to His own house in peace" ("whose house are we," Heb. iii. 6). Ziba is entirely welcome to all my other property, so that I may but be "with the

King." If that isn't being satisfied with my King I don't exactly see what is! So I have said and sung the last verse of my hymn "Enough" again and again.

> "But now Thy perfect love is perfect filling!
> Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God;
> Thou, Thou art enough for me!"

All the same, I see I can't be satisfied till I get to heaven, in the other sense; I shall always be wanting "more and more" of His gifts, and His gracious words and manifestations of *Himself.* I got perfectly clear about it in writing "Full Satisfaction" ("My King," page 30); only, I am anything but satisfied with that same chapter, and I am afraid you are expecting a great deal too much from my poor little book. But, it is *for* "my King." I am so happy. That's all!

(*To* ——.)

MY DEAR LITTLE K——,

The sad, sad news has reached me, and I know a little bit of what you are bearing now, for I lost my dear mamma when I was about as old as you, and my dear papa died, almost suddenly, not so very long ago. And Jesus knows: knows exactly all you feel, has watched every tear, and listened, oh so lovingly, to every little cry. I think you must be in His very special care now, and He will give you, and *is* giving you, even *more* than all the care and love that your dear papa could give you. Now this very minute, K—— dear, He does so love you and feel for you; and I think your dear papa knows how much Jesus loves you, better

than he ever knew before; and so he can be quite, quite happy, even though you are left behind. He is in Christ's safe keeping, and only think that, this very minute, he is seeing the King in His beauty, really seeing Jesus! Can you not be almost glad that he is seeing Him now? And he has really heard Jesus say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Think how wonderfully happy it must have made him to hear his own dear Master's voice saying that to him!

I have two little texts for you, which must come true now, because the very time is come: "He shall *gather* the lambs with His arm" (Isa. xl. 11); and you perhaps think "Yes, I should like Jesus to keep that promise, but *when* will He do it?" Look at the margin of Psalm xxvii. 10, and you will see, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will *gather* me." So it is *now* that He will gather you in His arms. But He has left you your dear mamma. Will you give her my deepest sympathy! You need not think that you must answer this, it was only I felt so sorry for you and your dear mamma that I could not help writing.

Yours very lovingly.

A few gleanings from letters to her friend Mary F—— embody some miscellaneous thoughts, and may fitly close this chapter.

Psalm lx. 4: "Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee." Then He has given it to you. Don't keep it furled. What is its device? what is its motto?

See if you come to the same conclusion I have. And may we not take "the Truth" personally? (John xiv. 6.) It must be the breeze of the Spirit which waves its often drooping folds. Pray that it may be displayed faithfully and bravely by yourself and your friend.

Jeremiah xxxi. 14: "My people shall be satisfied with My goodness." Do this and similar promises refer to this life? do they not group themselves with "I shall be satisfied when I *awake* with Thy likeness"? Look at John iv. 14 in Greek: "shall never thirst"; does not that rather imply futurity? Yet I should like to know whether any, except such as are already in the land of Beulah, can say that. Still, present or future, there it stands and cannot pass away, being His word, His *own* word, "My people shall be satisfied."

"Thy will be done." In applying this to sorrow, trial, and disappointment, do we not forget the brighter pendants to this tear-dropped jewel? "*This* is the will of God, even your sanctification." "Father, I *will* that they, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." Also Ephesians i. 5, Galatians i. 4, and many other instances.

"When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." Really and truly *with* you, even if the rushing of the waters seems to deafen and blind you for the moment, so that you cannot see or hear Him.

Hebrews xii. 11: "Afterward *it* yieldeth," singular not plural, and therefore definite and applying to each separate trial; "it yieldeth." So one need only wonder *what* afterward, not wonder *whether!*

"Hitherto," "henceforth." The Christian's whole course in two words.

CHAPTER XII.

(1877.)

Letters — The mystery of pain — The Lord's graving tool — Loyal letters — "Won't you decide to-night?" — Manhood for Christ's service — Splendid promises — "My silver and my gold" — Mildmay: its intercessions, greetings, hushing power — A crumb from the King's table — The Christian Progress Union.

OUR only available sources, for a record of many months in 1877, are my dear sister's letters.

(*To Elizabeth Clay.*)

. . . Shall we not find that all parts of our lives will prove to have been training for whatever is our truest work even on earth, and also for the heavenly service to which one, more and more, looks forward? But the bits of wayside work are very sweet. Perhaps the *odd* bits, when all is done, will really come to more than the seemingly greater pieces! the chance conversations with rich or poor, the seed sown in odd five minutes, even the tables-d'-hôte for me, and the rides and friends' tables for you. It is nice to know that the King's servants are always really on duty, even while some can only stand and wait. Your going to India seems a very special "boring of the ear." How curiously your path and mine have diverged; your going to do great things for God,

and I able for less and less. My hope that, at last this winter, I might be allowed one Bible class at home is uncertain; ditto my choir practice, as I am to avoid cold and fatigue. Everybody is so sorry for me except myself! For the same peace which will be yours in work will be mine in waiting; and the very fact of having a busy and active nature, with no proclivity for *dolce far niente*, seems to make the rest under God's felt *restraints* so much the more really His doing.

(*To the same.*)

1877.

Best wishes for your first birthday in India, and 1 Chronicles iv. 23, "*there* they dwelt with the King for His work," "*there*" is Amritsur for you. How specially it is for His work that you are there! I send you a lovely little book by Miss Elliott. . . . I feel how very precious your time will be in acquiring the language; and, if you spent an hour writing to me, I should feel like David did about the water of the well at Bethlehem. I have but little physical strength; perhaps He withholds the active service; and also I see His wisdom in, all along, having held me back from any chance of Conferences, or hearing any speakers of any sort for several years past (with the sole exception of the Mildmay Conference in 1874). For, if I had, I should have learnt from man, and should almost necessarily have echoed what I heard from others, in what I write.

(*To* ——.)

I think that, during certain stages of Christian life and experience, pain is always a mystery. And *so long* it is

a grand trial of trust in God's *perfect* wisdom and love and *rightness*. "His work is perfect": Deut. xxxii. 4. (But wait patiently till you have had, first, some years of *pastoral* work, and, second, some personal experience of great pain; and then you will *see*.) To myself the whole thing is clear as sunshine, but tenfold clearer since the *intense* pain through which He has led me of late. I would not have foregone *that* teaching for anything!

I. Pain, as to outsiders, is no mystery when looked at in the light of God's holiness, and in the light of *Calvary*. The deeper our views of and hatred of sin (as the Holy Spirit's teaching in our hearts progresses), the more clear will all that is connected with sin become; and as. had there been no sin there would have been no pain, it is all, and more than all, deserved. I can say for myself that I feel I have deserved the very suffering of hell for my transgression of the first great commandment of the law, ("thou shalt love the Lord thy God," etc.,) and for my sin of unbelief.

It is, further, a real proof of God's love. He cannot (being Love) *enjoy* the sight of suffering, IT MUST be as much worse to Him than to you, as He is infinitely greater and more loving than you! And yet He inflicts or permits it, that He may rouse, and warn, and check, and *save*. What thousands have blessed Him for the pain that came like a rough hand catching them as they fell over a precipice, hurting and pinching their very flesh, but *saving* their lives! In how many ways a skilful doctor gives pain, that he may prevent much greater and worse suffering! At the same time, I am *quite sure* that with very, very rare exceptions bodily pain, though far more trying to witness, is not anything to compare with mental pain, and

it leaves no sting or scar, as almost every other form of real trial must do. (I am perhaps in a specially good position to judge of this point, because all my doctors agree in saying that, from my unusually finely strung nerves, I am and always shall be peculiarly sensitive to physical pain, and feel it far more keenly than ordinary people.)

II. Pain, as to God's own children, is, truly and really, only blessing in disguise. It is but His chiselling, one of His graving tools, producing the likeness to Jesus for which we long. I never yet came across a suffering (*real*) Christian who could not *thank* Him for pain! Is not this a strong and comforting fact? I do not say that they always do so during the very moments of keenest pain, though much more often than not I think they are able to do this; but, certainly, they do deliberately praise Him for it afterwards. I think one must pass through it for oneself before one can fully realize the actual *blessedness* of suffering; meanwhile, you may well take the testimony of those who have. Its conscious effects are to give one deeper feeling of one's entire weakness and helplessness, (a lesson which we are all slow to learn in health,) and of the real *nothingness* of earthly aims and comforts, and the fleetingness and unsatisfactoriness of everything except Christ. Then, it drives one to Him each moment, one cannot bear it even one minute alone, one *must* lean and cling (and *anything* is blessed which does this!). And then, one finds that He *is* tender and gracious, that His promises *are* precious, that His presence IS a REALITY *even if unrealized!* (a true paradox!) Then, one has opportunities which one could not otherwise have of learning trust, and patience, and meekness; it is a time of

growing up into Him in these things. Then, one realizes more what it must have been to Jesus to endure real, actual, bodily pain *for us*. I never saw such tremendous force in 1 Peter ii. 24 ("in His own *body*") as when suffering great pain myself; it seemed a new page of His love unfolded to me. I could write sheets more on the blessed teachings of pain, but if I did I should perhaps bring it on! So far, the whole question of pain is rather one of sight than of faith to me now; it has become so clear to me, as a part of God's great plan which could not be done without. But I find yet scope for faith beyond. I believe there is a mysterious connection between suffering here and actual capabilities of enjoyment hereafter, and that suffering here is training (I cannot tell how) for that glorious service above, to which I delight to look forward. But now look for yourself at what God's word says about it, and dwell on *that* instead of on your own thoughts about it, for His thoughts are not as your thoughts; see Isaiah lv. 8, 9. Look at 2 Corinthians iv. 17, 18; and then see how much more you can find in His word which bears on the subject. . . .

Trust Jesus in and for everything. When a trial is past, one does so bitterly regret not having trusted Him entirely in it; and one sees that we might as well have had all the joy and rest of perfect trust all along.

(*To* ——.)

. . . I know that nothing short of the Holy Spirit's power can enable any one to accept God's way of salvation as a little child. . . . I will tell you the two passages which have been the greatest help to me, two great anchors

which have stood many a strain of personal conflict and doubt: John v. 24 and 1 John v. 10, 11. It does not matter what we suppose God *might* propose or declare; it all hangs upon what *has* God said about it? And can words be plainer than these two passages? "He that believeth *hath everlasting life.*" Only think deliberately out that those words must mean *everlasting* life, for it would be a mockery and a lie to call it so if it might last only a day or a year. If the life which Jesus imparts (His own life by His Spirit) *can* come to an end to-morrow, *it is not, cannot be, and never was, everlasting life at all!* Our natural life is even as a vapour, but *this* would be a poorer thing still, if it might be lost even sooner. "Everlasting" either means that which shall really last for ever, or it is a meaningless delusion and not worth the paper it is printed on. "*Hath;*" it is never said *shall* have, but always the *actual present possession* by every one who believes, not always consciously but certainly. If you believe in Jesus as your only and all-sufficient Saviour, either you have at this moment everlasting life, a life which shall and can never perish; *or* God is a liar. Don't you see the inevitable force of "*everlasting*"? It *must* be everything or nothing. How can it be everlasting life, if it can be quenched in eternal death? The two passages you mention present no difficulty at all. Philippians ii. 12, 13 seems to me clearly to imply that those to whom St. Paul wrote had got salvation as an actual possession, "*your own*"; and, having got it, they are now to "work it out," *i.e.* to carry out all the details and consequences of it, act up to it. Give a man a great gold mine; it *is* his, he has not got to work *for* it (it is all there, his very own), but only to work it

out, draw upon it, and enjoy it. I think the figure holds good, for enjoyment seems to hold an almost invariable proportion to work for Christ. I never knew any idle Christian really a rejoicing one (I do not of course speak of invalids); and, conversely, if you see a man or woman, whatever their position, doing all they can for the cause of Christ, giving up time to work for Him, and trying hard to win others, either rich or poor, for Him, you may be almost certain that they are happy in Christ. (Mark, I do not say those who merely ride religious or benevolent hobbies, or who work for *externals* of religion, these are often as miserable as any; but those who are working *for Christ.*) Further, just look at the "for" in verse 13, and take the two verses together and you will see that it is all of God and not of us. As to 1 Corinthians ix. 27, why did you not see that the Greek ἀδόκιμος is literally and clearly "not approved," being simply the negative of δόκιμος. You cannot read the Greek word otherwise; and how it came to be translated "cast-away" I can't imagine. I can wish you no greater blessing than that salvation may be no longer a "theory" but a glorious *reality* to you, constraining you henceforth to live unto Him entirely and joyfully. If you once get hold of this, everything will seem different; the false lights of the world will no longer throw their flickering, deceiving lights around you, but you will view and estimate all in the true light, the glorious light which makes the earthly delusions altogether unattractive, and the grand eternal realities appear what they are, just *realities.* But, whatever you do, don't delay; go fully and most earnestly into the question at once; a magnificent treasure is within your reach, don't drift

away from it. If any other passage, or set of passages, present any difficulty to your mind, I wish you would let me know. Just one thing: this matter is not merely the intellectual acceptance of a theory, but also the acceptance, by the *heart*, of God's loving and free offer and plan. It is a personal transaction between Christ and the soul, to be carried out alone with Him.

(*To a young friend.*)

You will not mind my writing to you; you needn't feel obliged to answer. I hear you go back to school on Thursday; are you to go back doubtful, uneasy, fearful, dissatisfied, *alone*? or, is it to be going back *with Jesus*, *safe* in Him, *happy* in Him? When the Holy Spirit stirs up a heart to feel uneasy, it is very solemn, because it is His doing; Satan will do his best to say "peace, peace, when there is no peace." It is very solemn, because it results either in grieving that loving Spirit by stifling His secret call, *or* in passing from death unto life: the one or the other, I know of no other alternative. Which shall it be? Don't linger just outside the gate of the city of refuge; *just* outside is danger, perhaps destruction; you are not safe for one instant till you are inside. And oh, have you ever thought that it is not merely negative, not merely *not safe*, but that unless your sins now are on Jesus they are *now on you*, and God's wrath is upon them and so upon you? It is a tremendous question, "where are your sins?" I do not stay to prove that they are somewhere, you have learnt that; but now where are they? On you, or on Jesus? Oh, that He may now send His own faithful word about it

with power to your soul, "the Lord hath laid *on Him* the iniquity of us all!" Accept that, believe His word, venture your soul upon it, and "he that believeth *hath* everlasting life." I won't write more to-day; all hinges on this question, "*where* are your sins?" If on *you*, you are not safe one instant, there is but a step between you and hell, "the wrath of God abideth on him"; it is awfully true, don't dare to sleep another night with condemnation upon you. But if *on Jesus* (and He only asks you to believe that He has borne them, in His own body, on the tree, and that Jehovah hath laid them *on Him*,) then you are free, gloriously free! They can't be on *both!* If *on Jesus*, you are saved and *have* everlasting life, and you will prove it by "henceforth" being His entirely and living to Him. I desire and pray that the great question of your life, of *your whole eternity*, may be decided before you go back. It will be easier now than it ever can be again, *if* He ever gives you another call.

(*To the same.*)

. . . Let me say just this; when one is really and utterly "all for Jesus," then and not till then we find Jesus is *all for us*, and all in all *to* us. Now I want you to be "*all* for Jesus." I can't describe the happiness He puts into any heart that will only give itself up altogether to Him, not wishing to keep one single bit back. And I want you to have this, and to have it *now*; not to wait till illness or great trouble come, and you feel driven at last to Him. No! that is simply "too bad!" Jesus says, "Come *now!*" not, "come when everything else has turned bitter." And if you come now, and sur-

render to Him now, you will have the peace now and the gladness now; and I can tell you it is worth having, because I *have* it, and so I *know* it is. It is a grand thing to start out early, and be on the Lord's side all along. Oh, what an amount of sorrow it will save you if He gives you grace to do it! But come *now*, for Jesus of Nazareth is passing by, and many are getting His blessing. Don't wait, either to get better *or to feel worse!*

(*To the same.*)

I know you must have thought me very hard upon you on Friday morning: but what could I do? I see you, a young, fresh life, redeemed by the precious blood of Christ, believing and owning what He has done for you, with grand possibilities of power in *His* cause, and I think endowed with special gifts of influence and attraction, one who might be, and do so much, for Jesus; and, yet, Jesus does not come first! And you know it might be otherwise and ought to be otherwise. You are "entangled" when you might be "free" in His "glorious liberty"; you are unsatisfied, yes, and dissatisfied, and you might be "abundantly satisfied." He has dealt bountifully with you, and now what shall you render to Him? Has not the practical answer been: "Just as much as I can conveniently spare, after I have rendered all that society asks, and that self or personal enjoyment claims! just as much as I can spare Him with risk of the least awkwardness, or remark, or self denial? Of course, one must give up the bulk of one's time, and talents, and influence, and thoughts, and desires, and efforts, to other things; but He shall have just the chips

and shavings, the odds and ends, of whatever I don't particularly want for myself or for anybody else!" Does it not, practically, amount to this? And shall it continue to do so? Oh, be "true-hearted, *whole*-hearted." Be really His faithful soldier and servant. Throw overboard for ever the divided allegiance, which is valueless. Be "*only* for Jesus," and you will start out on a new life of blessedness, beyond anything you can imagine; and you will never, *never*, NEVER have a regret that you listened to, and obeyed, His own "*Follow* Me," even if it involves (as it will) taking up a cross, for there is no true following exempt from it, only the very cross will be *gilded* with *glory*. Do not be surprised if *I* never say another word again about it. I feel that I have said my say to you, and that I can say no more. The Master will send me to others, but I think not again to you. I can now only leave you, with one more *cry* for blessing, at *His* feet. Oh that He would say to you "Arise and shine!"

(*To* ——.)

To-morrow your manhood begins. Whose shall it be? How much of it shall be for Him? Shall it be, still, "some for self, and some for Thee"? What if *He* had not made a whole offering? what if *He* had not given His *whole* self for you? Answer the question, face it to-night, "How much owest *thou* unto my Lord?" Think of that, and you will be glad that there is anything to give up for Him. And, as for "giving up," there is not a true servant of Christ who does not know that the Master's words come true, "he shall receive an

hundredfold *now in this time.*" I know it for myself. Can't you take your Lord's own word for it, and trustfully say, "Yea, let Him take *all*"? CAN you deliberately say, "Well, Jesus shall have *part*; I'll see what I can spare for Him AFTER my boating friends, and all the things that 'a man *must* do, you know,' have had their due share." That is what it comes to. But you cannot serve two, much less several, masters. For, if you are serving self, and pleasure, and the world, even a little, you are serving Christ's enemy, and not serving Him really at all, because He accepts no divided service. It is very solemn; but won't you, on this solemn, great, dividing time of your life, look steadily at the *reality* of the case, and decide, once for all, whose your real service shall be? Oh, if it might but be that the great, joyful transaction might be done this very night, before the clock strikes twelve, so that not even one hour of your manhood should be "for another," but only and *all* for Jesus! Oh, don't be afraid of taking the plunge; give yourself over into His hands, and then it will be His part to *keep* you, and you may trust Him for the keeping; you will not find Him fail you. Yield yourself unto God (Rom. vi. 13) altogether, body, soul, and spirit, all your powers and all your members. And then see if He won't use you! He always does! Dear ——, I wish I had an angel's tongue to persuade you to believe what blessedness you are on the edge of, if you would only give yourself "in FULL and glad surrender" to Jesus, and be "true-hearted, *whole*-hearted." But I want you for my Master's sake, far more than for your own! I can't bear those who might be even officers, let alone recruits, in His army to be contented to stay at home as it were, and

only fight their own little private battles for their own ends, and the cause of the Redeemer left to take its chance! Oh, if we might be able to say to-morrow the verses I have stuck on this letter! I am so happy whenever there is "another voice to tell it out"; won't you be "another"? I must not stay up writing, but I don't think I shall soon sleep. God helping me, I will not let Him go except He bless *you*.

Once more, *How much* for Jesus?

(*To* ——.)

I am so glad and thankful you have been to the Mildmay Conference. People don't go, because they don't know, till they have been, what it really is. Your description is one of the best I ever heard. "To him that hath shall be given" is always coming true; it is the folks who already have grace enough, who make the effort to put themselves in the way of having more.

I could not, do what I would, manage to get up any very strong emotion at hearing of your being laid up again! It did seem so very like as if the Lord were determined you should not drift away, at once, into a different atmosphere, where all the "other things entering in" should choke the word you have heard. And, suppose you have to stay and get mixed up with the tent work, it will be worth more to you as a sworn soldier of Jesus Christ than all the honours Cambridge has to bestow.

. . . I am most anxious that you should be a true Christian friend to —— ——. Don't, oh don't help to

introduce him to any men, or anything, which would be hindrance and *not help* either in seeking or following Jesus. Don't, merely because it might be pleasant to him, have the responsibility of bringing him into any path which *you* have found does not lead nearer to Jesus. And do take him to hear Mr. Aitken when he comes to ——. Forgive me, but *souls are souls*, and it does not do to play with them, and seniors have serious responsibilities.

I think you would find it very useful to take in *The Clergyman's Magazine* for yourself now, without waiting till you are ordained. I sent you a prospectus of it. There were capital articles all last year.

(*To Miss Shekleton.*)

LEAMINGTON.

. . . My experience is, that it is nearly always just in proportion to my sense of personal insufficiency in writing anything, that God sends His blessing and power with it; so I don't wonder that your papers are so sweet and helpful! I think He must give us that total dependence on Him for every word, which can only come by feeling one's own helplessness and incapacity, before He can very much use us. And so I think this very sense of not having gifts is the best and most useful gift of them all. It is so much sweeter to have to look up to Him for every word one writes. I often smile when people call me "gifted," and think how little they know the real state of the case, which is that I not only feel that I can't, but *really can't*, write a single verse unless I go to Him for it and get it from Him.

But, in this sweet access and supply, you and I have a "better thing" than the grandest natural gifts; and as for being slow or quick in production, it may be some tiny sentence written in five seconds, and never thought of before, which may do the widest and truest work for Jesus. Yours, in our dear Master.

(*To* ——.)

. . . I suppose it was the "silver and gold" line that was objected to; and I do think that couplet, "Take my silver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold," is peculiarly liable to be objected to by those who do not really understand the *spirit* of it, don't you? So I am not a bit surprised! Yes, "not a mite would I withhold"; but that does not mean that, because we have ten shillings in our purse, we are pledged to put it *all* into the next collecting plate, else we should have none for the next call! But it does mean that every shilling is to be, and I think I may say *is*, held at my Lord's disposal, and is distinctly not my own; but, as He has entrusted to me a body for my special charge, I am bound to clothe that body with His silver and gold, so that it shall neither suffer from cold, nor bring discredit upon His cause! I still forget sometimes, but as a rule I never spend a sixpence without the distinct feeling that it is His, and must be spent for Him only, even if indirectly.

With the same common sense, she explains her reasons for dressing very nicely.

The outer should be the expression of the inner, not

an ugly mask or disguise. If the King's daughter is to be "all glorious within," she must not be outwardly a fright! I must dress both as a lady and a Christian. The question of cost I see very strongly, and do not consider myself at liberty to spend on dress that which might be spared for God's work; but it costs no more to have a thing well and prettily made, and I should only feel justified in getting a costly dress if it would last proportionately longer. When working among strangers, if I dressed below par, it would attract attention and might excite opposition; by dressing unremarkably, and yet with a generally pleasing effect, no attention is distracted. Also, what is suitable in one house is not so in another, and it would be almost an insult to appear at dinner among some of my relatives and friends in what I could wear without apology at home; it would be an actual breach of the rule "Be courteous"; also, I should not think it right to appear among wedding guests in a dress which would be perfectly suitable for wearing to the Infirmary. But I shall always ask for guidance in all things!

The year 1877 was passed uneventfully at her home, or in visits to her brother or sisters, to Ashley Moor, and to London. The distressing illness of our dear mother was a source of deep anxiety; Frances writes to her:

More pain, dearest mother? May it be more support, more grace, more tenderness, from the God of all comfort, more and more! May we not expect the

"mores" always to be in tender proportion to each other? Your loving child.

A few characteristic extracts from some of her letters at this time may here be given.

Instead of printing E. L. Goreh's verses to me ("Sweet Singer"), which can do no good at all, persuade her to print and sell her splendid little appeal, "Listen, Christian sisters"; there would be some use in that, and I would much rather *not* those to myself.

Do get *instantly* "Our Coffee Room," by Miss Cotton. It is so racily graphic and natural, so telling, and so hard to put down, that you had better not begin it late at night!

I have been immensely struck with the passages in which our Master, our *Example*, uses the word "*must*," and the great contrast with our use of it. Only compare when any one says "but I *must* do so and so," with Christ's "I *must*'s." It is a really helpful bit of Bible search, for we must follow Him in this or we are "not worthy of Him."

Do not hesitate to smite me. I dread nothing so much as smooth things. I would rather have "faithful wounds." I do not see how I can like doing . . . and yet I am in honour bound to carry it through. I was absolutely content and happy in it as being His doing, but subsequent delays and mistakes seemed altogether human and not His doing at all.

God has been leading me for some time by a way which I knew not, both outwardly and inwardly. I want closer contact with Jesus, more constant communion, more patience, more everything; sometimes I seem to have *nothing*, only that I know Jesus will not fail, will not loose me. He is very wisely giving me a much longer learning time, before letting me do any more teaching. . . .

I do indeed need grace and tact and patience and comfort very much just now. It's just a case of "Nobody knows but Jesus"; and I feel it is good for me. I am thrown the more on His own strength and sympathy, in what is to me "under the surface" trial; but I know the Lord is right. . . .

I am to be godmother to dear little H——; will it not be a peculiarly solemn trust! Do pray that he may be Christ's faithful soldier and servant, not only unto the *end*, but from the *beginning!* I do so want him to be a *boy*-witness for Christ. I long, more and more, for people to be not just "saved so as by fire," but to be right-down thorough-going witnesses for Christ.

(*To D. S.*)

What shall I do? Your letter would take two hours to answer, and I have not ten minutes; fifteen to twenty letters to write every morning, proofs to correct, editors waiting for articles, poems and music I cannot touch, American publishers clamouring for poems or *any* manuscripts, four Bible readings or classes weekly, many anxious ones waiting for help, a mission week coming,

and other work after that. And my doctor says my physique is too weak to balance the nerves and brain, and that I ought not to touch a pen. If you could see the pressure on me, you would not think me wet-blanketing if I do not answer *all* your queries. "Mission Week!" if that sort of thing won't do in ——, it is the very reason why it is wanted; no agency seems to me more blessed than that.

"Bride of Christ?" *Study* (I don't mean read through) the Canticles, and look at the practical sweetness, comfort, and beauty of the type; also look at Ezekiel xvi. and Hosea ii. Your own Bible will be your best answerer.

Work out this glorious subject: 1 Samuel xii. 24, "Consider," Psalm cxxvi. 3 "hath done," Joel ii. 21 "will do"; and then (practical) Luke viii. 39, "*show*," not merely "*tell*," what great things He has done. *What* "great things" does your Bible tell He *hath* done and *will* do? You will find it inexhaustible!

Yours in affectionate haste.

(*To* ——.)

Don't you see He *has* broken the yoke (Isa. x. 27), only you keep rubbing the place where it pressed, and are feeling *stiff!* When splints are taken off a broken leg, you feel as if they were still on. "Believe, and ye shall be free indeed." Will you set yourself to search out what He says about it? Put all the texts down, and be prepared to write under them either, "I believe what God says," or "I believe what I *feel*, and not what He says." Try it! Now I must dash off to another topic, because

I must hand to you what flashed out splendidly to me last night: "Beloved of God, called to be saints!" *That* for you and me. Only think! It seems to include everything. Will you let *that* be your pillow to-morrow night?

(*To Miss Williams.*)

Thanks for your sweet benediction. If you remember me in prayer, will you ask that I may be kept always and only at Jesus' feet, never anywhere else. It is the only place safe from vain glory. Thank you for your valuable gift of the "History of Wales." I do so like your book, "Literary Women." The sad sketch of L. E. L.'s life and character struck me very much. What a contrast to Hannah More!

It seems as if more waiting than working were to be my lot; but it is such rest to be quite satisfied with *His* choice for me.

(*To Mrs. R——.*)

68, MILDMAY PARK, *October* 1877.

Would Lizzie like to send her baby-house with its twenty dolls to the Mildmay Orphanage? I see it would be most gratefully received as a gift to the Mildmay work. Mrs. Pennefather invited me here. I was going away on Saturday, but caught cold at the quarterly meeting of the Association of Female Workers. I sat in a draught. I knew I was in for a proper cold, so implored them to let me go across to their Home for Invalids (which I had taken a great fancy to), and lie there a few days. But they would *not* let me get into a cold cab as a specimen of Mildmay nursing, so thereupon I resigned

myself to an extra week here. And, verily, they *do* know how to nurse, *and*, what's more (!), how to keep you quiet. Also they do know how to pray! I have learnt a little, I hope, on *that* subject this last week. What I hear and see here is quite a new light on intercessory prayer. I thought I knew something of its power and reality, but I see I did not know much.

Mrs. Pennefather took me (before my cold) to Clapton House. I only wish every girl I care for was there; such a beautiful, Christian school. I got any amount of bright looks (as it seems they knew my books), and I wanted exceedingly to go among them. Hearing the Principal say she would be prevented taking their Bible class, I ventured the proposal to take it. Afterwards, I had about a dozen all to myself in the drawing-room, for a talk with any that wanted special help. They were told to get chairs. "Oh," I said, "*don't* sit all in a row a long way off; come up close and cosy; we can talk ever so much better then, can't we?" You should have seen how charmed they were, and clustered niece-fashion all round me. We did have such a sweet hour; it was rather after the "question-drawer" manner; but all their little questions or difficulties seemed summed up by one of them, "We do *so* want to come closer to Jesus."

I was very sorry not to hear one of Mrs. Pennefather's beautiful addresses, but she could not move her head from the pillow. Mrs. Charlesworth took the subject. I was so cosily out of the way in the back seat, revelling in being quite incog., when it was announced, "Miss F. R. H. is here, and we hope she will say a few words." I sat quiet. "She is here," said Miss S——, so that

I was obliged to startle my neighbours by rising, but I simply said I came there to learn, not to teach. Then Annie Macpherson made a bright little speech on encouragements to prayer. Then followed such greetings from her and from Misses De Broen and Blundell, Mrs. Hudson Taylor, just come from China, and Miss Maclean, who has been working twelve years all alone, and both the latter told me how the Lord had sent them the same blessing He had to us. Mrs. Bayly, of "Ragged Homes," Miss Bayly, just back from Australia, and many more spoke to me. It *is* such a privilege to be one of such an Association. And you don't see a dismal face among them! And they are so affectionate, the Sun is so bright that there's no ice left to be broken. But oh, Mrs. R——, what shall *I* render to the Lord for His immense mercies to me? for there was not one that spoke to me but wanted to tell me of some blessing through my books or leaflets.

Everything is so well ordered at Mildmay, and Mrs. P. is so very calm and calming; she comes and gives me a text at night with a sort of hushing power.

(*To S. B. P.*)

I want to hand over to you my own last crumb from the King's table,—only it is more than a crumb. "Beloved of God, called to be saints." All that for you and me! "Greatly beloved," for of course God *cannot* love just a little! And what a calling! "high," "holy," heavenly! Does not this seem a little lovely epitome of our position?

The following lines were written impromptu in S. B. P.'s album.

"ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD."

(*Gen.* v. 22.)

So may'st thou walk! from hour to hour
Of every brightening year;
Keeping so very near
To Him, whose power is love, whose love is power.

So may'st thou walk! in His clear light,
Leaning on Him alone,
Thy life His very own,
Until He takes thee up to walk with Him in white.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.
March 31*st*, 1877.

Though no reference has been made to the "Christian Progress Scripture Reading Union," my dear sister was a most active member, and the means of enrolling hundreds of others. The number on her card of membership is 1667. She often wrote for the magazine, and at one time (to relieve her friend, Mr. Boys) undertook his work as editor for three months. One sentence from a letter, and her explanatory paper on the object of the Union, will suffice to show her practical interest.

(*To S. G. P.*)

Do you know the "Christian Progress Union"? I find it is the most valuable adjunct to work, *i.e.* work

with souls, that I ever had. It puts people on the rails of regular reading, and a double line is worth more than twice as much as a single one. Hence I value its arrangement for two chapters to be read daily. I enjoy it immensely for myself, but value it for others. Do join!

For further explanation as to the Union and its benefits, the reader is referred to the Appendix, where F. R. H.'s paper on the subject is given in full.

CHAPTER XIII.

(1878.)

Sympathy with sorrowful suffering — "Just as Thou wilt" — The mother's last smile — Called to rest — The home nest stirred up — Clear guidance — "Another little step" — Last days in Leamington — Nieces and nephews — Devonshire visits — The Welsh nest — "My study" — The harp piano — More work — The sweep of Jehovah's pencil — Bible readings — "Take my love" — Songs in a weary Christmas night.

"IF one member suffer, all the members suffer with it." During the winter and spring of 1877–8 our dear second mother was passing through intense suffering. Though most patiently borne, it was very sorrowful to witness. The sympathy of many friends in Leamington, and the devotion of our dear old friend, Miss Nott, gave untold comfort both to the sufferer and to Frances. But with marvellous energy our mother still carried on her Zenana meetings and those of the A. F. W. Society, until at last the diligent worker, the bright and loving friend, the counsellor of many, was called away. Some lines, by our dear father, exactly describe the patience and the desire of his beloved wife:

Just as Thou wilt! Be all to me,
E'en when Thy hand smites heavily!
On brightest day or darkest night,
Whate'er is Thine is right.

Just as Thou wilt! Should anguish fierce
With scorpion stings my body pierce,
I'll praise Thee if on me Thou'lt shine,
And whisper "I am thine!"

On her last day, and after long unconsciousness, she suddenly recognised Frances, who was kneeling by her. Her smile was startlingly sweet; it was the last.

On Sunday, May 26th, 1878, the end came; for weariness, rest; for suffering, glory; for the loneliness of widowhood, the reunion for ever. In Astley Churchyard she

"Rests where her loved ones rest,
And joins the throng
Of them who see the Lamb
And sing that endless song."

(W. H. H.)

(*To Hon. F. Dillon.*)

If ever a cup of cold water came at the right moment, it was your overwhelmingly kind letter. It came on the seventh day of poor suffering mother's dying. The painful tension to me has been excessive; your note was a singular relief, if only for a few minutes, in those days of grief. To witness that strangely dis-

tressing illness has been by "terrible things" answering my eager prayer for more teaching and closer drawing at any cost. So now I expect the "afterwards," which, as yet, I certainly don't feel. But it is something to set to one's own personal seal that God is true to a whole set of promises, with which one could have nothing to do except in very real trial of some sort, and one may as well let Him choose *what* sort.

Many arrangements and perplexities now devolved upon us, in the breaking up of our Leamington home. Dear Frances' unfailing trust, and her assurance that God would guide our steps aright, was to me most calming and sustaining. She was just a daily illustration of "Without Carefulness." We both needed quiet; and as we remembered our pleasant rambles many years ago on the cliffs beyond the Mumbles, we went there, and our brother joined us. Frances at once wished us to secure united lodgings for our winter home, and in this I entirely agreed. Returning from Wales I went with my dear sister into Herefordshire, staying with some worthy people at the "Highlands" farm, near Titley. The good man was quite deaf, and my sister's dexterity, in talking on her fingers to him and rapidly transferring on them the sermons at church, was another of her ceaseless ministries. From the high ground of the rabbit warren the

view is panoramic. And there stands the fir tree, beneath which my sister had written her poem "Zenith." It was there she sketched the earthly zeniths, and compared them with the broad sunlight of the true zenith, the true shining—

". . . That should rise and rise,
From glory unto glory, through God's skies,
In strengthening brightness and increasing power;
A rising with no setting, for its height
Could only culminate in God's eternal light."

Those quiet lodgings were restful to us both, and we received such kind attentions from Mr. and Mrs. Mainwaring as ensured our comfort, until we returned to Leamington to break up our home. The following letters belong to that period.

LEAMINGTON, *August* 1878.

The Lord has shown me another little step, and of course I have taken it with extreme delight. "Take my silver and my gold" now means shipping off all my ornaments (including a jewel cabinet which is really fit for a countess) to the Church Missionary House, where they will be accepted and disposed of for me. I retain only a brooch or two for daily wear, which are memorials of my dear parents; also a locket with the only portrait I have of my niece in heaven, my Evelyn; and her "two rings," mentioned in "Under the Surface." But these I redeem, so that the whole value goes to the Church Missionary Society. I had no idea I had such a jeweller's shop, nearly fifty articles are being packed off.

I don't think I need tell you I never packed a box with such pleasure.

(*To Hon. F. Dillon.*)

. . . Don't I recollect you, and the wonderful sermon we had just heard on Revelation iii. 12? I always read your articles first in *Woman's Work*, for oh, I do like writing which is both ♮ and ♯, and yours is exceedingly both. I don't think there has been a day these three weeks that your name has not been in my mind, so that I was quite startled to see your name at the end of the letter! "Reason why": the editor of *Christian Progress* has broken down ill; and, though some of my friends thought it almost sinful of me, I could not refuse his request that I would relieve him for three months as editor. Never, except as an act of sheer mercy and pity, will I be an editor. Letter after letter to various "lights," whom I entreated to illuminate their 14,000 readers on various topics, brought hardly anything but regretful refusals. Everybody is too busy. (I wish people would believe I was; if they did I should get a little more breathing time to do my own work.) May I ask you to contribute a paper on a Bible subject, as Miss Whately and I are both writing a series on practical points, she on the negatives, I on the positives, of Christian life. Otherwise some of your "Dead Flies" or "Polished Corners" series would have done splendidly. I am so glad you touch the seniors in your paper this month; you are generally hardest on the juniors. I longed for a second paper on unpunctuality, for the seniors. My experiences have been chiefly more of the hindrance their unpunctuality is! for if the mistress

is late at meals, and does not see the value of punctuality in general, everybody has to suffer far more than for any juvenile delinquent. I can't let your letter pass without loving thanks (and I have thanked Him), and just a word of wonder that you should find help from *my* words. There are few things one feels so unworthy of as even to bear His messages, let alone see His seal set upon them. I can understand others being used, but not my being used. I can only say I am not worthy of the least of His mercies. What you said about His "telling," and the love revealed in it, was so real and sweet to hear. Is it not one of the many secrets of the Lord, this "telling"? . . . Last, but not least, my sister and I are both so struck with your thought on "The Lord shall be thy rereward." Some special circumstances make it just the right word for me. Then of course this sent me to the whole chapter, and that has been food and strength. Yesterday was my last Sunday evening in [what had been] my father's home. I don't suppose I shall ever, exactly, have a home again. But I am very *happy* in the "stirring up" of the nest; every new experience of the "changes and chances" takes one into a new province of the land of promise. And I have my sister, and we are going to live together for the winter in South Wales. She is almost everything to me. I wish I could entirely "tell it out" how good God is to me! Don't you find there are some things one can say better than write! I can't write at all, as I would, how good He is, the ink would boil in my pen! Oh for a seraph's tongue to tell! Well, we shall be able some day. Till then, *and* then, I am and shall be

Yours lovingly.

On our last Sunday evening in Leamington we went to Trinity Church; and the concluding hymn was my sister's, "Thou art coming, O my Saviour." The farewell kindness of many clergy and friends is well remembered. Characteristically, on our last home evening, Frances sent for a number of night-school boys, giving them baskets of books and magazines, maps for their library, a magic lantern, etc. And I don't think they have forgotten how she gathered them round her piano, singing with them "Tell it out;" and then followed her bright farewell words. For these boys she wrote some simple verses and chorus, "Jesus delivers me now" (unpublished).

Frances spent a great part of the month of August with our dear brother Henry's widow and family, in Somersetshire. They had bright loving intercourse; deep searchings together with their Bibles; and music, in which all could take a skilful part, solos and choruses resounding the praises of Him they loved, and whom one of them was so soon to see.

May I say that the love of every one of her numerous nieces and nephews was ever accounted by their aunt as one of God's good gifts, casting refreshing fragrance on her path. What *she* was to them, no words of mine can tell!

Then came a journey into Devonshire; she writes

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from Looseleigh, near Plymouth: "I am indeed in clover with these kind friends, and it is very pleasant meeting so many who prayed for me in my illness, though quite a stranger." My sister addressed a large gathering of ladies in Plymouth, in connection with the Y. W. C. A. Some time after this she wrote out her notes on the subject of her address, "All Things." (See Appendix.)

One happy Sunday was spent with other new friends, in a very Eden of trees, and flowers, and birds, and holy fellowship. A brief visit was also paid to her friends at Newport, of which she said it was "like breathing the air of the land of Beulah."

Early in October my sister joined me in our Welsh retreat. How I remember her first words to me: "I wanted so to get to you, Marie dear!" She was so very tired, that even the sea air and perfect rest failed to refresh her for some time. Afterwards, she thoroughly enjoyed the walks and scrambles on the cliffs; at low tide springing lightly over boulders to beds of sea-weeds, and rocky pools bright with sea anemones, and then calling to me to watch the white-crested waves, "the wind dashing them back like confirmation veils." Or, watching the vessels with all sails up entering the harbour, she would speak of the "abundant entrance into the everlasting king-

dom." Delighting in all knowledge, she studied the "Nautical Almanac," and at the top of the Mumbles lighthouse learnt all that the keeper could tell her. Her tastes were so simple, delighting in wild flowers, and in animals, from the great St. Bernard dogs to her pet kittens.

We made her study cosy with home comforts, and she called it her "workshop." She arranged her pictures: by the door was her motto "For Jesus' sake only," and her Temperance pledge card; besides, were her father's portrait, and below it "Sunset on the Lake of Geneva," "The martyrs in prison," "Astley Church and Rectory," also "The Snow Peaks of the Dent du Midi," and the "Alpine Geum," (choice gifts from her friend Helga v. Cramm,) with many home portraits and busts.

Her small but choice library showed the variety of her taste, classical, foreign, poetical, with many works on science, geology, etc.; Humboldt's and Professor Ritchie's works (his last gift) she much enjoyed, *when* the scant leisure came. (The last books she had in reading were: "The Earth's Formation on Dynamical Principles," by A. T. Ritchie; Goodwin's Works; "The Life and Letters of the Rev. W. Pennefather," of which she said, "I find such food in that book"; and "The Upward Gaze," by her friend Agnes Giberne, with which she was delighted.)

May I sketch her at her study table, in her favourite chair from Astley Rectory, older than herself? Her American type-writer was close by, so that she could turn to it from her desk; it was a great relief to her eyes, but its rapid working often told me she was busy when she should have rested. Her desk and table drawers were all methodically arranged for letters from editors, friends, relatives, strangers, matters of business, multitudinous requests, Irish Society work, manuscripts; paper and string in their allotted corners, no litter ever allowed. It was at her study table that she read her Bible by seven o'clock in the summer and eight o'clock in winter; her Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, and lexicons being at hand. Sometimes, on bitterly cold mornings, I begged that she would read with her feet comfortably to the fire, and received the reply: "But then, Marie, I can't rule my lines neatly; just see what a find I've got! If one only searches, there are such extraordinary things in the Bible!"

Her harp-piano was placed on a stand she contrived by dexterous carpentering. It was at this instrument she composed her last sacred song, "Loving all Along," and many other melodies to her hymns in "Loyal Responses."* Often I

* These will probably soon be published by Hutchings and Romer.

heard flashes of melody thereon, that came unbidden amid severer work.

In the south window, its sea view stretching over to Ilfracombe, stood her little table, flowers, and easy chair. Her sofa faced the west window, with the view of Caswell Bay and its rocks, and there the sunsets came, which we so often watched together.

It may be useful to younger readers to mention how resolutely she refrained from late hours, and frittering talks at night, instead of Bible searching and holy communings. Early rising and early studying were her rule through life, while punctuality, and bright, quick, cheeriness characterized all she did. She writes: "'*In order*' (1 Cor. xiv. 40) is something *more* than being *tidy*! something analogous to 'keeping rank.'"

To a friend, Frances wrote at this time:

I don't think I ever felt more thankful and glad for anything than on reaching this quiet little nest. God has so graciously and perfectly met our special need. I must pass on to you the last text I have been enjoying, Exodus xv. 13; what can we want more! and it is Thy mercy and strength all along. And then the "holy habitation" of the present, and the future one, from which we shall "go no more out."

But the "lull in life" never came, even in Wales.

"*Rest!*" There is none for me apparently. Every post brings more letters from strangers alone than I and my sister can answer. It is nine months since I have had a chance of doing a stroke of new work! But letters were a trouble to Nehemiah as well as to me (Neh. vi. 4), and I must try to make it always work for my King.

It may seem strange that she should have had so to wear her strength away; and the following requests, which came by one post, will show what labour was required in answering them all.

Request for contribution to *Irish Church Advocate.* Hymns for special New Year services wanted. To write cards suitable for mourners. For set of six more "Marching Orders." Request for poems to illustrate six pictures. For prayer, sympathy and counsel (two sheets crossed). Two sheets from a septuagenarian, requiring thought. Request to write a book suitable for Unitarians. Sundry inquiries and apologies from one who had been printing her verses with another author's name. Request to reprint an article, with four explanatory enclosures. Also to revise a proof and add my opinion. To revise many sheets of musical manuscripts. Three requests to supply cards for bazaars. Advice wanted how to get articles inserted in magazines. To recommend pupils. To promote a new magazine. To give opinion on an oratorio. Some long poems in manuscript to revise and advise thereon. Besides packets of leaflets and cards wanted.

In addition to all this, musical proofs reached

her almost daily, which often required many hours of careful revision and thought; and those accustomed to the sight of the *Fireside Almanack* will remember how "the sayings of the Lord Jesus" had there been arranged by her for the year which was her last. All this absorbed an amount of time which can scarcely now be realized; and yet she always wrote pleasantly and cheerily, and many a word of refreshment came from that wearied hand. Unasked, she undertook to chapterize the manuscript of "Never Say Die,"* and to add the required headings. Writing to S. G. P., she says:

> Time spent on it is overpaid; it brings to me all the sweetness and freshness of the old, old story. I keep reading it for myself. My sister agrees with me that the book is exceptional, and in fact unique; and I do trust that you may have, or rather that the Master may have, a very harvest of souls from its circulation.

To its author, when working among the mourners at the Nant-y-glo colliery, she writes:

> I enclose you a wee bit more, it has been quite a weight on my mind that I could not do more to help such terrible need. I was pledged to other collections, and my own purse is not unfathomable. So I was driven to do at last what I had much better have done

* "Never Say Die." By S. G. Prout. Nisbet & Co.

at first, viz. pray that the Lord would show me some way of sending a *little*, and of course two or three ways flashed into my mind. May the good Lord give you many souls for your hire, for this service.

(*To Cecilia.*)

THE MUMBLES, *October* 1878.

DEAR CECI,—

. . . . I have often found that the greater the difficulties, the greater the "very present help"; and of course Jesus will be "the same" to you, dear Ceci. . . . If ever one had *gracious* guidance in one's life it is now; the place is so precisely what we wanted, a regular case of Philippians iv. 19. I was terribly tired and used up when I got here, but am ever so much better already, though the "rest" has at present been only as to no "interviews." . . . Must hand on to you and Edith the text which more than any other has struck me in our readings lately; I have *lived* on it.

Exodus xv. 13. { Led forth / Guided } { *In Thy mercy.* / *In Thy strength.* }

What would one have more! And then:

{ Redemption / Holy habitation / „ „ } { past. / present: Ps. xci. 9. / future. }

"*Sweet* is Thy mercy," and "*great* is Thy mercy toward *me*." On Sunday look at Exodus xxxii. 29, and connect with John vi. 53–55. Think of "*those* things" and "eat" them: living *on*, and satisfied *with*, Christ's precious body and blood. "Eat, O friends!"

Your loving Aunt.

(*To an American Friend.*)

October 28, 1878.

My dear Mrs. Brunot,—

I have not forgotten that I have owed you a letter for a long time. And I owe one to —— and Mrs. McCready. Now would you be so very kind as to forward this letter to them, and will they be so very kind as to accept it instead of separate letters. . . .

Most graciously God strengthened my health wonderfully, as the need deepened during the long and terrible suffering of my poor dear mother, a marked instance of "as thy day." Still, of course, the strain on mind and body has been very great, both for my dear elder sister Maria and myself.

Next followed all that is involved in a final break up of home, and overlooking the accumulations of half a century—all my precious father's books, papers, etc. The beginning of this month my dear sister and I came here, and settled into snug lodgings on the ridge of the western horn of Swansea Bay (six miles from Swansea).

I simply could not live, I think, anywhere within hail of London, nor much longer in any such lively place as Leamington. So I have got away, now, well out of everybody's reach! I am trying, trying, trying, in a sort of Tantalian hopelessness, to overtake the letters that pour in on me, and to fulfil such requests as I have already promised. But, very seriously, I feel that unless I draw a line hard and fast, and refuse everybody all round all that is asked me to do, until I have cleared up the said promises and secured a little rest, I shall get mentally as

well as bodily exhausted. So, dear friend, I *must* decline to write what you ask for ; it is always pain to me to say "no," and I might keep a secretary only to write these refusals. That is all the outside. As for *under* the surface, of course it is the old story of marvels of love and faithfulness, from microscopically minute to grandly magnificent, and sometimes the minutest seem the most magnificent. I don't think all the previous years, put together, equal this last twelve months for these daily miracles of love. Only, most of them, and the most wonderful, are from special circumstances, such as have to remain among the secrets between one's own soul and the ever dearer Master. . . . . It seems to me that God has done for me more than He promised, not only supplying all my need, but all my notions. . . . Our present abode suits us so perfectly in all manner of little ways, that I tell our gracious Father I really don't know how to thank Him enough for it. . . . How I should like to meet my American friends ! But I dare not come over. I should be sick all the way, and only be a trouble to you ; but, "*there* shall be no more sea ! "

(*To S. G. P.*)

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble." So, dear friend, "thou art, now, the blessed of the Lord." *Now*, while I am writing and when you are reading the words, "now" the "blessed" of Jehovah. That word "blessed" seems to me like a grand outline, traced with one sweep of Jehovah's mighty pencil ; and who shall say what the

filling up shall be? Because, you see, it is not *our* idea of "blessed," but *God's own idea* of it that will fill it up. I think, sometimes, Christian workers do not take the great comfort for themselves that the good Lord means and has provided for them; there is a sort of shrinking from presuming to appropriate the conditional character connected with a promise, even when it is quite distinctly applicable; and I regard this as a device of the enemy to contrive to withhold from them the whole glorious comfort which belongs to them. He puts it as a sort of humility; and I think it must grieve our dear Master to have His kindness thus frustrated. So, somehow, I am exceedingly anxious to-day that you should just revel in the grand definiteness, and the still grander *in*definiteness, of this word, which is yours at this moment. If words mean anything, you have been considering the poor; and so, if words mean anything, you are "blessed." I have been praying that the Lord would water your own soul very abundantly in the midst of your watering, that you may find more and more "fresh springs" in Himself, and may receive every day His own anointing with "fresh oil" for your service. You are treading peculiarly closely in the plain footsteps of the Master, your "own Master"; and you have not even to wait for His sure "Come, ye blessed," you have the fore-echo of it now. May He Himself whisper it into your heart in the midst of your work, which "He is not unrighteous to forget." May I give you another thought? He is sending you into the places whither He Himself will come: Luke x. 1. You go into one of these places of suffering, because Jesus Himself will come there, come with His saving power or His pitying love.

The cottagers around us soon won my sister's interest and regard, and she invited them to a Bible reading in our house (I may say that she never began any work of this kind without the Vicar's consent).* She wrote to ask "for a real great blessing on an open Bible class which I am starting this evening. I don't know who will come, few or many; but I want God's real converting grace poured out, and I want to be enabled so to speak of Jesus that souls may be won to Him. There is the centre; how it just *goes through* one, when one touches upon His own beloved name. And how we do want Him to be understood and loved."

(*To* ——.)

I have just been preparing for my next Bible reading. You thought I used a great many texts in my Bible notes, but it is my way of work. I very seldom run on a dozen lines in any book without embodying a text. I don't see how one can put too large a proportion of God's own words among our own. He never said *our* words should not return void. Besides, I have got into the way of it. I don't want to be a spider spinning out

* I may also add (to remove misapprehension) that this work was not in or connected with the town of Swansea, where she only once took the Y. W. C. A. meeting, but in the village of Newton, six miles from that town.

of myself! I am so interested in my Bible class. I have just been telling one of them I don't wish to lead them a nice interesting walk all round the walls of the city of refuge, and get them to think what a charming place it is; I want to give them a good hard push inside.

The room in which the class was held was always full. She began at once with a subject selected from the *Christian Progress* chapter for the day, asking all who came to read the intervening chapters by the next meeting, and thus ensuring that study of God's word she so eagerly sought to encourage. She told me that illustrations seemed to overflow upon her when speaking, and the reality of her words certainly thrilled her hearers. The last evening, she was so exhausted that I persuaded her to give up her class, and not to attempt larger meetings in the Newton schoolroom, which had been thought of.

On the fourth anniversary of December 2nd, 1873, my dear sister had written:

It was a peculiarly trying day as to other things; but, as I was remembering that blessed day, and all the blessedness of the way ever since, and the words in Jeremiah ii. 2, I cannot tell you the sweetness of it and the assurance that He was indeed remembering me. "The love of thine espousals." Do look at the verse, for it applies just as much to you, dear H——, as to me.

Only, it is but very rarely He gives me such a vividly felt message of love. I think it was that He saw I was in special need of it; it was just like Him to send it.

The hymn in "Loyal Responses," "My Lord, dost Thou remember me?" bears the same date.

On the fifth and last anniversary, December 2nd, 1878, Frances writes.

(*To J. T. W.*)

I had a great time early this morning, renewing the never regretted consecration. I seemed led to run over the "Take my life," and could bless Him verse by verse for having led me on to much more definite consecration than even when I wrote it, voice, gold, intellect, etc. But the eleventh couplet, "love,"—that has been unconsciously *not filled up*. Somehow, I felt mystified and out of my depth here: it was a simple and definite thing to be *done*, to settle the voice, or silver and gold! but "love"? I have to love others, and I do; and I've not a small treasure of it, and even loving *in Him* does not quite meet the inner difficulty. Of course, I told Him all that was in my heart as far down as ever I knew it myself, and that He knew the rest, and so I could only hand over the whole concern to Him, and implore Him to make it clear and definite. I don't see much clearer, or feel much different; but I have said intensely this morning, "Take my love," and He knows I have. So I did not fidget any more, or worry the Master any more about it. I shall just go forward and expect Him to fill it up, and let my life from this day

answer really to that couplet. The worst part to me is that I don't in practice prove my love to Him, by delight in much and long communion with Him; hands and head seem so full of "other things," (which yet are His given work,) that "heart" seems not "free to serve" in fresh and vivid love.

Swiftly were her words to be realized:

"For He hath met my longing
With word of golden tone,
That I shall serve for ever
Himself, Himself alone.
Shall serve Him, and for ever;
O hope most sure, most fair!
The *perfect* love outpouring
In perfect service there!"

From my notebook:

December 17, 1878. The sun was shining in our breakfast room, when Frances said: "It is a great mercy the sunshine of heaven is veiled from our sight, or we should be just unfit for earthly duties. I think there is a gravitation of the soul to life, as there is in bodies to the earth. It's delightful being here; it was curious the strong impression I had to come, I think God gave me the wish, and it has turned out all right. It is like what poor Howells said to me on the cliffs yesterday. I met him in his threadbare coat, and he told me how good the Lord was to him, and then, as if talking to Him not to me, he said, 'He's been *particularly* good to me!'"

"That splendid sovereign will of our God, made up of infinite love and infinite wisdom, nothing seems out of perspective when this is our standpoint; all His words and all His ways then stand out, harmonized and beautiful."

"Perhaps in heaven we shall be permitted to remember all the way the Lord led us, and to recall distinctly all the puzzling parts of His guidance and providence, so to see glory reflected *back* from them, as it were, upon His wonderful wisdom."

(*To* ——.)

December 16, 1878.

DEAREST H——,

You regularly overwhelm me with such kindness. Tell Mr. Bullock I don't deserve the *Fireside* annuals and Tablets, one bit. The beautiful shawl will be such a comfort. . . . Tell the dear juniors I shall imagine there is a little packet of love in the top of each finger of the delightful gloves. . . . The Memoir of Mr. Pennefather will always be a treasure to me. Do you see that he was a pledged supporter of the Irish Society? I was charmed when I saw that! I know people wonder why I am so warm about it, but you see I am in first-rate company!

Very early on her last Christmas morning she awoke in severe pain, and was very ill for some days. But she said cheerily: "I really have had such songs given me in the night, and some Christmas verses for next year came so easily."

An hour after: "Oh, Marie; I've done a half-day's work already, a whole set of mottoes; it seemed poured into me." These she named "Christmas Sunshine," and "Love and Light for the New Year." "You can't think the enjoyment it is to me to produce anything new. What books I should write if I had time! I wonder if I shall always be so pressed with other things; but never mind, it is all 'service.'" And then she spoke of her own mother and the little prayer she taught her: "'O Lord, prepare me for all Thou art preparing for me'; that has been my life prayer." Many days of pain and weakness followed, and the doctor wished her to have perfect rest. I was most thankful to write all the letters I could for her now, and at other times. Dear wearied sister! once she said: "I do hope the angels will have orders to let me alone a bit, when I first get to heaven!"

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CHAPTER XIV.

(1879.)

New Year's sunshine — Journal of mercies — (*Facsimile of Bible pages*) — Prayer and intercessions — "Work, if the Lord will" — London — His law a delight — Prospering — "Loving all Along" — "Bruey" success — Irish plans — Temperance work — The oldest friend's visit — "Can I go to India?" — Last Y. W. C. A. address — "Little Nony" — Last letters — Costly stones — The last "Sunday crumb" card.

"And so the years flowed on, and only cast
Light, and more light, upon the shining way,
That more and more shone to the perfect day;
Always intenser, clearer than the past;
Because they only bore *her*, on glad wing,
Nearer the Light of Light, the Presence of *her* King."
("*Zenith.*")

I REMEMBER her New Year's greeting, (*i.e.* January 1, 1879,) "'He crowneth the year with His goodness,' and He crowneth me 'with loving-kindness and tender mercies.' You, dear Marie, are one of my mercies; and I do hope He will let me do something for you up in heaven!"

A diary she never kept; but Mrs. Charles Bullock sent her a little "Journal of Mercies for

1879." The entries in this are a mirror of her very self, "in every thing giving thanks." Frances wrote in acknowledgment:

"Thanks for the charming Journal you sent me, I like it greatly. I put down whichever 'mercy' seems uppermost in my mind for each day; not one in a thousand though!"

We believe the entries for the first three months will interest our readers.

F. R. H.'s "JOURNAL OF MERCIES" FOR 1879.

Jan.	1st.	Able to come downstairs first time.
,,	2nd.	Sleep.
,,	3rd.	Maria, and all her care of me.
,,	4th.	Opportunities of speaking of Christ.
,,	5th.	Rest and leisure to-day.
,,	6th.	Warmth and comfort.
,,	7th.	Spirit of prayer in answer to prayer.
,,	8th.	Relief from mental pressure.
,,	9th.	Maria's health and strength renewed.
,,	10th.	Being enabled to cast care on God.
,,	11th.	Having money to give away.
,,	12th.	Finding great spoil in the Word.
,,	13th.	Deliverance out of many trials and difficulties.
,,	14th.	Being withheld from resuming work, and sense of God's wise hand in it.
,,	15th.	For His hand upon me in *weakness*.
,,	16th.	Finding something of the *habit of trust*.
,,	17th.	A little respite from letter writing.
,,	18th.	Milder and beautiful weather.

Jan. 19th. Opportunity of help to Mrs. M——.
„ 20th. That blessing may reach the Princess Beatrice.
„ 21st. Clearance of my path.
„ 22nd. My study!
„ 23rd. More strength.
„ 24th. Help in writing for C. S. S. M.
„ 25th. The promise in Deuteronomy xxx. 6.
„ 26th. Head and eyes decidedly better.
„ 27th. Being evidently sent to the Mumbles.
„ 28th. Travelling mercies.
„ 29th. Travelling opportunities (to London).
„ 30th. Kindness from Mr. and Mrs. W——.
„ 31st. Being allowed to give a word of real comfort.
Feb. 1st. Being in N. and Co.'s hands.
„ 2nd. A happy Sunday.
„ 3rd. Acceptance by Hutchings and Romer of "Loving all Along."
„ 4th. Immediate answer to prayer.
„ 5th. Strength for extra pulls.
„ 6th. Shielding from cold and rain.
„ 7th. Need supplied.
„ 8th. Pleasant guidance.
„ 9th. Dr. D——'s sermons.
„ 10th. Safe transit to Rev. C. Bullock's.
„ 11th. Quiet day.
„ 12th. Hettie B.'s friendship.
„ 13th. Portrait finished.
„ 14th. Pleasant interviews with good men.
„ 15th. Finishing "Echoes," and seeing Amy and Clement.
„ 16th. Frustration of plans, and solemn lessons.
„ 17th. Such a comfortable nest to come back to.

Feb. 18th. Our good maid, Mary Farrington.
„ 19th. Fresh air.
„ 20th. Immediate answer to prayer for a token for good.
„ 21st. Help in need.
„ 22nd. *Done* with some musical work.
„ 23rd. Freedom from pain.
„ 24th. Able to walk about.
„ 25th. Opportunities of usefulness.
„ 26th. Finding the *Lord's* poor.
„ 27th. Maria returned all right.
„ 28th. Fulfilment of Psalm xxxvii. 5, 6.
Mar. 1st. Spring sunshine!
„ 2nd. Strange experience.
„ 3rd. Freedom.
„ 4th. Maria's writing letters for me.
„ 5th. Preservation from cold.
„ 6th. Finding myself freed from what was temptation.
„ 7th. Answer to prayer that the Lord's call might not be wasted.
„ 8th. Beautiful spring sunset.
„ 9th. Irresponsibility to any but my Master.
„ 10th. Finishing my "Kept."
„ 11th. Donkeys!
„ 12th. Special application of 1 Peter iv. 14.
„ 13th. For God's *withholdings* all my life.
„ 14th. A good day's work done.
„ 15th. Contentment in walking by faith, *not* by sight.
„ 16th. Having been guided here.
„ 17th. Succeeded in starting Mary F—— with a Sunday school class.

By Him	Heb	Lord	Offices of Xt in vv 2. 3.
God hath spoken	1. 2	c. 2. 1.	
Worlds were made	2	3. 12 13.	
Our sins were purged	3	4. 1, 11	
We come unto God	7. 25.	12. 3, 13,	
Offer sacr. of praise	13 15	15.	

The Epistle of PAUL the Apostle to the HEBREWS.

"Better."

(Contrasts) Son of God c. 1.
between } Son of Man c. 2.

CHAPTER I. *Son of God*

A.D. 64.

GOD, who[a] at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto Ho. 12.10 the fathers by the prophets, Ex. 4.30. Nu. 7.89. Jo. 12.38 2 Hath in these last days spoken[b] unto — 11.10 us by *his* Son, whom he hath appointed Ro. 8.17 heir[c] of all things, by whom[c] also he P. 2. 8. made the worlds; Re. 4. 11.

3 Who[d] being the brightness of *his* Jo. 14. 9 glory, and the express image of his per- P. 110. 1, 5 son, and upholding all things by the word Lu. 4. 32 of his power, when he[e] had by himself Je. 4. 6 purged our sins, sat down[f] on the right hand of the Majesty on high;

4 Being made so much better than the Son Is. 9. 6 angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained Ph. 2. 9. a more excellent name than they. P. 8. 5.

5 For unto which of the angels said he at c. 5. 5. any time, Thou[g] art my Son, this day have I begotten thee? And again, I[h] will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son?

6 [δ] And again, when he bringeth in the firstbegotten into the world, he saith, And Re. 7. 11, 12 let[i] all the angels of God worship him.

7 And [ζ] of the angels he saith, Who[k] maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire.

P. 89. 4. 8 But unto the Son *he saith*, Thy[l] La. 5. 19. throne, O God, *is* for ever and ever: a P. 97. 2. sceptre of [η]righteousness *is* the sceptre of thy kingdom:

9 Thou hast loved righteousness, and c. 4. 15. hated iniquity; therefore God, *even* thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.

Ps. 90. 2 10 And, Thou,[m] Lord, in the beginning Ge. 1. 1. hast laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of thine hands:

1 Jo. 2. 17 11 They shall perish, but thou remain- P. 59. 14 est: and they all shall wax old as doth a garment;

12 And as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed: but thou art Job 10. 8. the same, and thy years shall not fail.

13 But to which of the angels said he at any time, Sit[n] on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool?

14 Are they not all ministering spirits,[θ] P. 91. 11. sent forth[λ] to minister for them who shall be heirs[i] of salvation?

CHAPTER II. *Son of Man*

THEREFORE we ought to give the De. 4. 15 more earnest heed to the things which we Ho. 4. 6, 9 have heard, lest at any time we should Mk. 8. 18 [κ] let *them* slip. Re. 3. 15

Ga. 1. 9 2 For if the word spoken by angels[l] was stedfast, and every transgression[κ] and disobedience received a just recompence of reward;

Mt. 22. 5. 3 How shall we[m] escape, if we neglect Ac. 13. so great salvation; which[e] at the first be- c. 1. 2. gan to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard *him*;

4 God[ν] also bearing *them* witness, both with signs and wonders, and with divers miracles, and [μ]gifts of the Holy Ghost, 1 Co. 12. 11. according to his own will?

a Nu. 12. 6, 8.
b De. 18. 15.
c Ps. 8. 4, &c.
d Ps. 2. 8.
e John 1. 3.
β or, *a little while inferior to.*
f John 1. 14. Col. 1. 15..17.
g chap. 7. 27. 9. 12..14.
h Ps. 110. 1. Ep. 1. 20, 21.
i 1 Co. 15. 24.
k Phi. 2. 8, 9.
l or, by.
l Ps. 2. 7.
m Ac. 2. 33.
n Ps. Sa. 7. 14.
o John 3. 16.
δ or, *when he bringeth again.*
p Lu. 24. 26, 46.
q Ro. 11. 36.
r Ps. 97. 7.
ζ *unto.*
s Ps. 104. 4.
t Is. 61. 4.
u chap. 5. 8, 9. Lu. 13. 32.
v Ps. 45. 6, 7.
w John 17. 21.
η *righteousness*, or, *straitness.*
x Ps. 22. 22.
y Ps. 18. 2. Is. 12. 2.
z Is. 8. 18.
a Ps. 102. 25.
b Jno. 17. 6..12
c Jno. 1. 14.
d 1 Co. 15. 54.
e Lu. 1. 74.
f Ps. 110. 1.
θ *he taketh not hold of angels, but of the seed of Abraham he taketh hold.*
g Ps. 103. 21. Da. 7. 10.
h De. 19. 15, 16. Ps. 34. 7.
i Ro. 8. 17.
k ch. 4. 15, 16.
κ *run out, as leaking vessels.*
l Ac. 7. 53.
m Nu. 15. 31.
n chap. 4. 1, 11.
o Mar. 1. 14.
p chap. 4. 14.
λ *made.*
q Ac. 14. 3.
r Nu. 12. 7.
μ or, *distributions.*

5 For unto the angels hath he not put in subjection the world to come, whereof we speak. Ep. 1. 21.

6 But one in a certain place testified, saying, What is man,[c] that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man, that thou visitest him?

7 Thou madest him [β]a little lower than the angels; thou crownedst him with glory and honour, and didst set him over the works of thy hands:

8 Thou hast put all things in subjection under his feet. For in that he put all in subjection under him, he left nothing *that is* not put under him. But now we[i] see Ep. 1. 22 not yet all things put under him, i. e. man.

9 But we see Jesus, who[k] was made a little lower than the angels, [γ]for the suffering of death, crowned[m] with glory and Ge. 3. 11 honour, that he[e] by the grace of God should taste death for every man.

10 For it became him,[r] for whom[q] *are* all things, and by whom *are* all things, in Ge. 9. 6 bringing many sons unto glory, to make Jo. 10. 16 the captain[p] of their salvation perfect[n] Mi. 13. 17 through sufferings. Le. 13. 12. c. 12. 2. Mat. 11. 34.

11 For both he that sanctifieth and they Ex. 29. 1 who are sanctified, *are* all[w] of one: for Ne. 7. 65 which cause he is not ashamed to call Jo. 17 them brethren; Mar. 3. 35. c. 11. 16.

12 Saying, I[x] will declare thy name Ps. 22. 22 unto my brethren; in the midst of the Ac. 2. 25 church will I sing praise unto thee. Ze. 3. 17.

13 And again, I[y] will put my trust in Is. 8. 17 him. And again, Behold I[z] and the children Ge. 43. 9 dren which God[a] hath given me. Is. 8. 14.

14 Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he[c] also Ge. 3. 23. himself likewise took part of the same; that through death[d] he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, Ho. 13. 14 the devil; Is. 49. 5.

15 And deliver them who through fear Ro. 8 of death were all their lifetime subject to Is. 21. bondage. Ge. 45. 7.

16 For verily[θ] he took not on *him the nature of* angels; but he took on *him* the seed of Abraham. c. 7. 11. 14.

17 Wherefore in all things it behoved[c] 7. 26 him to be made like unto *his* brethren, that he might be a merciful[k] and faithful[h] Ro. 1. 3 high priest in things *pertaining* to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people: Nu. 15. 13. Col. 1. 20. 22.

18 For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.

CHAPTER III.

WHEREFORE, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider[c] 12. 3 the Apostle and [λ]High Priest[p] of our profession, Christ Jesus;

2 Who was faithful to him that [λ]ap- Nu. 12. 7 pointed him, as also Moses[r] *was faithful* in all his house. Ex. 40. 1. Ro. 6. 6.

3 For this *man* was counted worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as he

High Ph. 3. 14. Holy. Lu. 1. 9.

Mar. 18th. Clearer views of Jesus.
„ 19th. Acceptance among poor.
„ 20th. H—— converted, and O—— P—— consecrated.
„ 21st. Irish Society success *far* beyond my asking.
„ 22nd. Study comforts.
„ 23rd. Grace not dependent on means.
„ 24th. Preservation from fire.
„ 25th. Pardon and victory.
„ 26th. Permitted to speak *out* to ——, and setting Board School *Bible reading* afloat.
„ 27th. Instant guidance in sudden emergency.
„ 28th. Preservation from a serious fall.
„ 29th. Faculties.
„ 30th. A gospel sermon at church.
„ 31st. Musical gifts.

It is at our brother Frank's suggestion that the accompanying facsimiles have been taken from my sister's Bible. She had thus referenced two of Bagster's Bibles, the Old Testament, as well as the New, showing her diligent searchings. Truly, her delight was in the law of the Lord, it was always her standard of appeal; and, by comparing Scripture with Scripture, she grasped its all-sided truth, rejoicing therein as one that findeth great spoil. To her niece Cecilia she wrote:

In reading the Scripture it is best to combine plans. Once a day read straight on, with prayer and careful referencing. But always try to give a half hour to Bible

study; work out Bible subjects, and make notes of them. I will give you two or three which I have found profitable.

What does the Bible say God *is* { in Himself? / to us?

"*Everlasting.*" Search out and *classify* the places where it is used. (This is very comforting, "everlasting covenant," "everlasting joy," etc.)

"*Called.*" How is our "calling" described? Unto what are we "called"?

"*Keep.*" Who will keep? Whom does He keep? From what does He keep?

"*Able.*" See how applied to Christ; arrange in order.

Keep a fine steel pen on purpose at hand, and mark the references you thus find in your own Bible, this will greatly enrich it. . . . This plan is *very* helpful, both for intellectual and spiritual knowledge of His word.

The other facsimile is taken from one of the fly leaves of my sister's Bible, and shows the way in which she constantly arranged Bible teachings.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER. (*Found in F. R. H.'s Bible.*)

(1878–9.)

"I have greatly enjoyed the regular praying of the Lord's Prayer, and take a petition each morning in the week. Intercession for others I generally make at evening. I take the fruits of the Holy Spirit in the same way, and find this helpful."

Page 220. "On Every Side"

Destruction. Job 19.10
Foes (former lovers) Ez. 23.22.
Separation for judgment. Num. 16.27.
Fear. Ps. 31.13. Jer. 6.25; 20.10; 49.29.
Troubles. II Cor. 4.8; 7.5.
Terrors. Job 18.11.
Wars. I Kings. 5.3.

Deliverance. Jud. 8.34.
Defence. Job 1.10.
Gathering. Ez. 37.21.
Guidance. II Chr. 32.22.
Comfort. Ps. 71.21.
Rejoicing. Ps. 65.12
Rest. I Ki. 5.4. I Ch. 22.18; II 14.7.

The Glorious Lord Is. 33.21

Body	Ph. 3.21
Arm	Is. 63.12
Hand	Ex. 15.6.
Voice	Is. 30.30
Apparel	- 63.1.
Name	Is. 72.19.
Work	Ps. 111.3

He hath given	Hath promised
Abundant	Abundant
Mercy. I Pe. 1.3.	Pardon. Is. 55.7.
Grace. II Co. 4.15.	Peace. Ps. 37.11.
Consolation - 1.5.	Truth Jer. 33.6.
Joy - 8.2.	Entrance II Pe. 1.11.

He hath shed on us abundantly the Holy Ghost. Therefore let us Abound in

Faith. Col. 2.7. Utterance II Co. 8.7.
Hope. Rom. 15.13. Diligence II Co. 8.7.
Love. Phil. 1.9. Ministry II Co. 8.7.
Thanks. Col. 2.7. Every good work II Co. 9.8.

For He's able to make all grace abound II Co. 9.8. to do exceeding abundantly above all we ask or think. Ep. 3.20.

Is Natural heart God can make it

Evil	Je. 3.12.	Clean.	P. 51.10.
Desp'tly wicked	Je. 17.9.	Good	Lu. 9.15
Weak	Ez. 16.30.	Fixed	Ps. 112.7
Deceitful	Je. 17.9.	Faithful	Ne. 9.8.
Deceived	Is. 44.20.	Understanding	I K. 3.9.
Double	Ps. 12.2.	Honest	Lu. 8.15
Impenitent	Ro. 2.5.	Contrite	Ps. 51.17.
Rebellious	Je. 5.23.	True	He. 10.22
Hard	Ez. 3.7.	Soft	Job 23.16
Stony	Ez. 11.19.	New	Ez. 18.31.
Froward	Pr. 17.20.	Sound	P. 119.80.
Despiteful	Ez. 25.15.	Glad	Ps. 16.9.
Stout	Is. 10.12.	Established	Ps. 112.8
Haughty	Pr. 18.12.	Tender	Ep. 4.32
Proud	Pr. 21.4.	Pure	Ma. 5.8.
Perverse	Pr 12.8.	Perfect	IC. 29.9.
Foolish	Ro. 1.21.	Wise	Pr. 11.29.

Trust.

Commands to trust. Job 35.14. P. 4.5. P. 115.9. Is. 26.4. I Ti 6.17. - 37.3 - 10, 11. 50.10 - 62.8. Pr. 3.5. Jer 49.11

Reasons for trust. Job 35.14. P. 9.10. P. 56.7; 118.8, 9. Is. 26.4.

Promises. P. 32.10; 34.22; 37.40. P. 112.7. Pr. 20.25. Is. 26.8. P. 125.1. - 29.25. - 57.13.

Results. P. 5.11; 17.7; 18.30; 31.19. Pr. 30.5. Na. 1.7. Ep. 1.12. I Ti. 4.10.

Declarations of trust.

Past or Perfect. P. 13.5; 26.1; 20.7. P. 31.14; 33.21; 56.4; 73.28.

Present. P. 7.1; 11.1; 16.1; 25.2; 25.20. P. 31.1, 6; 52.8; 57.1; 71.1,5; 88.2. P. 119.42; 141.8; 143.8; 144.2. II Co. 3.4. I Ti. 4.10.

Future. P. 40.3; 64.10; 91.4 Is. 51.5. Ze. 3.12. Na. 1.7. Ro. 15.12.

Resolutions. II Sa. 22.3. Job 13.15. P. 18.2; 55.23; 56.3; 61.4; 91.2. Is. 12.2.

Blessedness. P. 34.8; 40.4; 84.12. P 2.12. Pr. 16.20. Je. 17.7.

Instances. Jt Himself. He. 2.13. Ru. 2.12. II K. 18.5. I Ch. 5.20. P. 21.7. P 22.4, 5, 9. Je. 39.18. Da. 3.28. Ep. 1.12. II Co. 1.10. I Pe. 3.5.

What we should do with all our heart

Turn	Joel 2.2.	Love	Ma. 22.37.
Walk after	II K. 23.3.	Seek	Je. 29.13.
Serve	Is. 12.20.	Keep Y's de	De. 26.16
Believe	Ac. 8.37.	Return	I Ch. 6.38
Praise	Ps. 86.12	Obey	De. 30.2.
Trust	Pr. 3.5.	Rejoice	Ze. 3.14.

Together.

Standing Ezr. 3.9.
Singing Ezr. 3.11.
Praising Ps. 34.3.
Answering Ex. 19.8.
Building Ezr. 4.3.
Helping by Pr. I Co. 1.11.
Gathering Ezr. 3.1.
Assembling Heb 10.25.
Comforting I Th. 5.10.
Striving Ro. 15.30.
Caught up. I Th. 4.17.

Unto Him

Gathered II Th. 2.1.

With Him

Quickened Ep. 2.5.
Raised Ep. 2.6.
Made to sit Ep. 2.6.
Standing Isc. 50.8.
Working 2 Co. 6.1.
Living I Th. 5.10.

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GENERAL.

Morning.

For the Holy Spirit.
Perfect trust all day.
Watchfulness.
To be kept from sin.
That I may please Him.
Guidance, growth in grace.
That I may do His will.
That He would use my mind, lips, pen, *all.*
Blessing and guidance in each engagement and interview of the day.

Evening.

For forgiveness and cleansing.
Mistakes overruled.
Blessing on all said, written, and done.
For conformity to His will and Christ's likeness.
That His will may be done *in* me.
For a *holy* night.
Confession.
For every one for whom I have been specially asked to pray.

SPECIAL SUBJECTS.—SUNDAY.

That I may make the most of Sabbath hours, and gain much from the word.

Deliverance from wandering thoughts.

Pure praise.

Blessing on services and choir.

"Hallowed be Thy Name."

Intercessions. (Initials of many clergymen, of her brother, her godchildren, and "our servants.")

MONDAY. "*For Joy and Peace.*"

That the life of Jesus may be manifest in me.

"Thy kingdom come."

Intercession for Church Missionary Society and Irish

Society. (Initials of her eldest sister, *all* her family, and "Oakhampton servants.")

TUESDAY. "*For Longsuffering.*"

That my unconscious influence may be all for Him.

"Thy will be done."

Intercession for Mildmay (and initials of her brother Henry's children and many Leamington friends).

WEDNESDAY. "*Gentleness.*"

For spirit of prayer and shadowless communion.

"Give us this day our daily bread."

Intercession for the universities and public schools, for many friends, for M. V. G. H., and E. C.

THURSDAY. "*Goodness.*"

For much fruit to His praise. Soul winning. Spirit of praise.

"Forgive us our trespasses."

Local work. Swansea, and Mrs. M——. For my sister Ellen, all at Winterdyne, and "the servants."

FRIDAY. "*Faith.*"

Wisdom to be shown more of His will and commands.

"Lead us not into temptation."

For my brother and all at U. B.

SATURDAY. "*Meekness and Temperance.*"

That the word of Christ may dwell in me richly, open treasures of Thy word to me, fill my seed basket.

"Deliver us from evil."

For the Church of England and the Queen.

Initials of many friends.

WORK FOR 1879: "If the Lord will."

(*In F. R. H.'s Desk.*)

To write "Starlight through the Shadows," daily book for invalids. Six more Church Missionary Society papers. "Marching Orders." Set "Loyal Responses" to music. * Prepare "Kept" for press. To write "Lilies from the Waters of Quietness" (poem). "About Bible Reading and Bible Marking," magazine article. * "All Things;" work up my notes. "*Particularly* good to me," verses or short article. "The Stray Kitten," juvenile paper. Work up C. S. S. M. anecdotes into papers or book. * Complete twelve "Wayside Chimes" for *Home Words*. * Select or write "Echoes from the Word" for *Day of Days*. * Double sets of New Year's mottoes (Caswell). "Bright Thoughts for Dark Days." Series of Irish Sketches for *Day of Days*. On "Sunday Postal Burdens"; how to relieve the postmen. "Our Brother"; or daily thoughts for those who love Him. * "Morning Stars," daily thoughts about Jesus for little ones. "Evening Stars," or promises for the little ones. Complete the series of "Sunday Morning Crumbs." Six poems for *Sunday Magazine*.

[The daily pressure of letters prevented many of these being attempted; * denotes those completed.]

January 28th she went to London, visiting Mr. and Mrs. Watson and the Rev. C. Bullock. Other visits were purposed, but singularly frustrated by the appearance of infectious illness in her dear friend's (Mrs. Bullock's) family, and she thought it

right to return speedily to Wales. The day she went to town I read (at prayers) the *Christian Progress* chapter for the day, Deuteronomy xxxiii. 1–17. Afterwards Frances said: "I wondered if you would read the eighteenth verse. It is a fresh promise for me. You say I belong to the tribe of Zebulun, 'them that handle the pen,' and early this morning I read 'rejoice Zebulun in thy going out,' and so I do in going to London. I never went a journey I feel so delighted about. I gave up the thought of going, last week, for I wanted to make the most of my time and money for my King, and didn't want to please myself a bit. Then, after prayer about it, that promise seemed to direct my going, 'Certainly I will be with thee,' and I have had no misgiving since."

On her return from London her work seemed to increase; letters poured in; many came for advice or instruction, and she gave up every available moment. I distinctly remember the gladness of her service, delighting to do whatever seemed the will of the Lord. One morning she said to me: "Marie, it is really very remarkable how everything I do seems to prosper and flourish. There is my 'Bruey Branch' growing and increasing, and now the Temperance work. And so many letters tell me that God is blessing my little

books. I thought this morning *why* it was so; in the first Psalm we have the condition and the promise: 'his delight is in the law of the Lord; . . . and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.' You know how I do love my Bible, more and more; and so, of course, the promise comes true to me."

To our Vicar and other friends she sent this simple request for prayer, asking them to sign their own names and secure others to join:

"I agree to pray every evening for three months from this date, (God helping me,) for the outpouring of His Holy Spirit upon this parish and neighbourhood."—F. R. H., *March* 7, 1879.

It was as answer to this prayer that my sister attributed the awakening interest which much encouraged her in daily conversations in the cottages around us.

In the village school her frequent visits and bright words won the deepest love. To encourage them to learn God's word perfectly, she offered a new Bible to every child who would repeat the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. Good Friday was the day fixed, but she was ill then. A few days after, she was delighted with the perfect repetition by many of the children; and, though she would not excuse a single mistake, she gave some another trial. I was often struck with the pains she took with

very little children, so really making the gospel story glad news to them.

Once she went rather unwillingly to return a stranger's call. She afterwards told me she was quite ashamed of her reluctance (though it arose from weariness), for she had "found such direct work," adding: "I must screw up to a notch higher, and improve all conversations. Certainly my King is very good, to give me such nice little bits of work for Him."

In the early part of March, Frances re-wrote and completed her last book, "Kept." She told me she could work but slowly and with some difficulty, owing to pressure of other things. Again and again, she said how strongly she felt that her pen was to be used *only* for the Master, and how she had found His blessing in that course hitherto. My sister had also begun a series of papers for invalids; but it seemed strongly impressed on her that the children should have a turn, and so she rapidly wrote "Morning Stars."

She was interested in looking over some musical settings to her words by Mr. Purday, an old correspondent of our father's. She approved of the title, "Songs of Peace and Joy"; and against some of his tunes wrote "very sweet," "very good," "fair, third strain interesting," etc.

My dear sister was delighted that Messrs. Hutchings and Romer accepted for publication her music to Mr. Prout's words "Loving all Along."

(*To S. G. P.*)

. . . About your "Loving all Along." I wrote the music to suit myself, and I never yet found words which were so exactly what I wanted. I hope to sing it in many drawing-rooms, it is delightful to do the King's business there, and singing often opens the door for quiet conversations. I do so pray the words may touch some weary hearts under silks and satins, and dress-coats too, may-be. . . .

All the same, I do not think the song will ever be popular, because it is just one of those which are utterly ruined if stumbled over, or even if well played by one who does not *dash* off the recitative-like style with real *spirit*, and bring out the sharp contrasts which give effect.

. . . Seriously, dear friend, the points have been carried one after another; Hutchings and Romer accepting it, Sankey saying it haunts him, and taking it to America; now two prayers, that God will make it acceptable, and most of all that He will let it do real work and send the great power of His Spirit with it.

P.S.—The *best* last! —— converted by "N. S. D." He was slightly ill; I called, talked, and prayed twice or three times, and gave him "Never Say Die." And *that* was blessed! Now give thanks!

THE MUMBLES, *March* 25, 1879.

DEAREST G——,

. . . I am being answered about my "Bruey Branch" to an extent that literally alarms me! I don't know how I can keep pace with the influx of young collectors, and the Dublin secretaries are "astonished." I sent up £108 a few days ago, and that is only what comes to *me*; Mr. Roe tells me hundreds of "Bruey" cards are being taken all over the kingdom, and I see the whole thing will want complete organizing. I myself have sent up, including Miss E. Titterton's, no less than seventy-nine collectors' lists and amounts, and I begun two years ago with a list of *eight* collectors, consequently I am believing in prayer a little more than ever!

THE MUMBLES, *March* 28.

DEAR WILLIE AND ALFRED [SHAW].

Is the Green Isle big enough to hold you and me at the same time, do you think? Because, if it is, I am thinking, please God, of coming over about the beginning of June. The real reason why I have made up my mind to brave the terrors of the deep, *i.e.* of the ladies' cabin, is that things are growing so marvellously fast in my department of the Irish Society work, that I must go and see for myself what *is* being done in the fields of work, and also have a regular consultation at head quarters about organizing the "Bruey Branch," which is sprouting like anything in all directions. And now the thing is, I want one of you to come with me, (of course at my expense,) on a sort of tour round some of the Irish stations. I think it will be delightful. The fun would

be to have you both; but that might complicate matters as to accommodation in some of these "backwoods," so how would it be if one of you came, for the first week or two, and then change over? I thought it would be such a very nice opportunity for you to see something of the land of your birth beyond the civilization of college and the metropolis! Think it over and pray over it, and let me know what conclusion you come to. If one of you could come, you would probably be a great comfort, as you would see to such matters as hiring cars for me and other small services. It is not only that I really want to see the work for myself, as I am getting more and more deeply pledged to it, but we have got Mr. Bullock to make the *Day of Days* a sort of *quasi* Irish Society organ, he having put two pages of the magazine at our disposal every month, instead of our going to the expense of setting up a separate magazine for the Society's information. This was my scheme, and we are starting pretty well; but they want me extremely to write some papers for it, and I tell them I can't make brick without straw, and therefore if I am to write I must go to Ireland. Let me know as soon as you can when your term ends, and you would be at liberty. Mr. Fitzpatrick is very anxious to make part of his inspecting tour fit in with mine, so as to show me that part of the work, which of course would be a great advantage to my papers; but I tell him that I wish, also, to see some of the undress as well as the full parade, so he is to be with us part of the time, and I am to visit some stations by myself. I have stipulated that I only go to observe and take notes, *not* to take classes or give addresses, as I have not strength for that; and, to keep myself

fresh for the writing, which I want to do as much as possible on the spot, is far more important.

Your loving Aunt.

The following letter refers to the action taken by her on the Total Abstinence question.

(*To Eustace Havergal.*)

April 12, 1879.

DEAR EUSTACE,—

. . . As to actual signing I only deferred that, that I might use the act at good interest, which I did by getting six persons to sign with me. . . . I have found by experience, as thousands of other Christian workers are finding, that this "outward and visible sign" is just the needed means to prevent the beginnings of that terrible evil. See now, I have here eight growing lads, besides several others, all in surroundings of more or less temptation, who have signed my book and are thus helped to say *no*; and, instead of swimming with the stream, not one has been into a public house since, trying their best to get others to abstain also. . . . I could not feel impatient at your not seeing it yet, because four or five years ago I felt exactly as you do; but, hearing so much of the great work done by this means, I set myself to pray for clear light and guidance about it, asking that I might be able to lay aside prejudice on the one hand, and that I might be kept from going without God's leading on the other. From that time, conviction gradually dawned and deepened in my mind that I could not hold aloof from a movement on which God has set so very evident a seal of blessing. . . .

Endorsed on a pamphlet dealing with the Total Abstinence question, enclosed in the same letter, is the following.

I have gone in altogether for it now, and find it gives me opportunities at once which I had not before.

May 1, 1879.

. . . I haven't taken up teetotal work, but teetotal work has taken up me! Morgan and Scott made me accept a big, handsome, pledge book in February, and somehow the thing has fairly *caught fire* here. One led to another, and yesterday boys were coming all day to sign! I had twenty-five recruits yesterday alone, and a whole squad more are coming this evening! and we are going in for getting EVERY boy in the whole village! And now, "Please, miss, mayn't the girls sign?" So I've got to open a girls' branch as well! So work grows!

I adopt the title of "The Newton Temperance Regiment," to please my boys, who are a strong majority in it, and very hearty about it. I do love these little lads.

Our dear and faithful friend, Elizabeth Clay, was with us at Easter. Frances was deeply interested in the details of her Indian journeys and Zenana work, and consulted with her as to the possibility of eventually going to India herself, that she might be able to write for her King in Oriental languages. Frances was not at all well, and a feverish cold prevented her from singing when Mr. and Mrs. Sankey paid us a pleasant visit. To them she

spoke much of the bright City, and that music which alone could satisfy her intense craving.

Almost the last time we walked to church together, she turned round to me and said: "Marie, I've come to the conclusion it will be *very nice* to go to heaven! The perfect harmony, the perfect praise, no jarring tunes. You don't know the intense enjoyment it is to me to sing in part music. I don't think I could hear the Hallelujah Chorus and not sing it; but *there*—!"

Another Sunday evening, not being able to go to church, she called Mary to read with her. Searching into the meaning of those words (John viii. 51), "If a man keep My saying he shall never see death," her conclusion was, "so, when we come to die, our eyes will so really see Jesus *Himself* that we shall not see death." Thus it was to her:

> "Death is a hushed and glorious tryst,
> With *Thee*, my King, my Saviour Christ!"

Truly, her loyal life shone brightly, day by day. Her appeals stirred many a one to choose the King's service. I think it was in April she took (once only) the Young Women's Christian Association meeting in Swansea for her friend, Mrs. Morgan. They well remember how she played and sang with them, "Precious Saviour, may I live, only for Thee!" (to her tune "Onesimus.")

At the close of her address she took round to each a copy of

> "Take my life, and let it be
> Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,"

with a blank space, where each might sign her name who could do so, in true and loyal allegiance. My dear sister *always* went to such meetings, in the truest humility of spirit. She often said, "I can only ask the Lord to give me words; I am only learning, myself, day by day"; but a real power seemed to rest on all her words, and especially during the last years.

Our friend the Baroness Helga von Cramm joined us in May. She thought dear Frances looking well and young and bright. We had some pleasant seaside walks; and Frances sat by her friend, on the sands, when she sketched the "Mumbles Lighthouse." Many kind friends near us, and their children and servants, wondered at the sweetness and power with which my sister spoke to them for and of her Lord and King.

(*To Mrs. H.*)

May 5, 1879.

Thank God for her! and thank God that you are able to thank Him. I never read anything sweeter than Nony's welcome to her Lord's coming for her. I have ventured to keep a copy of your beautiful letter to ——.

Would you let me make some extract from it in my next circulars? I should so like to tell my dear little collectors about Nony, whose name will be highest on the list in the next report. I feel it such a privilege to have been permitted to number this little saint of God among my little band of collectors. One from the seniors (E. R. N.)* and one from the juniors are "safe home" now, and both such abundant entrances. How beautiful Nony must be now!

Yours, in most loving sympathy.

(*To the same.*)

May 20.

. . . On further consideration and prayer, I see that I cannot write Nony's memoir, at least not unless the autumn shapes itself quite differently from what God is at present indicating. After Christmas, I *may* be free to decide on fresh work, and then I might try and do my best. But I think you would not like to postpone the memoir so long. . . .†

EXTRACTS FROM LAST LETTERS.

May 17, 1879.

DEAR MR. SNEPP,—

I cannot forbear just a line of affectionate sympathy in reply to your note. And I do so rejoice with you in the brighter parts of it.

I begin my Irish campaign, please God, on June 4th;

* E. R. Nicholas, Esq., long revered in Bewdley, who died April 30, 1879, the day before little Nony.

† This memoir of her little friend is now published by Messrs. Nisbet & Co., "The Memorials of Little Nony."

I stay first with the good Bishop of Cashel. Really a wonderful little Temperance work here; all the rising generation have joined the pledge except about twelve, and now the men want to speak to me, and I am to meet them to-night at the corner of the village (open air, having no place else) with my pledge book. I have got 118 pledged, and each with prayer over it, and personal talk about better things. In haste, etc., etc.

(*To Mrs. Charles Bullock.*)

. . . I do not want to work out a text this morning because I want to give the same time to working a few, in the chapter for to-day, with the Baroness. But I choose for next Sunday (May 18) 1 Kings v. 17: "*The King*" "*commanded*" "*great stones*," "*costly stones*," "*hewed stones*," "*foundation of the house.*" Those six points will bear a lot of referencing; *the* point that struck me being that all these great, costly, and hewed stones were to be laid *out of sight*, yet making the strong and needed foundation for a beautiful superstructure. Do you see my thought?

This letter leads to the remark that for many months my dear sister had selected texts on some verse in the *Christian Progress* chapter for Sunday mornings. She sent them on postcards to her friend Mrs. Bullock on the previous Fridays, calling them "Sunday Morning Crumbs." We give only two others, for her friend will publish them with the title of "My Bible Study."

Zech. vi. 11: "Make crowns, and set them on the head of Joshua the high priest." Rev. xix. 12: "Many crowns." Is it not our privilege to have something to do with preparing the crowns, and the jewels in them? You see it is "make," not merely "take." Meanwhile "we see" Him already "crowned with glory and honour" (Heb. ii. 9). Outsiders don't see it at all, and many of us don't "see" because we don't steadily "look." I suppose it is the coronation day of Jesus in our hearts when we "take" all that is most precious to us, typified by the silver and gold, and "make crowns" with it for Him in the double aspect of High Priest, *i.e.* Atoner and Mediator, and Joshua our accepted and recognised "Leader and Commander."

May 23, 1879.

For May 25: 1 Kings xii. 24, "This thing is from Me" (railway to ver. 15). If anything wasn't from the Lord, one would have thought Rehoboam's infatuation was that thing! So, it seems a lesson of acquiescence in those most difficult things to acquiesce in, *i.e.* what seem to arise from man's (or lad's) foolishness and tryingness. See 2 Cor. v. 18, "all things"; and 2 Cor. iv. 15. Compare Gen. xlv. 8, and l. 20. . . . So thankful for the good news in your note, as to both your sister and your friend. Thanks for your dear husband's. Very kind to register it!

CHAPTER XV.

The Last Week.

The donkey-boy — My Temperance regiment — Work on the village bank — Sailor friends — Helga's pictures — "God's will delicious" — Good Mary and kind nurse — "How good and kind to come!" — The last Sunday — The last hymns — Last messages — "Do speak bright words for Jesus" — The last song at the Golden Gate — With the King — Astley Churchyard.

MY dear sister Frances had promised to meet some men and boys on the village bank on May 21st. Though the day was very damp, she went, taking her Bible and her Temperance book with her. While standing a long time on this cold spot, heavy clouds came up from the Channel, and she returned, wet and chilly with the rain and mist; even then some were waiting for her to speak to them.

May 22nd, being Ascension Day, she wished to go to church with our friend, but looked so poorly that I urged her to come for the Communion only. She was very tired, and took a donkey home. As she passed through our village of Newton, quite a procession gathered round her, her regiment of boys eagerly listening. Her donkey

boy, Fred Rosser, remembers that Miss Frances told him "I had better leave the devil's side and get on the safe side; that Jesus Christ's was the winning side; that He loved us and was calling us, and wouldn't I choose Him for my Captain?" Arriving at home, Frances ran in for her book, and on the saddle Fred signed the pledge. A young sailor, W. Llewellyn, was going to sea the next day. Frances was anxious to speak to him, and in the evening went to the cottage. He signed the book and heard one of her closing messages;* and this was the last time her feet were

"Swift and beautiful for Thee."

That evening she spoke to several; her intense earnestness, her pleading words in the kitchen, are not forgotten. To our worthy landlord, his wife and boys, she spoke loving words. David and Johnnie Tucker will not forget how often she had them in her study.

May 23rd. The chilliness increased; and though she was in her study as usual, I requested the doctor to see my dear sister, and desired him to come again. The Temperance meeting was to be held in the evening, and my sister arranged 150 large Temperance cards, then to be given. Very

* His last letter, from Brazil, states that he has faithfully kept the pledge.

cheerfully she gave up the wish to go, saying (*so like her!*) "You will do all so much better than I can; will you give them two messages from me: to those who have signed, 'Behold God Himself is . . . our Captain' (2 Chron. xiii. 12); to those who have not signed, 'Come thou with us, and we will do thee good' (Num. x. 29)." Our Vicar and Mr. Bishop, from Swansea, were to be present; and to them she sent her good wishes and request for bright short addresses. While we were at the meeting, she was stitching strong paper tract-bags for sailors at sea, till she felt ill and Mary assisted her into her room. A feverish night ensued.

Saturday, 24th. Our friend, the Baroness, left us; but she was not uneasy about Frances. In the afternoon my sister asked me to rearrange her pictures near her bed. "Put Mary Fay's text next to me, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever"; above that, 'Sunrise from the Bel Alp,' and 'The Glacier of La Tour.'" I read to her the text painted by Helga, on the rock: "I saw a sea of glass, clear as crystal." Frances said, "Strangely sweet! tell Helga her pictures take my thoughts away from the pain,—up there." Then Frances asked me to place "my own text," "the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth from all sin"; and beyond it Emily Coombe's illumination, "I reckon that the sufferings," etc.

The following are her last notes, in pencil.

(*To Miss E. Titterton.*)

May 28, 1879.

DEAREST EMILY,—

I am laid up again with a return of these feverish attacks, which the doctor says are really from debility; so must only send love, and assure you that whatever is the reason of no answer, it can't possibly be that Mrs. P. is "offended"—that's not the last possibility, but an *im*possibility! It may be that she does not see her way and is in a fix what to say; this is highly probable, as the Mildmay institutions are, financially, at a low ebb, and of course she must throw all available strength into this. I have got the *whole* rising generation of the village to sign the pledge (all between eight and sixteen), except two boys who won't sign, three who broke, and one girl "going to sign"! Also about fifty grown-ups. My little lads are splendid: such hearty enthusiasm about it! Temperance meeting to-night, at which I was popularly supposed to be going to speak! but I have to entrust it all to others under God. I dare not let the fact transpire that I can't go. They are such affectionate people, these poor Welsh.

If I am able to go to Ireland (June 4), I will explain to Mr. Fitzpatrick about pence cards for you and the Bruey Branch. . . .

THE MUMBLES, *May* 24.

DEAR MR. WATSON,—

I am in bed again with another of these tryingly frequent feverish attacks, and am writing on the back of your own letter, not having other paper within reach!

The fact is, I have knocked myself up with this Temperance work ; but having got the whole rising generation of the village into my Temperance regiment, except four naughty little black sheep, seems to me quite worth being knocked up for !

I am *sorry* I demurred to Dr. B.'s book appearing in my special livery ; it was rather small of me, and I feel small accordingly. I forgot to say that the subject is one of my unfinished "invalid book" papers, but I don't think I need sacrifice it, need I ? I could put a footnote, something of this sort—"For fuller and far better thoughts on this passage, my readers are referred to the 'Brook Besor,' by Andrew A. Bonar, D.D.," etc.

I have had such a kind letter from Dr. Macduff, sending me "Palms of Elim." I like it best of his, since the "Faithful Promiser."

Maria says I must not write any more.

Yours ever,

F. R. H.

Of Sunday I have kept no account.

May 26th. She could not attend to her letters, but corrected the proof of "Morning Stars," on the text "I am the bright and morning Star"; and then the pen so long used in the service of her King was laid down. She was not suffering very much, lying quietly in bed, her pet kittens Trot and Dot on her duvet. She rather astonished her doctor by saying, "Do you think I've a chance of going ?" He told her that she was not seriously ill ; and asked if she really liked lying there, and in pain.

Frances. "Yes, I do; it is as if an errand-boy were told to take a message, and afterwards the master bids him *not* to go. I was going to Ireland next week, hoping to write for the Irish Society, but God has upset all my plans, and it's all right."

The last passage she looked at in her Bible was the *Christian Progress* chapter for May 28th (Rev. ii. 1–10). She asked Mary to read it for her, dwelling on "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," bidding her turn to the reference in James i. 12.

(It is remarkable that the same promise of "the crown of life" was the last passage our dear father ever read.)

May 29th. Fever and internal inflammation rapidly came on, and all the symptoms and agony of peritonitis. God seemed to permit severest suffering, and all remedies failed. But her peace and joy shone through it all, while her patience and unselfish consideration for others were most striking, arranging that all who nursed her should rest also. When we were distressed for her, she whispered, "It's home the faster!" She told Mary she was quite sure now she should never go to Ireland, adding, "God's will is *delicious;* He makes no mistakes." Our good Mary was a great comfort at all times.

May 30th. She was speaking of justification by

faith: "Not for our own works or deservings; oh, what vanity it seems now to rest on our own obedience for salvation, any merit of our own takes away the glory of the atoning blood. 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,' *that 's it.*"

M. "Have you any fear?"

F. "Why should I? Jesus said 'It is finished,' and what was His precious blood shed for? *I trust that.*"

Another time: "I am sure 'I am not worthy to be called His son,' or His servant, but Jesus covers all; I am unworthy, but in Him complete."

The last letter she could listen to was from my brother Frank's twin sons, and her message was: "Thank Willie for that nice text, 'Sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning'; and I do hope that Willie and Ethelbert will be ambassadors for Christ; even if they are not clergymen, may they win souls."

To her sister Ellen: "I have not strength to send messages to *yours.* I should have liked my death to be like Samson's, doing more for God's glory than by my life; but He wills it otherwise."

Ellen. "St. Paul said 'The will of the Lord be done,' and 'let Christ be magnified, whether by my life or by my death.'"

I think it was then my beloved sister whispered:

"Let my own text, 'the blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin" be on my tomb; *all* the verse, if there is room."

I must mention the skilful and tender care of the nurse, Sarah Carveley (from the Derby Institute). A year before, when in perfect health, Frances had playfully said, "You must come and nurse me."

The constant sickness was very distressing, and nothing alleviated the agonizing pain; but my sister's patient endurance was most lovely, trying to comfort *us*, and thanking us so sweetly for all we did.

Another time she said: "Marie dear, God is dealing differently with me in this illness; I don't know what He means by it; no new thoughts for books or poems come now."

Then, "Will you ask the Lord Jesus it may not be long before He speaks to me Himself some little love token." I knelt and asked that He would speak "peace" to her, even as He did to His disciples.

F. "I have peace, but it's *Himself* I am longing for."

M. "The little boats on the stormy sea had not to row back to Jesus; He drew nigh to them, and said, 'It is I, be not afraid.'"

Saturday afternoon she was very ill and feverish, saying, "I know now what it means, 'my tongue

cleaveth to my gums.'" When fanning her she said, "Marie, you have made this last year of my life the brightest."

M. "Do you at all regret coming here?"

F. "I should think not; the pleasantest time I ever had, *delicious!*"

Whit Sunday she felt better and was able to talk a little to her brother and sisters, saying: "How good and kind to come! Frank, do you remember when we knelt together at dear papa's dying bed, what you said to me? It so comforted me. Ever since I trusted Jesus *altogether*, I have been so happy. I cannot tell how lovely, how precious, He is to me."

Her doctors were most watchful, and Frances expressed her confidence in them and declined further advice. She asked them, "What is the element of danger?"

"You are seriously ill, and the inflammation is increasing."

F. "I thought so, but if I am going it is too good to be true!"

In the early dawn of Whit Monday Frances said to me: "'Spite of the breakers, Marie, I am so happy; God's promises are so true. Not a fear."

About 8 a.m. we thought she was departing, and asked for her brother. He knelt by her, inquiring if he should pray. "Yes; let it be a

sacramental service." She softly but emphatically joined in the words, "Therefore with angels," etc. Reverently, she asked her brother to say the (administration) words "once for all."

After some peaceful rest, she whispered: "Frank dear, it is not the performance of the rite, *no safety in that*; but it is obedience to His command and as a *remembrance* of His dying love"; to which he assented.

When one of her doctors was leaving he said, "Good-bye, I shall not see you again."

F. "Then do you really think I am going?"

Dr. "Yes."

F. "To-day?"

Dr. "Probably."

F. "Beautiful, too good to be true!"

Soon after she looked up smiling. "Splendid to be so near the gates of heaven!" (Again and again we heard this, and "So beautiful to go!" through the last hours.)

To Frank: "Will you sing 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' to papa's tune 'St. Chrysostom,'* and play it on my harp-piano. Sing from the copy that has

'Jesus my Saviour dwells therein,
In glorious majesty;
And Him through every stormy scene
I onward press to see!'

* No. 53, "Havergal's Psalmody."

Oh, it is the Lord Jesus that is so dear to me, I can't tell how precious! how much He has been to me!"

Afterwards she asked for "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds," to the same tune.

The Vicar of Swansea came for a few minutes. He said: "You have talked and written a great deal about the King; and you will soon see Him in His beauty. Is Jesus with you now?"

F. "*Of course!* It's splendid! I thought He would have left me here a long while; but He is *so* good to take me now. Give my love to dear Mrs. Morgan, and tell all the Association (Y. W. C. A.) that what she and I have told them is all right, God's promises are all true, and the Lord Jesus is a good big foundation to rest upon. Ask Mr. A—— to speak *plainly* about Jesus. I want all young clergymen to be faithful ambassadors, and win souls. Tell Mr. W—— I can never thank him enough for his help. Oh, I want all of you to speak *bright*, BRIGHT, words about Jesus, oh, do, *do!* It is all perfect peace, I am only waiting for Jesus to take me in."

Soon after her friend Mrs. Morgan came, and Frances whispered: "There is no bottom to God's mercy and love; all His promises are true, not one thing hath failed."

In the afternoon, she asked us if it was wrong

to groan when in such pain. We told her how very, very patient she had been; that even her doctors had noticed it, and her calmness.

F. "Oh, I am so glad you tell me this. I did want to glorify Him, *every step* of the way, and especially in this suffering. I hope none of you will have five minutes of this pain."

Her brother sang "Christ for me"; and Ellen repeated

> "On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
> All other ground is sinking sand";

adding "I want to rejoice more *for* you, dear Frances; you are on the Rock, and we want no other."

F. "It is the *one* God has laid for us."

Many times she whispered: "Come, Lord Jesus, come and fetch me; oh, run, run." Then, "Do you think I shall be disappointed?"

"No, dearest, we are quite sure you are going to Him now."

F., smiling, "I think Jesus will be glad."

On Tuesday, June 3rd, Whit Tuesday, at dawn the change came. One of her sisters repeated, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee."

F. "He *must* keep His word."

Isaiah xli. 10 was repeated *incorrectly*; she

whispered it correctly for us. After a short doze, she exclaimed: "I am lost in amazement! There hath not failed one word of all His good promise!"

She just spoke of Miss Leigh's work in Paris, and her friend Margaret C. there, adding "Strange I think of it now."

Whispering the names of many dear ones, she added "I love them all." Then, as it were with her last look on them from the opening golden gates, she said yearningly "I want *all* to come to me in heaven; oh, don't, *don't* disappoint me, tell them 'Trust Jesus.'"

Ellen repeated: (altering the word "canst")

"Jesus, I will trust Thee,
Trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless,
Thou *hast made* me whole:
There is none in heaven,
Or on earth, like Thee;
Thou hast died for sinners,
Therefore Lord for *me*."

Clearly, though faintly, she sang the whole verse, to her own tune "Hermas."

Then came a terrible rush of convulsive sickness. It ceased; the nurse gently assisting her, she nestled down in the pillows, folded her hands on

her breast, saying, "There, now it is all over! Blessed rest!'

And now she looked up steadfastly as if she saw the Lord; and, surely, nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes, we watched that almost visible meeting with her King, and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him. Then she tried to sing; but after one sweet high note, "HE ——," her voice failed; and, as her brother commended her soul into her Redeemer's hand, she passed away. Our precious sister was gone,—satisfied,—glorified,—within the palace of her King!

. . . "So *she* took . . .
The one grand step, beyond the stars of God,
Into the splendour, shadowless and broad,
Into the everlasting joy and light.
The zenith of the earthly life was come.

. . . . . .

What then? Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard!
Wait till thou too hast fought the noble strife,
And won, through Jesus Christ, the crown of life!
Then shalt thou know the glory of the word,
Then as the stars for ever, ever shine,
Beneath the King's own smile, perpetual zenith thine!"

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THE TOMB, ASTLEY CHURCHYARD, 1879.

(FROM A DRAWING BY THE BARONESS HELGA VON CRAMM.)

On Monday, June 9th, at 6 a.m., the villagers and others assembled on the lawn while her flower-crowned coffin passed out. The Rev. S. C. Morgan, Vicar of Swansea, addressed them after we had left for Worcestershire.

Many relatives and friends joined us at Stourport, following our beloved sister to her father's tomb in Astley churchyard. A golden *star*, of Banksia roses, a poet's wreath of laurel and bay, and many white crowns, were laid upon her. There, within sight of her birth-room in the rectory, and under the branches of the fir-tree her father planted, (and, away beyond, the hills and valleys of her childhood's haunts encircling us,) we laid our dear sister in sure and certain hope of her "resurrection to eternal life."

The following is the inscription, on the north side of our dear father's tomb, in Astley churchyard:

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL,

YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE REV. W. H. HAVERGAL, AND JANE HIS WIFE.

Born at Astley Rectory, 14th December, 1836. Died at Caswell Bay, Swansea, 3rd June, 1879. Aged 42.

By her writings in prose and verse, she, "being dead yet speaketh."

"*The blood of Jesus Christ, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin.*"
1 JOHN i. 7.

There had been heavy storms all day, even as she had passed through many (and our own storm-grief had been bitter and desolating). But the sunshine came, just as the service was ending, and the birds suddenly sang sweetly all around. Very hushing was the thought that our dear sister's life had been the prelude of the everlasting song; and that she was then looking upon the face of her King, and praising Him "evermore, and evermore."

"Worthy of all adoration
Is the Lamb that once was slain,"
Cry, in raptured exultation,
His redeemed from every nation;
Angel myriads join the strain;
Sounding from their sinless strings
Glory to the King of kings;
Harping, with their harps of gold,
Praise which never can be told.

Hallelujahs full and swelling
Rise around His throne of might.
All our highest laud excelling,
Holy and Immortal, dwelling
In the unapproachèd light,
He is worthy to receive
All that heaven and earth can give.
Blessing, honour, glory, might,
All are His by glorious right.

As the sound of many waters
  Let the full Amen arise!
HALLELUJAH! Ceasing never,
Sounding through the great For Ever,
  Linking all its harmonies;
    Through eternities of bliss,
    Lord, our rapture shall be this;
    And our endless life shall be
    One AMEN of praise to THEE!

(F. R. H.)

"Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to HIM be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

JESUS, I WILL TRUST THEE.

"I will trust in Thee."—*Ps.* lv. 23.

JESUS, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul;
Guilty, lost, and helpless, Thou canst make me whole.
There is none in heaven or on earth like Thee:
Thou hast died for sinners—therefore, Lord, for me.

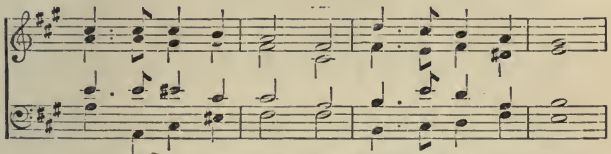
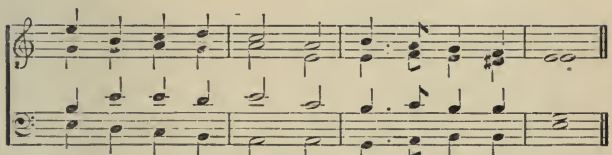
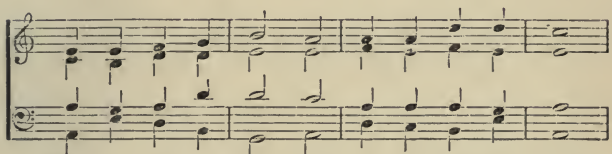
Jesus, I may trust Thee, name of matchless worth,
Spoken by the angel at Thy wondrous birth;
Written, and for ever, on Thy cross of shame,
Sinners read and worship, trusting in that name.

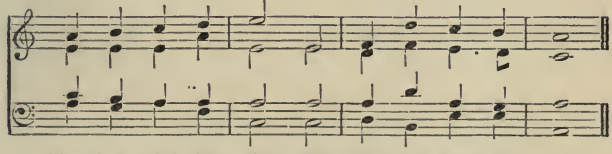
Jesus, I must trust Thee, pondering Thy ways,
Full of love and mercy, all Thy earthly days:
Sinners gathered round Thee, lepers sought Thy face;
None too vile or loathsome for a Saviour's grace.

Jesus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy written word,
Though Thy voice of pity I have never heard.
When Thy Spirit teacheth, to my taste how sweet—
Only may I hearken, sitting at Thy feet.

Jesus, I do trust Thee, trust without a doubt:
"Whosoever cometh, Thou wilt not cast out."
Faithful is Thy promise, precious is Thy blood—
These my soul's salvation, Thou my Saviour God!

MARY JANE WALKER, 1864.

Tune, HERMAS; No. 105, in "Havergal's Psalmody."





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LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

APPENDIX.

THE DREAM CATHEDRAL.

[*The outline of this early composition* (1857) *was a real dream.*]

I STOOD in the nave of a strangely magnificent cathedral. Such a cathedral it was as seemed to be the very embodiment of the highest ideal of beauty and grandeur. Around me were fluted columns of snowy marble, enriched with carvings of foliage, such as the artist might have seen in a vision of Eden, meeting above in pointed arches, whose upward curve seemed to beckon heavenwards and to speak of celestial aspirings; the floor was marble too, and as unsullied in its whiteness as the dewy petal of a lily, ere the dusty breath of day has passed upon it, and telling me of purity and innocence; then the vaulted roof, the union of those arching columns, with its dim twilight of undefined yet beautiful interlacings, spoke of holy mysteries. There were long shadowy aisles stretching far away, and their whispering echoes suggested sacred solitude and retirement. There were marble steps leading up to a screen of such cunning work that the very stone seemed to breathe forth beauty, and, if possible, to shadow forth the loveliness of religion. And beyond this were glimpses of such a choir, so wonderful in its transcendent beauty, as seemed scarcely fitted for mortal worshippers to kneel within. All this was seen, as it were, through the veil of a softened, shadowy radiance, poured through windows whose Gothic tracery enclosed, not stained glass, but a mosaic of the most gorgeous gems, casting the glow of their rich deep colouring on portions of the fair whiteness of pillar and arch and pavement, bathing all in a light, splendid even in the solemnity of its dimness.

Scarcely had admiration and wonder time to unfold, when the

tones of cathedral music swelled through the marvellous temple. Soft and sweet as a symphony of angel harps, the sound seemed to enwreathe itself around the marble shafts, and to melt into the dark vaultings of the lofty roof, as though there were some strange affinity between them; and then, at every pause, it hovered away far down the lessening aisles, till the whole building was like one great living instrument. Then voices came floating down that glorious nave: sweet and melodious, shall I call them? words do not express what those voices were; and the anthem which they chanted was such as Handel might dream, perhaps, but never wrote.

Do you not know what it is to see something *very* beautiful, and yet feel unsatisfied? to hear the sweetest sounds, and yet feel they might be sweeter? to enjoy the greatest apparent delight, and yet feel that it is not the perfection of happiness? I cannot think that the human spirit is ever positively and absolutely *satisfied*; it is too great, too vast, (though we scarcely know it,) to be filled with anything on earth; its real ideal is never found; it is ever striving and yearning after something greater, higher, lovelier; and its Maker is its only satisfaction.

But I was satisfied. It was the perfection of beauty, the perfection of enjoyment; my longings realized, and more still. All this *seemed* to carry my heart upwards, I felt filled with joyful devotion, and adoration was the keynote of the silent anthem of my spirit. Then the thought came across me: "Can it be that such a temple is unfavourable to true devotion? can it be that a spirit could remain earthbound here, and not soar far, far upwards, in the holiest, happiest, adoration?"

Suddenly I heard a voice, clear, calm, and very grave, though I saw not the speaker. It spoke to *me*: "*Your Saviour is here*, you have long sought Him, He is about to manifest Himself to you. See! He is standing there in His own glorious Person!" In an instant all else had lost its interest. Oh! it was so strange, that sudden revulsion of feeling. Fancied devotion gave way to the reality of the intensest earnestness; the temple in all its fascinating grandeur was nothing, absolutely nothing; His Presence there was the *only* thing I longed for. I gazed intently where the voice indicated; I saw One standing alone, and knew and *felt* that it was Himself. But the many-lined shadow of one of the gem-filled

windows fell upon His Form, and I could not discern its outline, much less His countenance.

"Listen!" said the voice again; "He is speaking to you. Are not His words sweet and gracious!" But a fresh burst of music pealed from the organ, the voices of the invisible choristers rose higher and louder, and the tide of melody carried away the sound of that heavenly Voice, whose words would have been more than life to me. Oh, how each note grated upon me! how I hated the music, which drowned the gentle tones of that Voice!

I determined to approach, and at least be gladdened by His look, though His words might not reach my ear. I hastened on, but the marble steps grew in height under my feet, and I could not ascend them as quickly as I thought to do, each one seemed a mountain. But He was turning to look on me, and something seemed to tell me certainly that He was going to rejoice me with one of His own sweet smiles, another instant, and His eye would have met mine, when one of the fluted pillars suddenly rose in front of me, the blessed moment was gone, and He passed away down one of the dim shadowy aisles.

In desperation I rushed on, as if every hope, every desire, of a lifetime were concentrated in that one passing instant; I gained the entrance of the aisle, when the exquisite screen, which a moment before had so charmed me, stretched itself in defiance across it, barring the only way by which I could reach the departing Saviour.

He was gone! and all seemed changed to darkness and discord. In the very agonies of regret and despair I sank on the pavement, and *awoke!*

The moral, so to speak, of this dream will be apparent to every one. What is earthly beauty to a soul longing for its Saviour, and thirsting for His grace? What are externals compared to internals? But I would not be misunderstood, there is no reason why the other extreme should be advocated. I am, and always have been, a warm admirer of those time-honoured ornaments of our land, the crown jewels, as it were, of our outward and visible Church, our English cathedrals. He who giveth us *all* things richly to enjoy must have awakened, or rather created, those thoughts of beauty which expressed themselves in these glorious temples, notwithstanding the tainted atmosphere of superstition which then darkened our land;

and if their original purpose, the setting forth of Jehovah's praise and glory, is sometimes far from being attained, the fault is not in the temples, but in any who do not within them worship God in spirit and truth. It is not the grace and grandeur of their architecture which frustrate their noble object, but the earthliness of men's hearts, which rises not above pillar and roof and spire, but lies like the cold pavement itself, resting in things seen and temporal. If it be true that "unto the pure all things are pure," just as true is it that, to the unrenewed mind and unwatchful heart, the holiest things may and do become snares and stumbling blocks; satisfied with the beauty of earthly sanctuaries, and the solemnity of mere earthly forms, they yearn not for the "beauty of the Lord our God," who "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." But the soul of one who knows Him who is "altogether lovely," and longs for the day when he shall "see the King in His beauty," while rejoicing in, and loving, our old cathedrals in their ancient hoariness, will yet esteem them as nothing in comparison with the higher things on which his heart is set. And it will probably be found that, after all, he who thus gives such things their right and subordinate place has the purest enjoyment in, and the truest appreciation of, those ancient fanes which have stood for centuries, the silent witnesses of the beauty of religion.

May each one who reads this dream find, and know, and rejoice in that Saviour, whose whisper of pardoning love is sweeter than earth's sweetest music, whose smile of acceptance is lovelier than earth's loveliest scene! May he himself become a "temple of the Holy Ghost," bright with the beauty of holiness, and shining in the light of the countenance of our God!

F. R. H.

CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

WHEN our young friends use their taste, and skill, in what seems, on the surface of things, a sacred work,—the beautifying of God's sanctuary for a holy festival, do they ever consider that, whatever the theoretical aim may be, the practical result is, necessarily and distinctly, temptation? Temptation, moreover, in exact proportion to the taste and skill displayed! The experience of every honest conscience shows that when we, who naturally love all that is beautiful, enter a church beautifully decorated, the temptation to wandering eyes and thoughts is just in proportion to the exquisiteness and elaborateness of the decorations. We have come to seek Jesus, to find the Shepherd "by the footsteps of the flock"; we want to commune with Him, and we want Him to speak to our hearts; we want to be freshly and specially "looking unto Jesus" in all the meaning of that word, looking away from all else, looking unto Him. And at once our eye is caught by an elegant festoon, and a singularly effective twining of a pillar or picking out of a moulding, and a most charming device on the reading desk, and a novel arrangement of the panels of the pulpit. It is all lovely, much prettier than last year, the general effect is so good, and so on. And suddenly we remember what we came for, and we make a great effort to turn away our eyes and fix them on "Jesus only"; but somehow the electric chain has been severed, the other things have entered in; and when we again look up, to meet the smile of the "Prince of Peace," we find there has been "something between"; our eyes have involuntarily turned away from the "King in His beauty" to the passing prettiness of garland and wreath. What have we not lost? But simple texts of Scripture I see no objection to.

The dilemma for the decorators is, do they wish their work to be looked at and admired, or do they not? If not, why put it where it must attract the eye? But if they do, let them remember that the mind cannot be equally occupied with two things at the same time; and that the moments spent in admiring gaze on their graceful work cannot be spent in adoring gaze on the Lord of Christmas, the Altogether Lovely One.

But there is something to be said for "Christmas decorations," where they will lead to no wandering thoughts in worship. If our bright young decorators could but see the gleam, on suffering or aged faces, when "a bit of Christmas" reaches the lonely lives in a hospital or workhouse ward; if they would but listen to the echo from the Mount of Olives, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me"; surely they would gladly try to use their taste and energies for them, instead of the mere delectation, or even spiritual hindrance, of a fashionable congregation. It would be so easy; just a little bouquet of evergreens, for each poor bedside; just a little festoonery, for the bare walls; just a Christmas motto or two; they cannot tell, till they have seen for themselves, what an amount of pleasure they would give to those who have so little to cheer them! Will not some of our young friends do this little service for the Master's sake this next Christmas, each in his or her own locality? For London, they might communicate with the Hon. Secretary of the Flower Mission, 3, Clyde Street, S.W., or with the Secretary of the Mildmay Flower Mission, Deaconess House, Mildmay Park, N.; or the work might be done in the country workhouses and infirmaries, for, as a rule, far less is done to brighten them than the larger ones.

Where there is a will there is a way, and, as an old poet says, "love will find out the way." May the love of Christ constrain many, even in this, not to please themselves, but Him who came to seek and to save that which was lost.

F. R. H. (1875)

"CHRISTIAN PROGRESS" SCRIPTURE READING AND PRAYER UNION. UNITED BIBLE READING.

"WELL, Miss, as long as I *was* reading regular, I thought I might as well read what the others were reading," said a young man-servant, as his reason for joining the "Christian Progress Union."

"As well!" Yes, and much better. To begin with, we ought, every one of us, to be "reading regular." There is no doubt about that. How is any soul to "grow" on one meal a day, or on uncertain and occasional draughts of the "sincere milk of the word"? Regularly, not only as to constancy, but *as to system.* How much time is wasted in indecision, and wondering what to read next! How many are familiar only with their favourite parts of God's word, neglecting others almost entirely; thus overlooking many a royal commandment, and losing much of the royal bounty, and gaining no wide and balanced views, of the great field of His truth! How can we be "throughly furnished unto *all* good works," if we do not use God's means thereto, "*all* Scripture"?

And if we are, as every Christian ought to be, reading *both* parts of His word regularly every day, why not "read what others are reading"? Why should you read Galatians while others are reading Ephesians; Ephesians while they are in Philippians? Why not "keep rank" with all one's Christian friends, and thousands of fellow members, praying for the same light, the same teaching, day by day, for them and for ourselves? Why not lie down *together* in the green pastures, instead of scattering all about?

There are several arrangements for united reading, and membership of any will be more or less profitable. But some features of the "*Christian Progress Scripture Reading and Prayer Union*" seem to me to render it not only profitable, in a special degree, for ourselves, but peculiarly valuable, as an adjunct to our work among others.

Our members read one chapter every day in the Old Testament, going straight through; and a short evening reading in the New Testament, in consecutive portions, averaging about fifteen verses.

Personally, I believe each will find it a real help, and *not* a fetter or limit, to have these assigned portions. There is, or should be, plenty of time for any further Bible study, which may attract us. But this is a reminder to the young or unestablished Christian. It is a guard against desultoriness. It is a counteractive to one-sidedness, and a gentle guide into "the whole counsel of God." It forms a pleasant bond alike for the near and the distant. It is a connecting link for scattered families and severed friends. It is also an immense help to profitable intercourse. The mere fact of knowing that those around have certainly been reading the same chapters opens the way for questions or remarks, or mention of striking verses, which might not otherwise have been ventured on, and thus raises the tone of our household conversation. How few of us realize that we have to give account for our empty table-talk! Constantly, too, it will give easier opportunity for improvement of even a passing greeting, or enrichment of a quickly written note with a living gem of truth.

I would plead for the servants to be "partakers of the benefit." With a little kindly explanation, they are almost invariably pleased to join, and the practical benefit is perhaps even greater in the servants' hall than in the drawing-room. Children, too, if old enough to read for themselves, are important accessions. "It is so nice for our little boy and girl to join with us," said a Christian mother; "it may be the means of making them steady Bible-readers for life!" I am convinced that it would be a great blessing in schools. Many have already joined. In one young ladies' school about sixty of the pupils are members.

Most especially would I commend it to Christian workers. Those who have a settled charge will find that no amount of general exhortations, to read the Bible, will be so effectual as "Come, join with me!" This is immediate and definite, and will bring persons to a point. One lady, after joining herself, obtained some fifty members in about a week, from her two Bible-classes. Just try it! Join yourself, first; and then see if it is not a new power and blessing among those for whose souls you are labouring. Do not train them into bad ways by getting them to read only once a day. If you do that, you encourage the comfortable idea that they have done their duty very sufficiently by a chapter at night, while the whole

day has been Scriptureless. Aim higher at once, and you will strike higher. There is no power in half measures. It is one of the great benefits of this Union, that it is lifting such numbers out of their easy-going, once-a-day, reading, into a more excellent way.

I believe it will be found to be a most valuable parochial agent, and that members of any congregation will be strengthening the hands of their ministers, by bringing it before them in this light. *Very* much might be said on this aspect of the Union, which it would be stepping out of my province to enlarge upon. Perhaps no item of parochial machinery would be so fraught with real spiritual blessing as this noiselessly powerful one, wherever heartily and *thoroughly* introduced.

For those who have temporary opportunities of special work with souls, this Union is simply invaluable. It is just what we want to consolidate our work. It is our best legacy when leaving those to whom we have been privileged to be God's messengers of blessing. It is putting them on the rails; putting them in the way of further blessing; making the surest provision for their nourishment; giving them something which will be definite and perpetual help in the new path. It will be a delightful link, and a reminder to mutual prayer. It will help them to help each other, and give them something to do in trying to get others to join. Work for our young converts is often a difficulty, but this will give immediate opportunity both for confession of Christ and direct usefulness, and often lead to more.

Now, who will join us? You may do so by sending your full name and address (stating whether Rev., Mr., Esq., Mrs., or Miss, and inclosing a penny stamp) to the Rev. Ernest Boys, Bengeo, Hertford. You will receive in return a card of membership, a copy of the *Christian Progress Magazine*, and other papers containing full information respecting it. If you are not *quite* sure whether you would like it, send for the papers only, and try it for a month.

There need be no hesitation about joining, on the idea of its being a sort of irrevocable promise. You can cease to be a member any day, by *returning your card of membership*. If you forget a reading, you have not broken a vow, but missed a privilege. Those who cannot read for themselves can have the portions read to them; one of our heartiest members is "no scholar," but his little daughter reads to him.

If you shrink a little from laying aside some favourite plan, or *want* of plan, of your own, will you not remember that "none of us liveth to himself"? If you join for the sake of being in a better position to lead and lift others into the benefits of regular reading, you surely will not feel it any sacrifice! Rather you will find, as many of us thankfully acknowledge, that it is a decided personal benefit to ourselves.

"*Christian Progress*," the Organ of the Union, is well described as a "Magazine of help and encouragement in Christian life, testimony, and work." "Its aim," says the Editor, "is to encourage believers in the Lord Jesus Christ in their daily walk amidst the realities of life." Members can send questions relating to practical Christian life and work, or to the interpretation of Holy Scriptures; also special requests for prayer, which are inserted monthly. The Magazine contains tables of the readings and special notices to members.

In conclusion, let me say to every one of my friends, known and unknown, "Come *thou* with us, and we will do thee good!"

F. R. H.

ADDRESS TO YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, AT PLYMOUTH, *September* 1878.

"ALL THINGS."

EVERY year, I might almost say every day that I live, I seem to see more clearly how all the rest and gladness and power of our Christian life hinges on one thing; and that is,—taking God at His word, believing that He really means exactly what He says, and accepting the very words in which He reveals His goodness and grace, without substituting others or altering the precise moods and tenses which He has seen fit to use. Now scarcely any word is so often altered by His dear children, (let alone outsiders,) as the word "all." Satan can't bear it. He always meets it with a "Yea, hath God said *all?*" It is surprising what a number of substi-

tutionary words he has ready to suggest—"some," "a few," "certain things," and perhaps his favourite is "all—except." Now to whom shall we listen to-day, as we think over a few of the passages where God says "All things"? Will you listen to His word, or will you accept the devil's "all—except"? This is what I want this afternoon,—that we should every one of us simply take God's words about "all things," and my prayer is that the Holy Spirit may apply at least some *one* of the passages to *every* heart, and let it ring on a powerful chime of encouragement or comfort as may be needed, through many days to come. I don't think it very much matters what I say about the texts, they themselves are the message.

In seeking out what God has said about "all things," the texts found seem to group themselves into four sets.

I. All things are of God.

II. All things are by Jesus Christ.

III. All things are for your sakes.

IV. All things are yours.

I. "All things are *of God.*" (2 Cor. v. 18.) Here we seem to have a grand foundation laid in the past, and a most beautiful and perfect daily building upon it in the present.

1. Look back for a moment at the foundation, it is very strengthening to do so. Recollect how the great plan of our salvation, yours and mine, was "of God." The great promise of eternal life was "of God," given by Him before the world began, when we were not there to receive it, and therefore given to Jesus to hold for us. Search out, (from memory, or with concordance,) what God did for us before the foundation of the world, how He chose us in Christ, wrote our names in the Lamb's book of life, provided our redemption, and prepared the kingdom for us—think of all this being "of God," and seal it with the words "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything taken from it" (Eccles. iii. 14). What He hath done cannot be reversed, what is of Him cannot come to naught. Now just let us take the strong consolation of this. For this is the foundation of Christ's promise, "My sheep shall never perish,"—for "salvation is of the Lord" (Jonah ii. 9).

2. But many of us have learnt the blessedness of seeing that all

this is "of God," who do not quite take the comfort of the daily building upon it.

Now here comes in the splendid fact of the literality of "all things," with no added "except." For see Rom. xi. 36, John xvii. 7, 1 Chron. xxix. 14. Just look at it! Positively "all things!" All that surrounds our lives and position, all that affects our work, our health, all that moulds our characters, *all* that is, and all that comes to His children, is "of God" and cometh "of God" to us. Of course the objection arises,—But what of things which really don't seem to be "of God" at all? Some one has beautifully said that though a wrong or injurious word or action may not be God's will for the person who says or does it, by the time it reaches me it is God's will for *me*, and is "of God" to me. Take as instances 1 Kings xii.; it seemed a sad and distressing thing that Rehoboam should so act as to divide the kingdom, but God says "this thing is from Me." He had His own purposes to fulfil by it. Then Gen. xlv. 8, and l. 20. Don't you think it would have been terribly hard for you, if you had been Joseph's sister, to believe beforehand that his being sold was "of God"? Yet, when God has once for all told us that "all things are of Him," why should we not believe at once, instead of feeling all the misery of first doubting and then being ever so sorry that we did doubt, when after a while we see that it was of God! Now to be practical: just use this thought. The very next time something turns up which seems all wrong and disappointing, say "all things are of God," therefore this thing is "of God." Of Whom? God, the *Father*, —of whom are all things (1 Cor. viii. 6). Some of us know the force of that word by possession, and some by loss. The Father that pitieth, knoweth, careth for you, loveth you—the God whom Jesus called "My Father and your Father!" He knows the sorrows, the way that you take, the works (for He hath prepared them for us, and has wrought them in us); He knows *all things*, and all these things are "of Him." Now if there were no more, is it not enough that "all things are *of God!*"

II. But *how* are all things of God? We can't grasp a mere passive being, we crave a personal agent. Here it is. "One Lord Jesus Christ, *by whom* are all things" (1 Cor. viii. 6, Heb. ii. 10). The Father has appointed and exalted Him to this. Did

you ever think of the immense comfort it is to know that God has given Him to be (1) Head over all things to His church, that it is to you and me,—the things that we can't manage, can't bring about, can't control,—the persons or circumstances, which seem altogether beyond our reach to bend, Jesus is over them all, *given* to us to be not only *our* Head, but Head over all things! What rest it is to know this! Then all things are put under His (2) *feet*. No matter that we *see* not yet "Thou *hast* put," the two can't be separated: Satan is under His feet with a bruised head; the world is under His feet (wonderful footstool that!); and we, if in Christ, joined to Him, must have all these things under our feet too. Then God has given all things into His (3) *hand* (John iii. 35). Jesus knows it, He knew it even before He went forth to the great conflict (John xiii. 3). All His *saints* are in Thy hand (Deut. xxxiii. 3), our *works* (Eccles. ix. 1), and our *times* (Ps. xxxi. 15).

Now with *our* Lord Jesus Christ given to be Head over all things, having all things put under His feet, and all things given into His hand, what in the world have we to fear! Somebody met this the other day with "nothing, except myself!" And God meets this "except" with another "all things." He tells us of the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, being able to subdue *all things* unto Himself. Then He must be able to subdue myself unto Himself. "But I don't find that He has done so!" And why not? "Because of your unbelief." As God has appointed faith as the means and the measure of our reception of His promises, is it any wonder that, when we don't, and won't, and don't even *want* to, believe a given promise, we don't find it fulfilled? Of course not! Here we have come to a most practical and closely touching test of taking God at His word. I put it to you, dear friends, *solemnly*. God says Jesus is able to subdue *all things* unto Himself. At this moment the devil is whispering at the hearts of some of you,—"Yes, hath God said *all* things? it only means able to subdue all things *except*." And some of you are adding to the word, and saying,—Yes, except my will, or except my wandering thoughts, or except my sinful nature, or except my forgetfulness, or something! Face it! Which is it to be? God says "all things." Satan says "*all things except*." Believing God's bare word, no matter how unlikely it seems, you

shall find strength, freedom, yes, such a blessing as only He can give. Believing Satan, you shall just go on without all this, you shall go on doubting His power, and calling your doubt humility; and more than this, you shall go on sinning against God, the great monster sin of unbelief. It is no light thing to come face to face with any one of God's promises, and to turn away from it with a devil-breathed "Except."

Shall I go on now to think of what Jesus actually is doing? The great covenant is ordered in all things by God, but the agent of that covenant is Jesus Christ. As He has already fulfilled its conditions, so He is now carrying out its provisions. God is supplying all our need by Jesus Christ, just as much as He created all things by Him. And as Jesus is now upholding all by the word of His power, so He is upholding us from moment to moment. Must be! for unless we were annihilated we must be among the "all things." But still He loves to be inquired of, and so we pray (Ps. cxix. 116) "Uphold me according to Thy word," and "hold Thou me up," and how do you sometimes finish it up? "Hold Thou me up, and I know I shall fall to-day, notwithstanding!" Have you not had *that* ending pretty often in your hearts? Only you did not put it in so many words. Now trust that glorious Arm, trust that mighty Hand, that *pierced* Hand, and say, looking up to Jesus, "and I *shall* be safe!" Leaning on that Arm, letting ourselves rest in the hollow of that Hand, we shall be at leisure, so to speak, to look around, and watch the goings of our King, and to see the wonderful things He is doing in the world, in His church, in our lives, and I am not afraid to add, even in our hearts. Then, inevitably, we shall burst out into praise, and say "He hath done all things well" (Mark vii. 37), while we wonder every one at *all things* which Jesus does (Luke ix. 43).

This leads us to what seems to me the central thought and greatest passage of all, Col. i. 16–18. Here we see God's great object in doing all things by Jesus Christ, "that in all things He might have the preeminence." Now it is very easy to concede this as a grand general truth, and to see how it applies to creation, providence, and redemption. But remember that "all things" includes every little detail of our lives and service. Has Jesus Christ really

and truly the preeminence in all things here? The word implies coming first and being first. Does He really come first in our plans? I don't mean ultimately and nominally; but, oh, you know the difference! is Jesus just really the first thought, the first consideration? Especially in routine work, things that come round every week, has He this *real* coming *first*? In our homes has *He* the preeminence? are they really ordered not merely as if Jesus were the chief guest, but ordered so because He *is* the chief and always abiding Guest? Has He the preeminence always? Has He now, at this very moment? Is Jesus, our own dear Lord, really preeminent? Did you come to meet Him? Are you looking for *His* message only? That in all things *He*! *Himself*! Who else is worthy? It is His right. Once touch on His name, and one has no words. One wants so very much that He should have it. He whom we *do* love, He who so loves us. Well, *has* He? Some, thing or some one must have it, must come first. If He doesn't come first, something else does, and that won't do! No matter how dear a cause may be, that must not have it. There is wrong done to our Master if any cause, any denominational interest, any personal feeling, any prejudice, has for even one single five minutes the preeminence in our consideration or motive. Go deeper still, what if self has the preeminence! One almost writhes with shame that it should ever be so; yet probably many hearts go with mine in bitter self accusation that it has been so. Just to think that whenever either self or anything else comes first, Jesus does *not*, and we are at that moment in actual, even if unconscious or rather unrecognised, rebellion against God's great purpose that His dear Son should have the preeminence! Why, it is actually the sin of the fallen angels! And perhaps we have never seen it to be sin at all! Now let us bring it to the fountain opened, and now let us entreat Him so entirely to reign over us and in us, that henceforth in *all* things He may really have the preeminence!

III. "All things are for your sakes" (2 Cor. iv. 15). Connect this with Prov. xvi. 4, "the Lord hath made all things for Himself," and we get a wonderful view of the love of God and unity of interest with Him. Another parallel pair is Rom. viii. 28 with Eph. i. 11. No wonder that all things work together for good when He worketh all things after the counsel of His will! For the will is the very

centre point of conscious being; and as the nature is, so is the will. Now if God's nature is revealed to be Love, His will must be all love too. So when we are told that He worketh all things after the counsel of His will, that is the same as saying He worketh according to His love,—"the great love wherewith He loveth us."

Can love work willingly anything but good to its object? So, too, if He has made all things for Himself, love is the link which leads to the more wonderful declaration, "all things are for your sakes." Look out on creation,—stars by night, all that light reveals by day, —not only that your Father made them all, but all for your sakes. Look at wonders of natural history, and science, some of us have keen enjoyment in these. Recollect not only that they are the wonderful works and laws and embodied thoughts of your Father, but all for your sakes. Look at the strange entangled mazes (as they seem to us, being the wrong side of the tapestry,) of His government of the world, His ways with man in history, His singular present overrulings and developings of things,—all for your sakes. Look nearer at the surroundings of our own lives, things great and small affecting us, all for your sakes. Again, are you prepared actually to believe this? Perhaps you can accept the great facts that God made the world and governs the world all for His children's sakes, and yet do not practically believe that the things quite close to you every day, *this* day, are all for your sakes. You don't like some of these things, yet they are for your sakes. They are so arranged as to turn out for the very *best* for you. We talk of killing two birds with one stone, and think it clever to manage it. Think of the incomprehensible wisdom which fits all things into your single life so that all shall work together for good, and then that these "all things" are also and at the same time fitted all round into the lives of all His children with which they come in contact. "Ordered in all things." Do you think you could improve upon this ordering? Would you like to have a try at it, just for yourself only, and just for one day? Ah, would you dare it? What a terrible mess we should make if He left us to it, or if He entrusted us to order a little bit of the lives of those dear ones about whom we are so trustless!

Well then, if you would not dare to take the reins, why not leave them where they are, in His own hand? Is it not *senseless*, when one comes to think of it, let alone wrong, to fidget and worry about

any one thing at all, when He says His covenant is ordered in *all* things and sure, and that all things are for your sakes? We do specially want to remember here that all things means all things, because when the things present are sorrowful, and faith-testing, and painful, and perplexing, we begin again with that dreadful word "except." Are some of us face to face with some of these things now? What shall we then say to these things? What have others said? Take three instances. Gen. xlii. 36: Jacob said, "All these things are against me." *Were* they? How tremendously he was mistaken! But he had not the clear promises we have. Hezekiah (Isa. xxxviii. 16) got a great deal farther. He said: "By these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." "These things" meant for him going down to the gates of the grave, and being well-nigh cut off with pining sickness. Yet that which was almost death to the body was life to the spirit. Have not some of us found it so? I have, and many others. I won't ask others to take our word about it, but I do ask them to take this inspired word about it, and to trust and not be afraid if such things come to you. It is worth suffering to prove it. But St. Paul got farther still (Rom. viii. 37): "In all these things we are more than conquerors," etc. *What* things? We can't write out quite such a serious list as he did of things which seem to be against us.

He not only makes all things work together for good, but does more: "performeth all things for me." And if we did but open our eyes and *notice*, we should see Him at work for us. Every day is full of miracles when the Holy Spirit really opens our eyes to see God working them, and I often think it is the very little things which most magnify His lovingkindness. We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful and grateful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit, and how wonderfully they come out! We see these little things in their true greatness, and in the beauty of their fitness as parts of His own perfect plan of our lives, which He is working out for us hour by hour. Don't wait for to-morrow; take this day, the morning hours past, the evening ones to come; and apply this microscope, and see if you don't find you are walking in the midst of miracles of love, and that all things are for your sakes.

IV. But there is a step beyond even this: "All things are yours." Here it seems as if we want increase of faith, not only as to willingness and energy, but as to actual capacity to take it in. It seems more than we can *grasp*, we are narrow-necked bottles set under a very Niagara of grace and blessing. One really can only look at what He says about it, and bow one's head and say, "what *shall* I render?" And the only true answer is, "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord" (Ps. cxvi. 13). What does He say? (Prov. xxviii. 10.) "The upright shall have good things *in possession*," not in possibility or even in promise. Then we find one bearing witness to it and saying 2 Cor. vi. 10; then we have it in parable (Luke xv. 31); then explicitly and in detail (2 Pet. i. 3); then we hear of some one who had claimed and received it (1 Cor. i. 5); then we find the splendid proof that God means what He says about it (Rom. viii. 32); then we have it set forth so positively that there is no room left, it would seem, for any Satanic "except" (2 Cor. ix. 8); and then it is summed up in these grand words which we are now looking at (1 Cor. iii. 21). *Can* you take that in? See what God has given you! Have you ever *really* said "thank you" for it? Oh give unto God the glory *due* unto His name, and may He give us "that due sense of all His mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful." If He has given us all things, have we any business to live as spiritual paupers? Half the reason why we don't praise Him as we ought is because we don't really believe what great things He has given us. Oh "*consider* what great things He hath done for you" (1 Sam. xii. 24). Let us ask Him for much more of His Holy Spirit, that we may know the things that are freely given to us of God (1 Cor. ii. 12). And then, in proportion as we know these things, and most of all, in proportion as we know God's greatest gift, Jesus Himself, we shall say, "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord" (Phil. iii. 8).

"All things are yours." "Perhaps so," says Satan, "but that means only spiritual things, and has nothing to do with these temporal things which are pressing you!" Is *this* the special trouble of any here? Money matters do come awkward sometimes!

Again we are met with an "all things": "seek ye first the king-

dom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Matt. vi. 33). All *these* things, food and clothing, etc. No doubt some of us could bear witness to how really *curiously* God has fulfilled this, adding to the first sought grace of His kingdom just the thing that we didn't quite see our way to, as to some needed supply of dress, change of air, or other of "these things." Why should one ever have an anxious thought in this direction, when He has downright forbidden it on the one hand, "take no thought," etc., and when He so tenderly says "your Father knoweth," on the other!

Great gifts and privileges are always linked with duties and precepts, so we will just glance at a few. Here are our marching orders.

All things are of God; therefore, "let all your things be done with charity" (1 Cor. xvi. 14); and also, "all things without murmurings," etc. (Phil. ii. 14.) "All things are by Jesus Christ;" therefore, let us seek to "adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things" (Tit. ii. 10); "in all things showing thyself a pattern of good works" (ver. 7). All things are for your sakes, and all things are yours; therefore, let us be "giving thanks always for all things" (Eph. v. 20). Thus we shall "grow up into Him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ" (Eph. iv. 15); "being obedient in all things" (2 Cor. ii. 9). Then we may tell Him all things (Mark vi. 30), and rest in His omniscience and omnipotence, for "all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do" (Heb. iv. 13), and with Him "all things are possible" (Matt. xix. 26).

My wish for you is that in your hearts and homes, service and rest, God "in all things" may be glorified through Jesus Christ.

F. R. H.

WORDS ABOUT WORK.*

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1879.

AMONG the multitude of our thoughts within us, at the solemn passing from the year for ever closed into the veiled and trackless paths of the New Year, our work, past and future, is, most likely, very prominent. Perhaps the very first thing all the true workers will be telling the patient Master, about their work, is what one of the most Christ-like workers I ever heard of said to me the other day: "It all wants forgiving." For conscience responds to the truth of His declaration, "Neither shall they cover themselves with their own works." One flash of the Spirit's light is enough to show us how true that is, and how really and truly we have been unprofitable servants. Yes, forgiveness for all our sins comes *first*, failures and successes alike all needing the sprinkled blood.

What does the next flash, or even the same flash, show? Not a promise merely, but a declaration of one of God's grand facts: "Thou hast forgiven Thy people from Egypt even until now." All along, ever since He brought us out of the house of bondage, that we might be His own happy servants, even until now, this very New Year's day, He *has* forgiven; yes, "even until now," this very minute. And so we start out upon the New Year, forgiven; our work begins again, "*forgiven*."

What about all this forgiven work? What has become of it? Where is it? "Surely my judgment is with the Lord, and *my work with my God*." That is where it is, yours and mine: poor, feeble, failing, forgiveness-needing, passing and past, though it be; not done with, and on the way to being forgotten; not even stored away in the archives of eternity; safer, more honoured than that, it is with our God, and "surely" so. Do not you think that what is with Him is in sufficiently safe keeping? Is it not enough that the glory of the Lord is thus our reward in our work? Well may Paul say that "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love," when it is all, just where we ourselves are, in the safe keep-

* From *Word and Work* Magazine.

ing of His own hand. For "the righteous, and the wise, and their works, are in the hand of God." Works past, as well as works present and future, are *there*.

Then as to the work before us. There really is nothing but encouragement in His word for His workers: not a precept without a corresponding promise; not an allusion to difficulties without ten times as many clear corresponding notes of hope and help. And, of course, what He promises He not only means, but actually does fulfil to His faithful ones.

Let us just think for a few minutes, for our comfort, what He *does* say. "Work; for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts." That alone is the grandest, sweetest, richest "guerdon" here that any loving heart can ask. "*With* you"; not merely looking down out of the sky at you struggling in your work, but by your very side, closer than the nearest colleague, holding you by the hand, whispering words of strange power for you to use, and words of still stranger power for your own heart only, calming, and strengthening, and gladdening it; so that if you are "men wondered at" by others, you are a great deal more wondered at by yourself. You are so "marvellously helped," that you "never would have thought it!" No, of course not; but, you see, His thoughts towards you in your work were much better than yours, and you can say:

> "And now I find Thy promise true,
> Of perfect peace and rest;
> I cannot sigh—I can but sing
> While leaning on Thy breast,
> And leaving everything to Thee
> Whose ways are always best."

Some of us know what it is to be miserably afraid of making mistakes in our work. How graciously He meets this with "I will direct their work in truth." If we could see under the surface, surely we should see that no mistakes are made when we are *really* trusting this word. Asking without trusting, *i.e.* not "in faith," or asking as a sort of experiment upon the promise, or taking it for granted in a general way that God is directing us, or going ahead in our particular line without constant uplooking, with the unacknowledged idea that, because we were directed yesterday, things will come all right to-day: all this is not the simple, implicit, and

continual waiting of our eyes upon the Lord our God, which meets the constant guidance of His eye. But watching daily, and trusting simply, this promise will no more fail than any other. And this, too, is ordained in the hand of a Mediator. He who appeared to Saul and said, "It shall be told thee what thou must do," but delegated to none the showing how great things he must suffer, seems to be foreshadowed by Moses, who was not only to bring the causes of the people to God, but to "show them the work that they must do." So will our Lord Jesus Christ Himself show us the work that we must do day by day. And when we look onward, perhaps a little wearily, down the long vista of a busy year, and say, "Neither is this a work of one day or two," He answers, with quick understanding of our thoughts, "Lo, I am with you *all the days*." So, like Asaph and his brethren, we may go on "ministering *before the Ark* (*i.e.*, in the special and immediate presence of our Lord) continually, as every day's work required."

Again, in the interests of the bright side and true side of "His guerdon here," glance at the typical contrast between the labour in the house of bondage, making bricks in full tale without any straw given or provided, and the splendid supply of materials for "the work of the service of the sanctuary." "For the stuff they had was sufficient for all the work to make it, and too much!" Was not this written for our learning, dear fellow workers? We may have no "stuff" at all, to our thinking; we may be saying, "Have I now any power at all to say *anything*?" But just as these costly and fitting materials were brought to Bezaleel and Aholiab "every morning," so regularly and abundantly shall the "stuff" be supplied to "every one whose heart stirred him up to come unto the work to do it." For it is written, "My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ." Surely that measure of pledged supply is "sufficient and too much." And, again, we see the hand of the Mediator, for this magnificent supply is given "by Christ Jesus," God's great Almoner.

Now for another promise, which certainly does not look like that wretched linking of "labour" with "many a sorrow," and "many a tear," of which so many seem to have a dread. But God says, "Mine elect shall long *enjoy* the work of their hands." Quite

fearlessly I appeal to you to bear witness if God is not true to His word! And I would challenge the world to produce a band of men and women who "enjoy" their work as we enjoy ours! Just let the faces of the workers at any gathering bear unconscious witness whether they enjoy their work, or not. Look at them as they come away, tired, but happy and thankful! I don't think the fagged home goers from any ballroom would witness in the same way to real, downright enjoyment of *their* work, "pleasure" though they choose to call it. Or compare the faces that leave the Stock Exchange, or a political meeting, or any place where they have been simply doing their own work. Yes, there are plenty of troubles, and delays, and failures, and headaches, and much weariness, too, I know all about that; but nevertheless, when His elect are truly doing His work, sowing His seed, and reaping His precious sheaves, they enjoy that work, as He says they *shall*. And they shall *long* enjoy it, too; other enjoyments pass away in passing, but this only passes on to eternal fruition of enjoyment. No wonder if work that *abides* shall be *long* enjoyed.

When the Lord says to us, "Prepare thy work," we have the comfort of recollecting that He has prepared our works for us (Eph. ii. 10, marg.). Why not take the comfort of this as to any untried work which we may be "called unto"? That sphere did not make itself, neither did man form it into just what it is at his own will; it was God who prepared it for the worker whom He intended for it; and if there is sufficient evidence that you are called to it, then you may rest assured that He "prepared" it and "ordained" it for you. Do not let us dwell *only* on our side of the preparation; but let us recollect that He who prepares the workers prepares the works too, and prepares them for us to walk in, *i.e.*, just to go on *step by step*; for that is "walking." Then, for our own side, let us recollect, "Thou also hast wrought all our works in us"; or, as the very striking margin has it, "for us." So we see that He has wrought in us, and for us, every bit of work we have ever succeeded in doing as yet; therefore to Him be all the glory! And, no less evidently, it will be He Himself who will work in us and for us every single bit that we shall yet do; therefore in Him be all our trust! And yet (oh, wonderful condescension!), though it is all His own doing from beginning to end, "your work shall be rewarded." "Every

man" (just think; every one of us poor workers!) "shall receive his own reward," not a general premium all round. And this, too, by the hand of our Mediator. Knowing that *of the Lord* ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance, for ye serve the "Lord Christ."

May we, for, and in, and all through, the coming year, be so many individual illustrations of St. Paul's sevenfold desire for his converts as to "every good work."

May we—

1. Be "*prepared* unto every good work."
2. "Be *ready* to every good work."
3. Be "*throughly furnished* unto all good works."
4. "*Abound* in every good work."
5. "Being *fruitful* in every good work."
6. Be *stablished* "in every good word and work."
7. Be made "*perfect* in every good work."

F. R. H.

MOTTOES FOR OPEN AIR MISSION WORKERS.

THE *Open-Air Mission Magazine* introduces the verses written by my dear sister with the following words.

MEMBERS' MOTTOES.

FOR the past six years the members of the Mission have had fellowship with each other by a printed motto, selected by the Committee. Miss Frances Ridley Havergal has woven these texts into verse. In sending them, with 6000 of her leaflets, for distribution by the Mission, she says: "I do think yours is such *brave* work for Jesus. May I pass on to you a text I never noticed till this morning? 'My glory was fresh in me, and my bow was renewed in my hand' (Job xxix. 20), taken with 'Christ in you, the hope of glory' (Col. i. 27), and 'His bow abode in strength' (Gen. xlix. 24). May your glory thus be fresh in you, and your bow renewed in your

hand." This gifted Christian sister went to her rest with God on June 3rd, 1879, aged 42.

1874. "OCCUPY TILL I COME." *Luke* xix. 13.

"Occupy till I return!"
Let us, Lord, this lesson learn;
May our every moment be
Faithfully filled up for Thee.

1875. "BE NOT FAR FROM ME." *Psalm* xxii. 11.

"Be not far from me," we pray;
"I am with thee all the day;"
This Thy answer, strong and clear,
Master, Thou art *always* near.

1876. "HE IS FAITHFUL THAT PROMISED." *Heb.* x. 23.

Thou art faithful! Praise Thy name,
Thou art evermore the same;
Thou hast promised! Oh how blest
On Thy royal word to rest.

1877. "HE THAT WINNETH SOULS IS WISE." *Prov.* xi. 30.

"He that winneth souls is wise"
In the Master's gracious eyes;
Well may we contented be
To be counted fools for Thee.

1878. "REDEEMING THE TIME." *Col.* iv. 5.

So may we redeem the time,
That with every evening chime
Our rejoicing hearts may see
Blood-bought souls brought back to Thee.

1879. "LAY UP HIS WORDS IN THINE HEART." *Job* xxii. 22.

Let us, by Thy Spirit stirred,
In our hearts lay up Thy word.
Daily, Lord, increase our store,
Fill our treasures more and more.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

EXCERPTS: ON MUSIC, ETC.

To me the overture to the Lobgesang is a *vision of Christian life*, with its own peculiar struggles and sorrows as well as joys. It is the sixth, seventh, and eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans in essence. The mingling of twilight yearnings, ever pressing *onward*, with calm and trustful praise, ever pressing *upward*, is an almost unbearably true echo of the heart, especially in the $\frac{6}{8}$ Allegretto agitato; then the Andante religioso is the still, mellow glow of "light at eventide," to which one looks forward; then I go just one step farther, and find a fore-echo of the eternal song in the burst of *vocal* praise, after the long tension of the voiceless overture.

On no form of "The Beautiful" is "passing away" *so engraven* as on music; I have felt this with painful vividness. In "passing away" lies its very *essence*, not merely its *accidents*. The most exquisite passage, if lingered on, loses its very existence as well as beauty; the time, the motion, is the life, the actual notes only a dead letter without it; while to *hold* it is simply an inherent impossibility.

Is not the tendency of the human voice to fall from the true pitch, one of the results of "*the* Fall"? Adam and Eve must have sung in tune, like the birds. How wonderful it is, that the birds not only sing their own songs in tune, but all the songs always seem in tune with each other, except the cuckoo, when passing from his major third in May to his minor third (or even second) in June!

May not one apply this to the dissonances within, that stun and bewilder and weary us, and believe that if we are indeed God's chosen praise-harps, all that is not as yet *tune* is but the *tuning*, which is *not* in itself beautiful.

Next after prayer, nothing is so healing and calming as pouring out oneself in music. Not in singing; there, one is limited by words, but playing, it restores the balance marvellously. Conventionality would forbid this "antidote of medicated music" in *some* sorrows, but in *such* one can have the outlet of words and the balm of human sympathy; music seems an especial medicine, for all things in which this is not to be had, or could not be sought.

Gregorians are to me only curious and interesting, like dried plants or fossils, not living and lovely.

Of the chorus "And the glory of the Lord" (Handel's "Messiah") I shall never forget the impression of its first bars at the Birmingham Festival, 1867; it gave such a sense of clear *sunny* grandeur, massive open-browed stateliness, and fearless, glorious, overwhelmingness; a musical expression of one's ideal personification of *TRUTH*, majestically going forth conquering and to conquer.

Beethoven's 95th Psalm is a grandly jubilant thing, with contrasts of sternness and melancholy.

I believe that everything earthly contains analogies of the heavenly, but that we have not yet the key to *all* the golden ciphers; and it may be that our yet "unpurgèd vision" is not capable of reading them, beyond a certain point. This too, all *designedly*, is the material fitted and planned to reflect the spiritual.

Rubens' sacred paintings impress one with his wonderful *art*, Vandyke's with the reverent love he betrays for the subject itself.

Poetry is a *second translation* of the soul's feeling; it must be rendered into thought, and thought must change its nebulous robe of semi-wording into definite language, before it reaches another heart. *Music* is a *first* translation of feeling, needing no second, but entering the heart direct.

Music seems the only universal language understood by men of every tongue and age, and by the angels too. It is an alphabet of the language of heaven, not any more equal to it than an A B C book is to Milton. Why should such a mysteriously subtle and unaccountable gratification have been provided for us? Verily He is Love!

The magnificent massive choruses in the "Israel in Egypt" need a gigantic orchestra to give scope for their great swing of grandeur. The mighty flinging of sound from side to side, in some of the double choruses, is what might be carried out if Handel had Salisbury Plain for his concert room, cannon for his basses, an army for his tenors, and angelic legions for his sopranos.

As to the "infinite suggestiveness" of music, the "Israel in Egypt" choruses exemplify this to a marvellous degree; so does "Let their celestial concerts" with its *blaze* of light; so does Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

A hush comes over one at the very thought of one so loved being on the very threshold of eternal rest and joy, so near Christ's own immediate presence. It is as if the veil were growing half transparent, which hangs between life and its dreams, eternal life and its realities.

The shadow of orphanhood has now fallen upon you; and therefore His blessed name of Father acquires depth and reality; "doubtless Thou art our Father." Some day, when we are where they reckon not by days and years, He will tell you *why* He has tried you, and let you look back on your life story and see the golden thread of His fatherly love and care shining over and around it all, —not as it is now, winding in and out, and only seen by glimpses.

"Faithful and True." What a keystone to the grand bridge which His promises have made for us, over the abyss of despair and misery! Faithful as regards us; True, essentially and inherently.

Experience of life is a great commentary on the Bible, and a sort of realization of it. At first, the Bible is a detailed map, which we study and admire; but on the road we find the very same things noticed, but not realized, in one's map. Many of the hills and valleys I read of (and *only* read of), in the Psalms, seem to have come across my own journey of late. It has been so to-day with Isaiah xxvi. 3, which is rather like sitting under the shadow of a great rock, which was marked in one's map, but was not in sight a few days ago.

"I have given them Thy word": John xvii. To me this has been a golden key to many other texts, or a sort of seal upon them; the Father's word and the Saviour's gift. Apply this first to *the* "word of reconciliation," the Father's message of salvation through Christ. Then to the whole Bible; it makes it ten times dearer, and it seems our claim to appropriate every sweet promise.

A "LINE LEFT OUT."

SINCE compiling the Memorials of my dear sister, I have discovered this little note among our dear father's papers. It is a "line left out," showing the generosity of my sister's character, her delight in giving away most unselfishly, long before the true impulse of "full and glad surrender" balanced all her gifts.

Frances had just received her first cheque from Messrs. Strahan for contributions to *Good Words*, and she writes to her mother in 1863:

The cheque is so much larger than I expected, £10 17*s.* 6*d.* Now will you please give £10 of this to my precious papa for anything he would like to employ it on; either keep it for church alterations, or if any more immediate and pressing object, I would rather he used it for that; I should be so delighted to be able for once to further any little object which he may desire. I should be glad if you would send 10*s.* to J. H. E. for the Scripture Readers' collection, and the 7*s.* 6*d.* to keep for any similar emergency.

We add the following, found among Frances' papers.

MY dear little Fan can hardly think how much her poor papa loves her, thinks about her, and prays for her. Yes, he does.

Thank you, dear child, for remembering me; I will keep all your love, but not the cheque. Our God send you His sweetest and choicest blessings.

W. H. H.

LETTERS, ETC.

(*To M. V. G. Havergal.*)

PERRY VILLA, *January* 5, 1880.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—

I cannot refuse your natural desire for a few particulars concerning your beloved sister's work in connection with the Hymnal, "Songs of Grace and Glory."* In June, 1870, she came to reside with us at Perry Villa, and to render her valuable assistance in the joint editing of "Songs of Grace and Glory," sometimes composing hymns and sometimes tunes, and taking the warmest interest in the perfecting of that work, which forms the most comprehensive hymnal in the Church of England. It was a real happiness to be working together for Christ, and to have seen and known much of the hidden history of her life, and traced those deep springs from whence welled forth her glorious productions in poetry, prose, and music. It pleased God to bless our friendship, and to make use of the preaching of the full gospel to instruct and refresh her soul. New light dawned in upon her; until, at length, a full and blessed assurance of her present and everlasting salvation in Christ Jesus irradiated her whole being. The former intense longings—"Oh that I could enjoy that sweet sense of pardon and the happiness you have in Christ," were, at length, most fully realized! She had passed through deep waters, and the fiery ordeal had purged the dross and purified the gold. Great and lasting changes now took place; richer and fuller views of Christ, clearer discernment in the deep mysteries of the covenant of grace, doctrinal truths more accurately learned and more firmly grasped. "Full assurance of faith" was reached, Christ became daily more precious, joy in the Lord abounded, faith and hope and love grew exceedingly.

Your late beloved father, Canon Havergal, had previously shown a warm and genial interest in arranging for the supply of tunes to meet the requirements of "Songs of Grace and Glory." Indeed,

* Referred to on page 103 and elsewhere.

the last of his own beautiful compositions was written expressly for this volume, only a few days before his sudden removal. It is a fine tune, and I have since, by permission, named it "Havergal."

Visiting his late residence, "Pyrmont Villa," after his death, a curious kind of instinct seemed to impress my mind with the firm persuasion that his youngest daughter could supply his place, and carry on the work as musical editor. After events fully verified all this, and showed the father's mantle had fallen with double blessing upon his child. It was at this period she came over to reside with us, and from time to time, as required, she was guided and enabled to write her most beautiful tunes and hymns. She would frequently remark: "It is only *as*, and *when*, God sees fit to give me a hymn, that I can ever write one." In and through all, the Divine Spirit was sought, and most gratefully acknowledged, in answer to prayer.

We were now engaged upon one of the largest hymnals in the Church of England; restoring the hymns to their originals; discovering authors' names and dates; selecting texts and tunes; and arranging more than a thousand hymns under their proper themes and subjects. Some of this material I had been collecting during thirty years, desiring to represent every doctrine of Holy Scripture, every varying phase of the Christian life, and all the sacred seasons of the year.

In assisting me to carry out, through the press, this great work, we had many difficulties, but also many answers to prayer. On more occasions than one, when the proof sheets were waiting, and the next hymn, upon some important and difficult subject, had scarcely reached the high standard desired, we paused for prayer, and, spreading the matter before the Lord, asked for His Divine Spirit to guide her pen; and, ere a brief hour or so had passed away, the much needed guidance was vouchsafed, and a beautiful hymn produced, in well balanced rhyme and rhythm, and sweetly flowing verse.

The history connected with many of our hymns would form an instructive volume, indicating the tidal wave in the Christian church, and depicting the ebb and flow of ripening experience and doctrine. So, with your sister, her exquisite compositions have their *special* history, while at the same time they mark the wondrous growth in faith and love and Scripture doctrine.

After many years' experience in the study of hymnology, I do not hesitate to affirm that the hymnal compositions of Frances Ridley Havergal must ever rank among the finest in the English language, and portray the fullest and ripest fruits of the Christian character. Further, upon the most difficult of all themes, "The Attributes of Deity," those written by her upon "The Infinity of God," and upon "The Eternity of God," have seldom been surpassed, if ever equalled.

Her Birthday and New Year hymns; her Consecration hymns; the popular Missionary hymn; the Second Advent hymn; the Sacramental hymns; the hymn of praise, "Worthy of all Adoration"; and such hymns as "O Saviour, precious Saviour," and "Our Saviour, our King," "Is it for me, dear Saviour?" and "From glory unto glory," and others of this same character, have laid the whole church of Christ under great obligations, by this volume. And we have been much cheered with many testimonies, from all parts, of the Divine blessing upon our work. "She being dead yet speaketh," and we thank God the last nine years of her eventful life manifested such ripening in knowledge and in grace, in extended usefulness, in entire consecration, in holy, happy, and honoured service for her Saviour and her King. So that, in all my ministerial experience of thirty years, I have never witnessed such growth and such marvellous progress, still less such talents, laid so humbly at the Master's feet, and so entirely consecrated to His glory!

I have just been looking over a number of interesting documents, comprising letters and manuscript originals of her beautiful tunes, as well as hymns, written about this time, all of which bear the same impress as that stated above.

Doubtless the joint editing of so many beautiful hymns and tunes exerted their happy influence, and brought a reflex blessing upon her own soul. The hymns themselves, expressive of the brightest hopes of the church of Christ, would naturally lift the mind from the regions of uncertainty and doubt to the higher atmosphere of communion and fellowship with God.

I remain, my dear Friend, yours faithfully in Christ Jesus,

CHARLES B. SNEPP.

(*From her friend* ELIZABETH CLAY.)

AMONG the most distinct recollections of my childhood is my first sight of dear F. R. H. On my return to school at Belmont, after the summer holidays, in 1850, I was taken into the large room, where all the teachers and pupils had just assembled for tea. Seated amongst a group of little ones, at the bottom of a long table, was a new pupil, with long golden curls falling around her head. Her appearance at once attracted me, for I remember that as I joined the party my thought was, "I should like her for my friend." Little did I imagine that before the close of that half-year a friendship would have commenced between us which resulted in the closest intimacy, uninterrupted until her entrance into glory twenty-eight and a half years afterwards. It was from the beginning based on an earnest desire to know and to follow the Saviour. During the first holidays we visited one another's homes, and had Bible reading and prayer together. For some years she had not the settled peace and joy in the Lord which were so characteristic of her after life; she seemed to seek in vain for any assurance of salvation. In later years her impression was that her trying and painful early experience was permitted, partly, that it might be evident that her after joy had nothing to do with her naturally happy buoyant temperament.

One night in March, 1859, when we were sharing the same room, after rising from prayer, she told me that the words we had read together earlier in the evening about the woman in Mark v. 27, who "came in the press behind" and touched Jesus, had brought comfort to her heart, and that she could now trust that He would not turn her away either. This bright gleam of light never passed away, but gradually increased and brightened, shining "more and more unto the perfect day." She always seemed fully to act up to the light given her, and thus, doubtless, it was that some who started with her, or before her, found themselves left behind as she pressed on in the upward path. Her poetical power impressed me even in childhood. I well remember one summer evening walk we took together when she was visiting us in the summer of 1851, and her rapidly composing some sweet lines on the lovely sunset and surrounding scene.

Letter from Miss Ada Leigh.

77, Avenue Wagram, Paris, *June* 1879.

It is five years ago since I met F. R. H. at the Mildmay Conference: our first and last meeting face to face, yet not in spirit, for the words she wrote were treasured, falling with the dew of loving sympathy, pure and fresh, because God-given after the toil and heat of a weary day. . . . Just after the first meeting at Mildmay for our Paris Homes, when I was feeling the chill which creeps over one after a great effort, and in my weakness fearing that it had all been a failure, F. R. H. came, threw her arms round my neck, her eyes filled with tears, and offered me a handful of her jewellery for my work; as she expressed it, "such as I have to give."

The next day, after partaking of the Holy Communion in St. Jude's Church, the last day of the Conference, 1874, we met again. The rain was descending in torrents, making one yearn for showers of blessings on souls. I said I could cry aloud, in the burden and loneliness of my heart, for showers such as these. "Could you," she answered, stopping in the rain, and looking lovingly in my face, "could you? then be comforted, God will do great things for you." The solemn power and sympathy of her words have never been forgotten; and often, when the burden of souls has lain heavy, the path narrow, lonely, and rugged, the spirit weak and sore with fightings within and fears without, comes back the echo of those gentle words of one who well knew what heart dealing with the Master was, and His way of dealing with the hearts He would make all His own. "*Be comforted, God will do great things for you.*"

Letter to M. V. G. H. *from* "B. M.," *authoress of* "*Ezekiel*," "*Elijah*," *and other poems.*

September 24, 1879.

My dear Madam,—

It is indeed a pleasure to recall the few simple incidents of my intercourse with your beloved one, and to record them now for you. Our friendship was so sweet, so perfect, and, alas for me, so short,

that it seems almost now like a very lovely dream when one awaketh. But no dream, however bright, could have left such a light behind it.

The first communication which passed between us was her note, two years ago, asking permission to publish part of "One by One" with her own music. This note lies before me now, and is very characteristic of the writer. It begins formally, as to a total stranger, but her own loving spirit looks out in the closing words, "My heart is indeed with thy heart. Yours most cordially, Frances Ridley Havergal"; and the little postscript runs, "With the voice together shall they sing, for they shall see eye to eye."

My first sight of her was, as you know, last year, when she passed near our home by rail. I went to our station to meet a friend, who had travelled accidentally in the same carriage, and pointed me out to her as they drew up. There was a bustle that day at our little station, and the train was a long one; as it moved off I saw a bright face leaning out a good way down, and an eager hand kissed to me again and again, but I did not quite know till afterwards that it really was to me, for the bright face was that of a stranger, and there were many people standing about. It gives me a little pang still, to think that the sweet impulsive greeting was unreturned.

Soon after this we met, as you know; and then came the two happy days she spent with us. None of the time was lost in "making acquaintance"; we knew each the heart of the other, though only till then in cold print, and commenced on the level of that knowledge. We asked each other countless questions and compared many notes, as to how "things" occurred to us, how they changed and began to live and grow and take possession of us, and how finally they "got written." She said once or twice, "I have never had exactly this kind of intercourse with any one, how deliciously interesting it is." She told me that she almost always completed each "thing" that occurred to her, and was not haunted by hints and dreams of possible poems which never shaped themselves. Also, that she seldom felt a chill of disappointment with what she had written, but hoped for the best, knew she had done what she could with the material given her, and went on content to another bit of work. In this I felt that she took indeed at once, the lowliest

and the highest view of her vocation. She said, in one of these happy talks, "I am so glad you call Him 'the Master,' it was one of the first things that made me love what you wrote. Is it not a *dear* name?" We spoke of death, and she said, "I can't say I am exactly in a *hurry* to go, are you? We need not wish to be taken away in the midst of our days, for there is so much delightful work to do here, and in any case we shall have time,—eternity,—for the glory and the rest."

On one of her two evenings with us, she offered to have a Bible reading for our maid servants and a few others, which was much appreciated. The other evening she played and sang to us in the drawing-room, moving our hearts. In all she did one could see that the Master was always with her and her eyes unto Him, the "secret of His presence" had been revealed to her, and was the joy and rejoicing of her heart. An instance of this continual sense of His real presence rises before me. We had been talking of strange and dark events in the world, and I expressed an unguarded wonder that such things were permitted. Instantly I felt her hand on my arm, and she said quickly, "Dear, dear B. M., *don't!* He does not like to hear us say these things." It was just the hurried movement and word, with which one might recall to a friend the forgotten presence of a Third, yet done with solemnity as "touching the King."

In reference to the above, I should tell you that she *begged* to call me by my initials, which she said had been so long dear to her. She persuaded me at once to call her by her own sweet Christian name, and was so glad that I preferred Frances to Fanny.

Observing the little pillar post which stands in our hall, and on which the hour of despatch is printed, with "No delivery or despatch on Sunday," she said in her bright way, "Capital! that's as it should be." To our coachman's wife, touching her baby's cheek with a gentle hand, she said softly, "Is it not nice to think that He took up young children in His arms, laid His hands on them, and blessed them?" HE was in all her thoughts.

Her words when we parted lingered in my heart: "Oh, is it not sweet of the Master to give us such days as these? It is not merely 'all our *need*,' but delicious extra things too, such treats as this has been, He planned it all for us."

To us both, this had seemed the beginning of a long friendship. We spoke of future visits in the years to come, and of publishing songs together, and of other plans. But her time was at hand. Our brief friendship held only that one parting, which was to lead to no earthly meeting. One birthday (her's), one exchange of Christmas greetings, a few of her bright loving letters, and she was gone,—gone to the land that is gathering to itself, day by day, our best and loveliest.

Two days after her birthday she wrote: "How kind of you, darling friend, to recollect my day, and send me such a charming book.* I do like it so much. I want a long chat with you most sorely, but can't make time just now without confirming a growling headache. I have just been relieving my mind by writing a little poem 'The Key Found.'† I have been wishing for a long time to have a very direct shot at this dreary, misty, semi-unbelief, that some people pride themselves on. Oh, if they would but 'come and see' our Lord Jesus! Your ever loving Frances."

Her last letter, written so shortly before her death, is also before me now. "Dearest B. M. Thanks many for your dear note. . . I have no respite, I *must* make a little lull in life. Whilst most thankful for success, I am almost alarmedly wondering whereunto this work will grow. Yet oh, how one wants Him to make the very most of all we have and are. Remember me warmly to Mr. M——. I am going to send you 'Kept' as soon as published. Your loving friend, F. R. H."

Before I had time to reply to this letter, she was gone to Him whom her soul so fervently loved. I was struck by an expression you used in your first note to me, that "surely she must enjoy heaven more than most." I know exactly what you mean, and I find it singularly easy to realize her there, to picture her bright spirit at home in the Father's house, and to imagine the sacred ecstasy with which she serves Him day and night in the temple. Is it not sweet also, and comforting, to think of her tender greeting by

* "The Romance of Astronomy." By Professor Kalley Miller, M.A., F.R.A.S. Macmillan and Co.

† See "Under His Shadow," page 186.

and by; of the joyful grace with which she will welcome her dear ones to share the blessed rest? And it is an inspiring thought that even such as she, gifted with noble imaginations, and fervent hearts, and unutterable longing after God, have found the place prepared for them, and, above all, the open vision of the King Himself transcends without measure their most glorious hope.

With true sympathy in your grief and in your gratitude,

Believe me, Dear Madam,

Affectionately yours,

B. M.

"NEARER NOW THAN WE THINK."

"I have no respite, I must make a little lull in life."

(*Last letter, received May 16th*, 1879.)

SHE stood in the glorious shadow
Of the Father's house of love,
But she saw not the shining threshold
Where the Angel-Watchmen move;
She heard not their garments faintly stir
As they opened the golden gates for her.

She had toiled in the blessed Vineyard,
And as she toiled she sang,
Till far through the sunny distance
That sweetest music rang;
And her fellow-workers, far and near,
Gave thanks to God for her words of cheer.

We heard her sing in the dawning,
When the mists hung low and chill;
In the heavy heat of the noontide
Her clear voice cheered us still;
And when evening shadows were closing round,
We folded our hands to that tender sound.

And those who were watching at midnight,
Watching in pain or fear,—
Heard oft in that sorrowful stillness
One sweet voice ringing clear,
For God her Maker, her God and King,
Had given her songs in the night to sing.

And the souls that were passing in silence
To the River dreary and dim,
Heard, down by its desolate margin,
A sweet voice sing of Him,
Who will welcome His children "one by one"
To the smiling city beyond the sun.

Far off on the desert mountains
To wandering souls it came,
That sound of a tender message,
That pleading in Christ's dear name;
It followed the sorrowful path they trod,
Till the wandering spirits were turned to God.

And she sang to the little children,
Of the children's God and King;
When heart and voice were weary
She sang, unfaltering;
And her fervent spirit leapt to see
The little ones gather, sweet Lord, to Thee.

But at length she longed for a "respite,"
To gather in silence, alone,
New strength for her mighty harvest,
For the great work yet to be done;
She prayed for a "lull" in the labour of life,
A breathing space in the glorious strife,—

For only a little shadow
From the red sun's fiery glow,
One hour's brief rest by the fountains
Where the waters of comfort flow,
Where the flowers are blowing, so pale and sweet,
In the tender gloom by the Master's feet.

Yet,—could she have rested ever
Where the cool soft shadows lie,
Whilst weary and faint in the noontide
One soul went wandering by?—
Nay; one sad step on the dreary road
Would have troubled her heart as it leant on God:

So willing to toil and travel,
To suffer and watch for all,
So near in heart to the Master,
So eager to follow His call,—
She spent her soul in the service sweet,
And only in Death could rest at His feet.

So *this* is the needed respite,
Her shadow from noonday sun
Falls dark, from the wing of the Angel,
Who comes when our work is done,
To bring no "lull" in the hurry of life,
But the Conqueror's Rest after toil and strife.

And now, in the King's own Palace,
She sings to her harp of gold,
With the seal of God on her forehead,
In her spirit His peace untold,
Where never a sorrowful step nor cry
Shall break on the lull of Eternity.

B. M.

(*Lines by the late* MISS JULIA KIRCHHOFFER, *and explanatory Letter, to F. R. H.* *See page* 197.)

ASK her to come and sing to me,
For day by day I long,
With a craving never known before,
For the magic of a song—
'T were like a sweet, stray wanderer
From heaven's choral throng.

"You hardly ever spoke to her,
So little of her know!"
But read her verses once:
"Sing to them sweet and low,
And the pain-dimmed eye will brighten,
As the soothing verses flow."

You see she feels the gift of song
A holy, high bequest,
Then how could she refuse to grant
A poor sick child's request!
Methinks 't would soothe this constant pain,
And lull me into rest.

I want "The old, old story,"
How Jesus set us free;
Or the riven "Rock of Ages,"
Or else "Abide with Me";
Or what we used to sing at night,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Then tell her how I 'm lying here,
In weariness and pain,
And how I long to feel the charm
Of music's voice again!
I know she 'll come and sing for me
Some old familiar strain.

Nov., 1870.

"The time these verses refer to was before my confirmation. I was very ill, and no one thought I could get through such an exertion. I used to lie all day long, feeling pretty wretched. Then came a passionate longing for music, which no one here could gratify. You were the only person I knew of, but none of us had ever spoken to you. . . . That is the story of these verses; perhaps it may encourage you sometimes in the ministry of song. It would be hard to tell all that your book has been for me. . . . When in the holidays at home I was in great pain and suffering, my sister used to sit on the bed, and read out your poems to soothe me.—JULIA KIRCHHOFFER."

Letter of DR. ALEXANDER, *Bishop of Derry.*

THE Committee of preparation for the Church Congress at Swansea had invited my dear sister to write a paper on hymnology. At their meeting in October, 1879, touching allusion was made to the beauty of her hymns and her lamented removal from the church below.

Dr. Alexander, Bishop of Derry, wrote to me:

"I am to speak briefly at the Swansea Congress upon the use and abuse of hymnology. The exquisitely pathetic hymns of your sister, F. R. H., the subtle and loving music of their versification, I shall esteem it a privilege and a duty to mention to my auditors. The beautiful circumstance of her dying song will afford me the most affecting and most touching of illustrations. I shall certainly quote from her hymns. Whether fifteen minutes will give me time to read a whole hymn, I very much doubt; but I wish to quote some of her noble Advent hymn: 'Thou art coming, O my Saviour.'"

Letter from the SECRETARY OF WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

1334, CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, *July* 15, 1879.

MY DEAR MISS HAVERGAL,—

I feel a delicacy in intruding upon the sacredness of your grief at this time; and yet I cannot forbear sending a few words of sympathy to the sister of F. R. H. In thinking of her here, she was not a far off writer to us, but a woman of the highest type, and a friend whom we had learned to love. Every word she wrote me came as from a dear friend, and I had hoped some day to see her face to face; I hope so still, but in a far more glorious meeting. We have always appreciated her writing for our little magazine, in the midst of her many cares and of her physical weakness and pain;

and we *know* that it has done a work for the Master here which He will own and bless; how much good we cannot know until the hereafter. I have part of her "Marching Orders" still to publish, and feel that they are a sacred legacy to the readers of our magazine, and pray that their sweet, forcible, scriptural words may go to the hearts of the thousands they will reach. How many, many words of your dear one will go on and on, in their mission of love, while there are mortals to need their stimulus and comfort! She is well known and loved by a large circle of friends in America, whom she has helped by her writings and by the knowledge of her devoted life. How blessed is her rest, and how truly do her works follow her! In reading of her last triumphant moments, one longs for the time for meeting on the other shore, and of leaving for ever this sin-stained, tempest-tossed world. While we rejoice with her over the victory won, the dear ones left must bear the pain, and still press on in the conflict of life. This is such a hard part of life; but oh, the Master's strength and love are sufficient for even this, and how tenderly does He ever lead us through the deep waters. May He place round about you His everlasting arms in this your time of sorrow!

Yours in true sympathy, and in the love and service of the one Master,

(Miss) JULIA C. THOMPSON,
Editor "Woman's Work for Woman."

[*From* "Faith and Works" *Magazine.*]

THE DEATH OF FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

What a flood of sorrow swept over many hearts in America, when the news flashed over the wires that Frances Ridley Havergal was dead! We had so long loved the sweet outgushings of her poetic nature; always ringing to the one beloved theme—a Saviour's love. And now the voice is hushed, the lyre unstrung, ere it had lost any of its early force; taken from her family and from the world in

the prime of her life, just when she seemed about to gather fresh strength in rest from her labours of love; known to many in this western world only by the sweet interchanges of correspondence, and the writings so highly valued, she leaves a void not soon to be filled. And yet who can read the accounts of her last illness, and its triumphant close, without echoing her own words, "So glorious to go home."

Her little books, "My King," "Royal Commandments and Royal Bounty," with "Daily Thoughts on Coming to Christ," are the constant companions of a very large number of Christians here, whilst "Little Pillows" and "Morning Bells" are dear to many a child's heart. Even on the Christmas and birthday cards the ever loved "F. R. H." is always eagerly sought, as sure to be appended to the sweetest sentiments. It has long been the writer's privilege to number Miss Havergal amongst her friends; during a period of six years, the hope had been growing in both our hearts, that we might meet; but God has ordered it otherwise. To the one for whom many years of loving work seemed in store, He has said, "Friend, come up higher"; whilst to the other, nearing the allotted space, it is His pleasure to say, "Tarry awhile." Oh, may all who sorrow, "yet not as others," over this most unexpected stroke, so read the lessons drawn from her beautiful life that her heart's wish may be theirs;

"Take my life, and let it be,
Ever, only, all for Thee."

JANE M'CREADY.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 1879.

Lines by the REV. F. JEFFERY.

TO F. R. H., AFTER READING "UNDER THE SURFACE."

How restless seems man's outward life,
Like billows of the sea,
With every jarring wind at strife,
From dangers never free!

Yet, safe beneath its storm-lashed face,
See ocean's treasures lie;
So rests the heart secured by grace
In deep tranquillity.

. . . . .

The summer sun lit up the bay,
No breath its bosom curled,
When youth and pleasure launched away
Upon their ocean world.

Foul slimy monsters lurk within,
Below those waters fair;
And so the smiling life of sin
Hides death and fell despair.

F. J.

December 13, 1875.

REPLIED TO BY F. R. H. ON A POST CARD.

RIGHTLY you have read my song!
Who in Jesus liveth,
'Neath life's turmoil strange and strong
Knows the peace He giveth.

Peace that overflows our days,
Silently victorious;
Peace that blossoms into praise,
Hidden, yet most glorious.

December 16, 1875.

OF course many pages might be filled with reviews and eulogies from English and American sources; far more grateful to my dear sister was the record, which often greeted her, how God had blessed her word and work. Whilst it is quite unnecessary here to extract or repeat any of these appreciative notices (quite a hundred might be given from America alone), it may be interesting to

some to read the following extracts from letters of the late Rev. CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER, of Grasby Vicarage (the poet), 1870.

Since I looked critically at "The Ministry of Song," I have been surprised and delighted with the great beauty and power of a good proportion of the poems, and the sweetness of the residue. I particularly like "On the Last Leaf," "How should they Know Me?" and 'Making Poetry.' I have not often met with such vital truth illustrated by an imagination so subtle and so true as the two last evince.

Nor is the metre apart from this estimate, being very charming and spirited. . . . "Wounded" is very charming, and so is "Faith and Reason." I cannot say these are the very best in the book, for there are equals; but the "How should they Know Me?" and "Making Poetry" are before all others.

Extract from another letter from the same, 1870.

I quite agree with you that "Life Crystals" is very thoughtful and beautiful, but I continue to like those I mentioned best of all.

Miss Havergal, Sappho, and Mrs. Browning constitute my present female trio. There may be others lying *perdues* to me in foreign languages, but I know at present of none equal to these.

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THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY MEMORIAL FUND.

THE following letter appeared in *The Record*, in July, 1879, suggesting the "Frances Ridley Havergal Church Missionary Memorial Fund."

To the Editor of The Record.

SIR,—I am but giving expression to the thoughts of others when I venture to suggest an "In Memoriam Thank Offering" from the tens of thousands of readers whose hearts have so often been gladdened and stimulated to labour for the Master by the "sweet singer, and yet strong," who is now

"Among the choir of Paradise,
A singer evermore."

Many objects dear to her in life, to which these offerings could be devoted, might easily be named; but perhaps the most fitting and appropriate, and one that will assuredly commend itself to all who sympathise with her in her loyal devotion to the "King's Marching Orders," would be a special Church Missionary Memorial Fund.

Those who knew her best can best testify to the deep interest ever taken by our beloved friend in the God-commanded work of missions. Early associations led her to identify herself specially with the work of the Church Missionary Society. When only a child, "the golden-haired fairy of the home circle," as the youngest member of the family, it was her Sunday morning delight to carry the missionary plate round to all assembled for prayers, for the willingly offered pence. When six or seven years old she had her first missionary-box, and for years, especially at St. Nicholas', Worcester, energetically and systematically she obtained weekly and monthly contributions. It was one of her special treats to hear her father tell of his pioneering deputation visits to the far end of Cornwall and Devonshire, where, as early as 1822–24, he was the very first to preach and speak for the Church Missionary Society. In 1850 she writes: "Our Church Missionary Association has increased to over

£40. For myself, I have nearly thirty subscribers, half quarterly and half monthly; and though the sum in some cases is small, I think that is a pretty tolerable list. But I want to have more internal missionary spirit, it is more natural to me to work than to feel. I do more collecting than praying! Oh, to be like *Him* in this as in all other things. I have at last hit upon a new device, and earned something by my brains for my pet Church Missionary Society. Some half-crown pocket books advertised so many copies gratis as prizes for the best poetical enigmas. So I wrote sixteen of all sorts, signed Zoide and Sabrina, and have just received six copies. I reserved one copy, and have sold all the rest for the Society."

Her self denying life, pleasing others and so pleasing herself, found her ever "ready to give" to missionary work. And truly she gave that which "cost her something." In a letter from her sister I read the following: "Just this time last year, in July, she came to me with that light in her eye which always told of some bright thought. 'Marie! It has come over me this morning that I shall send all my jewellery to the Church Missionary Society. I wrote long ago:

> "Take my silver and my gold;
> Not a mite would I withhold."

And I really have given every shilling I could to God's service, but I never thought of my jewels.' I pleaded in vain the pleasure of leaving them to others. 'No,' she said, 'my King wants them, and they must go; delightful to have anything to give Him. I can't go to India, but I can help to send some one.' The massive gold chain she had worn for four years, the gift for some literary toil, she took off her neck, substituting a very old one. A friend at once gave her a handsome price for her chain, and she brought the gold to me, rattling the sovereigns merrily in her hands. 'There, this goes at once to the Church Missionary Society, and I shall make it up to £50, which I long wanted to give.' Though we were very busy, she had all her jewellery cleaned and packed, fifty-three articles (even her useful gold pencils), in a beautiful casket, and sent up to London to the care of the Rev. H. Wright."

It may be the offering of "jewellery" is not the sacrifice required from many for the King; but some offering of a grateful heart will, we think, be prompted in the case of thousands who will feel it a

high privilege thus far to be associated in spirit with one of the noblest and truest hearted and most loyal of His servants.

I refrain from doing more than suggest. I must leave to others the details of any plan that may be adopted; only I think it would be well from the first to have a definite plan. The translation and circulation of selected portions of her works in the mission field would be a distinct object of great interest to many. Doubtless the Rev. H. Wright would be able to give information which would guide action here. Palestine has been named as a special field, but perhaps India or South Africa might awaken more general interest. Some will remember her thrillingly earnest appeal for "Our Hindoo Sisters":

"Oh! for a fiery scroll, and a trumpet of thunder might,
To startle the silken dreams of English women at ease,
Circled with peace and joy, and dwelling where truth and light
Are shining fair as the stars, and free as the western breeze!

Oh! for a clarion voice to reach and stir their nest
With the story of sisters' woes, gathering day by day,
Over the Indian homes (sepulchres rather than rest),
Till they rouse in the strength of the Lord, and roll the stone away.

Is it too great a thing? Will not *one* rise and go,
Laying her joys aside, as the Master laid them down?
Seeking His lone and lost in the veiled abodes of woe,
Winning His Indian gems to shine in His glorious crown!"

It will be interesting to mention that one item of Miss Havergal's "List of Work for 1879" is given thus: "To complete my set of 'Marching Orders' for the *Church Missionary Gleaner*." The last paper, in the June number of the *Gleaner*, contained the following passage.

"What an honour to be one of the 'few' forerunners of the King, the herald of a silent yet real and mighty advent of 'the very God of very God.' Because the harvest is great and the labourers few, the Lord Jesus said, 'Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He would send forth labourers into His harvest.' If the fact remains, the command remains. And the fact does indeed

remain, and we have no excuse in not knowing it. We know how few the labourers are. We cannot say, 'Behold! we knew it not.' The need is recognised, and the Lord has put the supply within the reach of the voice of prayer and the hand of faith. He has told us what to do, and so now the responsibility rests upon us. Perhaps we read these pages, and we sorrow a little for the burden of the King of princes, and wish the accounts were more glowing. But we do not turn the passing emotion into obedient and faithful and purposeful prayer, and so our sluggard soul desireth and hath nothing. 'He shall not fail nor be discouraged'; but if we fail as His 'helpers' in this easiest and most graciously appointed share of His glorious work, how shall we hope to share in our Master's harvest joy, and what claim shall we have to join in the great harvest Hallelujah?"

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Blackheath. CHARLES BULLOCK.

The response to the suggestions thus made was immediate and most generous. The Rev. Prebendary Wright, the Hon. Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, at once took a deep interest in the proposal, and the Committee of the Society passed the following minute, inserted in the *Church Missionary Gleaner* for September, 1879.

GENERAL COMMITTEE, *July* 22.

The Secretaries stated that it had been determined by the friends of the late Miss Frances Ridley Havergal to raise a memorial fund to be called "The Frances Ridley Havergal Missionary Fund," with the intention of handing it, when raised, to the Committee of the Society, to be expended in the training of Native Bible women, and in the translation and circulation in India, (and, should the fund allow, other mission fields,) of suitable and selected portions of Miss Havergal's books. The Committee expressed the pleasure it would give them to administer the Fund if entrusted to them, and their satisfaction that the name of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, whose devoted interest in the Society's work was so marked in her life-

time, should be permanently inscribed on the records of the Society, and her loving loyal spirit be thus by God's blessing perpetuated in its Missions.

The *Day of Days* for February 1880 contained the following acknowledgment of contributions received towards the Fund.

THE FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL "CHURCH MISSIONARY MEMORIAL FUND."

WE wish it were possible to convey to others the feeling produced in our own mind by the widespread and generous response accorded to the proposed Church Missionary Fund in memory of Frances Ridley Havergal.

The amount received now exceeds £1,900. But even this noble sum cannot be rightly estimated, unless it is borne in mind that it represents the distinct offerings, as nearly as we can calculate, of *some twelve thousand contributors.* Many also of the letters accompanying the contributions indicate that even the smallest offerings "have cost" the givers "something," and are literally expressions of heart-gratitude to "the sweet singer," who stimulated so many to the consecrated life, and whose voice, happily, in her Royal books, still—

"Rings on with holy influence deep and strong."

We venture to express the hope that others will yet "cast in their mite." It should be borne in mind that the twofold object of the Fund affords scope for the expenditure of almost any amount that could be raised. The openings for the employment of native Bible women in India might indeed almost engross the funds of a Society; and the circulation of translated and selected portions of F. R. H.'s writings, in India and other mission fields, would well employ the amount already raised.

As one indication only of the need of Christian literature in our mission fields, and the special fitness of selections from F. R. H.'s books for circulation, the Rev. Prebendary Wright says: "The

following extract from a letter just received from one of our missionaries in Ceylon shows that there need be no fear of our being able to put the F. R. H. Memorial Fund to good account :—'I have begun to translate Miss Havergal's "My King" into Singhalese, and ask for a grant to print and bind the same. I intend to translate her other works.'"

The Christian Vernacular Education Society for India has also just issued a circular, stating that "for lack of Christian literature in the mother tongues (the sixteen native languages spoken by the 240,000,000 of our fellow subjects in India) the work of the missionary and Zenana teacher is greatly crippled, and parents have been known to object to their daughters acquiring the art of reading, from the non-existence of a pure vernacular literature to interest and instruct them, which induces them to exercise their new power in perusing the polluting publications of the native press."

We hope "other mission fields" (European, African, and American, as well as Asiatic) will also be reached by F. R. H.'s translated books; but even confining ourselves to India, it is sufficiently clear that further offerings to the Memorial Fund may well and wisely be made by those who have not already contributed.

Contributions can be sent to the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, Hon. Sec. of the Fund, 7, The Paragon, Blackheath, S.E. Cheques and P.O. Orders payable to C. DOUGLAS FOX, Esq., Hon. Treasurer. All sums received are acknowledged weekly in *Hand and Heart*.

The family of Frances Ridley Havergal must express their gratitude for the love to their sister which these offerings so fully testify. They also wish to thank the Rev. Charles and Mrs. Bullock for their energy and personal labour in widely scattering appeals, and then answering thousands of letters. This is indeed a tribute of love from the friends of both our beloved father and sister.

From the deeply touching letters received we copy the following.

(*To* REV. C. BULLOCK.)

I humbly write enclosing one shilling for the F. R. H. Memorial Fund; it is a poor invalid's humble mite. I will, with your permission, relate the circumstances under which it is sent. I have been afflicted more than nine years. A friend sent me "Royal Commandments"; this book is indeed a joy and comfort to my soul, and I read my daily commandment with a pure happiness, and each day gain a renewal of strength from my King. The portions for the tenth and eighteenth days have been an especial blessing to me. The book is very dear to me. I most willingly deny myself some little necessity that I may contribute to the Fund.

JOSEPH HARRISON.

(*To* REV. C. BULLOCK, *enclosing a post office order for ten shillings.*)

WOLVERHAMPTON, *February* 23, 1880.

It is my privilege to be able to add my humble testimony to the work of that devoted servant of Christ, Miss F. R. Havergal, so lately called away to receive her reward, and not only so, but I am also glad as a railway working man to be able to send you a little help towards swelling the Memorial Fund of one so truly blessed. I have latterly obtained some of her writings, which I find to be of the greatest value, and I trust, with God's help and blessing, will be so esteemed by us as to rank next in value to the word of God itself. My own spiritual experiences I find so clearly marked out in what she has written in that beautiful book, "Kept for the Master's Use," that I am sure God will give great success to the extension of such a dissemination of precious truths, which (with the aid of His Spirit) not only show the erring child the besetting sin which keeps back the entire consecration to His service, but must also stand as a "lamp" to guide the feet of many a poor sinner grovelling amidst the darkness of this world, and lead them up to that light and liberty wherewith Christ doth make His children free.

Yours respectfully,

WILLIAM BUTLER.

Very many letters have been received, from all parts, acknowledging blessings received through the books which it is proposed by this Fund to translate and circulate; and as specimens, and incentives, we may reprint the following.

(*Extract from a letter of the* BARONESS WREWSKY, *Golubowo, Russia, November* 1879, *to* J. E. J.)

Thank you for your kindness in sending those two lovely little books of Miss Havergal's, which reached me quite safely, and have come to rejoice both me and my little girl, who with her brother studies every morning the chapters quoted in "Morning Stars," and finds out the verses.

I am just delighting in "Kept for the Master's Use," and thank you so much for sending it. It is so full of earnest, realizing faith and love in Jesus, that it quite stirs one's heart to the very depths.

Oh for such entire consecration, for such a life of faith and close communion! Oh, how I long for it, how I pray for it!

(*From* MRS. KEIGHTLEY, *Mynora, Sydney, December* 1879, *to* J. M. C.)

I received "The Last Week" which you were so kind as to send me. Our clergyman, Mr. Taylor, was so impressed with the account, that he took the liberty of writing an article on it in *The Australian Churchman*, which I now send. I also saw a very nice article in *The Christian Herald*; and there have been several sermons preached on the life and death of your dear sister in various parts of the colony. She was indeed a shining light. There is a gentleman in this district, now officiating as catechist to Mr. Taylor, a Mr. Frazer, who entirely ascribes his conversion, under God's blessing, to F. R. H.'s writings.

Very handsome contributions to the Memorial Fund have come from this colony.

Many similar testimonies have been received from all

parts of the world; and thus, though not permitted to carry out her lifelong wish to be a missionary, yet the Lord has used my dear sister's books, in far distant missionary stations.

It has been suggested that it would be very desirable if yearly subscriptions were paid to the F. R. H. Fund, thus continuously to carry on the support of trained Bible women, who, with the living voice in the Zenanas, may long echo her words, as well as the translation of her works.

FROM THE CHURCH PASTORAL-AID SOCIETY'S QUARTERLY PAPER.

THE death of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, which took place at Caswell Bay, near Swansea, on the 3rd of June last, has been deeply deplored by the Christian church at large. The many volumes of hymns and meditations from her pen on the "things touching the King" are so vividly impressed on the minds of most of our readers that it is sometimes difficult to feel that she could possibly have written of anything else. Her illness was of short duration, and the circumstances of her early removal, almost by a sudden stroke, invest with a peculiar interest the following extract from correspondence with reference to the offer which she made of devoting the proceeds of the sale of her piano, the gift of her talented father, to the funds of the Society.

In a letter to the Secretary, from which he is privileged to quote, her sister wrote:

"It may be of use to you, in writing about the gift, to recall the exact circumstances. Towards the end of last year, my dear sister read the statement of the failing funds of the Church Pastoral-Aid Society, whose noble work she always admired and sympathised with. She expressed to me her desire and intention of sending a cheque for £50, but just then the claims of some other Societies were so urgently laid before her that she gave to them instead. But the longing also to help the noble and half-paid workers in the Church vineyard still weighed on her, and I remember her saying, How I wish I *could* send off a cheque at once! but fear I must wait a year.' But, as with other generous gifts, she waited not, but with much delight told me that she would give her much-valued piano, left to her by her beloved father. It originally cost 110 guineas, and as it had been so little used she would not let it go under the half price. It was too large for our rooms in Wales, hence she resolved to give it to your Society."

Little did the Committee think, in the course of their correspondence with Miss F. R. Havergal on the subject of her offer, that she who had so often sung in sweetest strains of expectation of future and endless joy in Christ was so near the border of the land of promised rest. Since her death, the gift, £50, has been received.

IRISH SOCIETY,

For Promoting the Scriptural Education and Religious Instruction of the Irish-speaking Population, chiefly through the medium of their own language.

17, UPPER SACKVILLE STREET, DUBLIN,
10*th June*, 1879.

Resolved—

That this Committee has learned with very deep regret of the death of Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, to her a blessed change, for her removal from the work for Christ on earth was to be with Christ, which is far better; but a loss to the church of Christ throughout the world, and a serious loss to the Irish Society, for which she had been an indefatigable collector and advocate, for which she had written her popular little book "Bruey," and established the Juvenile Branch called the "Bruey" Branch, and for which she was about to undertake a tour of visits to its mission stations in Ireland, with the intention of writing sketches of her tour, when it pleased God to take her to Himself. The Committee desires to convey to her family the expression of deep and heartfelt sympathy; copies of this resolution to be sent, in sorrowing remembrance, to her sister, Miss Havergal, of the Mumbles, Swansea, and to Giles Shaw, Esq., her brother-in-law.

Moved by Rev. Henry Carleton, Hon. Sec.
Seconded by Denis Crofton, Esq.
Frederick Homan, Esq., Chairman.
Unanimously.

HOW F. R. H.'s WORK FOR THE IRISH SOCIETY BEGAN, IN 1856.

It was her brother-in-law's custom to drive into Dublin every Tuesday morning, at seven, to attend the committees of the Hibernian Bible and the Irish Society.

Frances often accompanied him. While Mr. Shaw was preparing the financial report she got into conversation with Mr. Robert Wyon, the accountant of the Irish Society. He interested her so much in its work, and gave her such stirring details, that she at once took her first collecting card. From collecting £1 in 1856, she had in March, 1879, sent in more than £900 to this Society.

In 1859, with her dear father's full consent, she organized a branch society in Worcester. Its meeting was addressed by the Rev. Thomas Moriarty, and we give her own bright words at this time.

June 6, 1859.

Our Irish "go" went off tip top. I determined to leave no stone unturned within my power. I wrote a sketch of Mr. Moriarty's conversion from Romanism, and papa let me send it to the *Worcester Journal*. The room was full, and the platform too. Mr. Moriarty's speech was glorious, not faultless, but effective and telling. The hardships he has gone through are incredible, but in his beautiful seagirt Ventry he has now two hundred confirmants around him. He is still sowing and watering, and may a yet richer ingathering be vouchsafed to him! That man fascinated me to the last degree. After the meeting he and papa were deep in "signs of the times," and all that style of thing, so interesting! When Mr. Moriarty went away, he laid his hand on my head, and said in a way I shall never forget, so gently, solemnly, and holily, "God be very gracious to you, my child." It was like dew, as if a tangible blessing came in it.

In connection with the progress of her Irish Society's work, the following particulars will be interesting. Frances' first collector in Worcester was a little girl named "Bruey." The book so called was written after her death. The outline of her simple story is true. One of her names was Bruce, hence her pet name of Bruey; the sketch of her character is founded on recollections

and incidents. Bruey's Sunday-school work, the Irish meeting, the Irish card, and the forty-one names, her illness and peaceful death, are all facts. "Bruey" has been translated into most lively and idiomatic French by Mdlle. Tabarié, changing the name to "Lilla."*

My dear sister's collectors so increased, that she thought it would be well to make them a branch of the Irish Society's tree. Because Bruey was her first collector, she called it the "Bruey Branch." The first who collected in this branch was a lovely child, "Little Nony." Hearing of her illness some months after, Frances sent her this sweet little note.

MY DEAR NONY,—

I had no idea you were suffering so much all this time. I think Jesus must have been carrying you in His arms all the while, because, you see, when anybody can't even walk they *must* be carried. And I am quite sure He must be loving you ever so much, I mean with a very special and tender love, because it says, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' I thank you so much for the violets. I have such a number of Bruey collectors that I hardly know how I shall manage them all. We shall have a famous Report next year I hope. . . .

Very much love from your loving friend, F. R. H.

Dear little Nony's work for Jesus, and patient suffering, ended on the evening of May 1st, 1879, only a month before the founder of the Bruey Branch of the Irish Society was herself called away to rest from her labours.

Possibly my sister's circular letters to her young friends may hereafter be printed; but the two following epistles will show how thankfully she wrote to those who helped

* "Lilla, traduit librement par Mdlle. Marie Tabarié." Paris: J. Bonheure, 48 Rue de Lille.

in the work, and how she did not scruple to ask, for the Society, an introduction which she would never think of working out for herself.

(*To Emmeline Parkinson.*)

My dear little Fellow Worker,—

I have had a good many pleasant surprises in the course of my Irish collecting, but I don't recollect that I ever had a pleasanter one than yours. You have actually beaten Bruey herself, for she had forty-one and you have forty-four names! I wonder if this is your first attempt at working for Christ! I think, dear Emmeline, the Lord Jesus knows all about it, knows that you have been trying to be a little worker for Him; is not that very nice? Now, I will ask Him to send you a great blessing on what you have collected, so that those who are taught by means of your money may not only learn to read of Jesus in His word, but may learn to love Him and tell others about Him. Perhaps you have done more for the Irish Society than you suppose! because you have put an idea in my head. Three little girls lately wrote me a letter, something like your first one, having liked "Bruey" so much. I was not well enough to write to them at the time, but now I shall write and send them each a book, and make the same request I did to you, and then possibly they too may go to work; and it will really be your doing if they also collect.

I will tell you about one of my collectors, an invalid. When going to visit her one day, I prayed that the Lord Jesus would help me to say something to comfort her. And then He seemed to put into my mind that if I could only think of some work for Christ for her to do, it would do her more good than anything. So I put a collecting card in my pocket. When I got there she had been particularly wanting to see me that day, for she had been so sad, thinking she could do nothing for Jesus, and for a whole week had prayed He would let her do just something for Him. So I took out my green card, and told her I thought He had guided me to bring her a bit of work to do, and would she try and collect just a little for these poor Irish, who cannot be reached by people who can only speak English? So she was delighted, and took it as God's

own answer, and has ever considered it as the work He had given her to do. May I send my special thanks to your mamma, both for allowing you to collect and for so kindly helping you.

Your loving Friend,

F. R. H.

(*To* ——.)

PYRMONT VILLA, LEAMINGTON, *November* 20, 1872.

DEAR SIR,—

I must send a few lines of grateful thanks for your prayer for me. I do indeed thank you most earnestly, and may our great and beloved Intercessor not only present those petitions with His own sweet incense for me, but return the blessing sevenfold upon yourself and your work. . .

I wonder if I may ask a little favour! Will you hand the enclosed little notices of a new book of mine to any members of your congregation who may be on the look out for Christmas presents for children of ten to fourteen years of age. I particularly want to reach by it those of Christ's *little* ones who are beginning to wish to love Him and to work for Him. It is "a story book," but founded on fact. "Bruey" was the real name of a dear little girl in my beloved father's parish at Worcester.

Your work is immense indeed. How glad you will be of the "rest that remaineth"; but it is nicer still to think that "His servants *shall* serve Him," without fatigue, or fear, or imperfection, or any failure.

With very best wishes I am, dear sir, yours in Him whom having not seen we love, FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

By F. R. H.'s wish her work is still carried on, by two Secretaries appointed for the Bruey Branch: Miss Emily Titterton, The Lindens, Leamington, and Miss Mary Fay, Ivy Cottage, Celbridge. And a letter lately received from Mr. Fitzpatrick says: "I find that on the completion of our 'Bruey' accounts there appears an amount far larger than I mentioned. . . . It now proves to be £789 18*s*. How wonderful! We thank God."

[*From the many loving tributes to my sister's memory, the following are selected for reproduction here.*]

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MY DEAR AUNT, F. R. H.

JUNE 3rd, 1879.

THE King's "all glorious" daughter
Hath reached her home to-day;
She was so true and loyal
Along her heavenward way!
Her faith was ever gazing
Towards that peaceful shore,
Her eyes were ever watching
The Everlasting "Door."

As on the "wheels of fire,"
The chariot bore her home,
The King hath called her higher
Into His royal dome.
The trumpet tone hath sounded,
Her willing voice replied;
Now, with encircled glory,
She sitteth at His side.

Christ's perfect "blood that cleanseth"
Was all her entrance plea;
That crimson stream which floweth
Hath set her spirit free;
And, "I am trusting Jesus"
Was the keynote of her life,
She realized His power
Throughout her earthly strife.

She gloried in His Presence,
  Exulted in His Love!
Thus making earth a foretaste
  Of richer joys above!
She gave up human favour
  To win a soul for Him,
Nor did her own life's shadows
  Ever her ardour dim.

Like Him, her blessèd Master,
  She ever sought to cheer
Those weary ones in darkness,
  Along this desert drear.
Her soul-inspiring music
  Enchained the listening throng;
And countless hearts were lightened
  By her "Ministry of Song."

That gentle, holy streamlet,
  Which "Under the Surface" lay,
Hath reached the mighty ocean
  Where all is perfect day!
Her "Life Mosaic" glittered
  With many a sparkling gem;
Her King's hand now hath set it
  In His royal diadem.

Now, sisters, ye who mourn her,
  Let this your tribute be;
E'en as this sainted minstrel,
  "Tell out" Christ's love so free!
Lay at His feet your song-gift,
  Ask Him your voice to fill
With holy, heavenly music,
  Echo of His sweet will.

CECILIA HAVERGAL.

OUR "SWEET SINGER."

WAS there silence over yonder?
Did the angels cease to sing,
As they waited on in wonder
For the mandate of their King?
When the royal word was given,
By which all our hopes were crushed,
Was there silence up in heaven?
Were the Hallelujahs hushed?

When the shining golden sceptre
Touched the form we loved so well,
As we wished we could have kept her,
That she still with us might dwell;
While the messenger descended,
Calling her from us away,
While our knees in prayer were bended,
Pleading hard for her to stay;

Was there restless earnest longing
Mid the white-robed choral band,
As with eager footsteps thronging
At the gate they took their stand?
Was there overflowing gladness,
On each bright expectant face,
While *our* hearts were bowed with sadness,
And we mourned her vacant place?

Ah! methinks that when she entered
Those celestial courts above,
Every thought and eye was centred
On the object of their love,
That the silence then was broken
By triumphant bursts of song,
For the word the King had spoken,
Which had bid her join their throng.

But she passed them all unheeded,
With a quick impatient spring;
As she onward, onward speeded,
Till she stood before her King.
How her raptured eyes would glisten,
With a lustre, oh, so bright!
And she still would stand to listen,
And to revel in that sight!

Then methinks she struck the chorus,
And her rich melodious voice
Was above their tones sonorous,
Even sweeter and more choice.
But to us the echo, stealing,
Of the beautiful refrain,
Bringeth life, and light, and healing,
Bidding us look up again.

Now we need not, cannot sorrow,
We must wipe our tears away;
And from her example borrow
Courage in the darkest day.
We must think of her as dwelling
In the presence of her King,
Where the angel-voices swelling
Make the palace walls to ring.

If we daily do our duty
With her singleness of aim,
We shall see His wondrous beauty,
And shall magnify His name.
We may not be highly gifted,
We may fill a little space;
But the meek shall be uplifted,
And the pure ones see His face.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.

"THE GATES OF HEAVEN."

In the forefront of God's embattled host,
Long in her Master's service had she striven,
So she could raise the evangelic boast—
"Splendid to be so near the Gates of Heaven."

Amid the sacred choir who praise the King
A harp of sweetest strings to her was given;
And now she felt what she was wont to sing—
"Splendid to be so near the Gates of Heaven."

With self-consuming labour she had cast
In the world's careless mass the gospel leaven,
And now could say, her tired hand stayed at last,—
"Splendid to be so near the Gates of Heaven."

Much had she loved Him whom she had not seen;
The veil which hid His face was almost riven;
Deep was the outburst of her joy serene—
"Splendid to be so near the Gates of Heaven."

And now she stands before the Father's throne,
The Lamb who once was slain, the Spirits seven;
Ah, who can tell the bliss which thrills her tone—
"Splendid to be *within* the Gates of Heaven!"

RICHARD WILTON, M.A.

Londesborough Rectory.

IN MEMORIAM.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

F AREWELL, fond spirit, bright before the throne,
R adiant thy robe, transfigured like the sun;
A ngel of song, with harp and heart and voice,
N ear the bright Seraphim of God rejoice;
C ould we but see thee in thy "palace" fair,
E ver with God, His glory now to share,
S hould we not sing our loudest chorus there?

R est thee, dear soul, thy toils and trials o'er,
I n Heaven is rest, for pilgrims evermore;
D eath takes the body out of mortal sight,
L ife lifts the spirit into Heaven's own light;
E ver with God, thy fathers' God, to be,
Y outh without age, a bright Eternity.

H ark! 'tis a song, as never sung before;
A nthem more sweet, from yon bright happy shore;
V oice ever thrilling, singing now above,
E ndless its praises of the Father's love.
R est, aching head! for after toil is rest;
G od takes thee home—home to thy Father's breast,
A ll weary pain and travel of the road
L ost in the light and glory of thy God!

ROBERT MAGUIRE, D.D.

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO."

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" The joys of time are waning;
The friends I loved so well have hastened on before;
And, as they passed away,—my longing heart restraining,
I've asked when *I* should join them on the blessèd shore?

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" for heaven is wondrous dearer,
Since cherished human links have bound me to the Throne!
Oft hath the veil seemed rent, and heaven itself been nearer,
As hope by hope hath faded,—some but newly blown!

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" to leave earth's many sorrows,
To enter on the fulness of eternal joy!
But I had fondly dreamt of many bright to-morrows,—
Of harder labour still in my dear Lord's employ!

"SO BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" for now my spirit boundeth
At mention of that name,—that Name I love the best!
Behold a shoreless sea faith's plummet never soundeth,—
The name of JESUS,—telling me of peace and rest!

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"So BEAUTIFUL TO GO," then!—I shall be with Jesus;
Yea, with that glorious Father He made known to me;
Whose love that "passeth knowledge" did from sin release us,
And who now calls me with Him evermore to be!

"So BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" my life of trusting ended,—
For I have trusted Thee, Lord Jesus, day by day;
And I have sung to others how Thy love transcended
Earth's noblest joys, in many a brief, but heartfelt lay!

"So BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" yet I had hoped to linger
Among Thy chosen ones, to sing yet blither songs;
For my supremest joy hath been, a humble singer,
To win fresh trophies to the blood-washed throngs!

"So BEAUTIFUL TO GO!" yea, it will be "far better"!
'Twas always better far to bow to Thy sweet will;
And I have *trusted*, Saviour, to the very letter,
Thy well-tried promises,—am *dying*, trusting still!

. . . . . .

And thus she passed away;—so beautiful in dying,
As she had been in living,—grand in simple faith:
Her watchword, "*Trust Him*," tells the secret underlying
Her fragrant life of beauty, her victorious death!

So beautiful! And now she, being dead, yet speaketh!
Her songs of faith and hope shall never, never die!
And even by her last, sweet, lifelike words she seeketh
To prove that *simple trust* will our last foe defy!

Then be it ours to garner, as a peerless treasure,
Those living words that such a vital courage show;
Ever to trust in Jesus,—love Him without measure;
Then, too, *our* song shall be "HOW BEAUTIFUL TO GO!"

EDWIN CHAS. WRENFORD.

Millbank House, Nairn, June 5th, 1879.

JUNE 3rd, 1879.

"SUCH sad, sad news." We say ;
And the heart bids forth weak tears.
Our foolish eyes, through their own mists dim,
Cannot see the resting joy of Him
Who treads with her the golden way,
Where the star-lamps pale in the passing ray,
And the throne uplifted nears.

It came with such high urgency—
The summons from her King !
He might not be denied to stay
Through the weary night, and faint hope of day,
In that quiet home beside the sea ;
Who would not charge an angel's wing
His message to His own to bring.

And we held our dear one lovingly :—
Ah, the strong, scarred Hand we could not see,
When one tender touch on her wrist had lain,
Stayed its faint pulse with ecstasy,
And made our claspings vain.
Was there not a whispered name ?
"Thou art Mine—My wanted one !
In Our palace that stands by the crystal sea,
Thy place is ready—up near to Me ;
The seas of earth ever chafe and moan,
On her sweetest homes are her shadows thrown,
And her night must fall the same ;—
No murmur is heard, no dimness known,
In My land beyond the sun."

It is sweet to prepare our home
With Love's close-searching thought,

All through a long, glad day, for one
Who for us true, loving work has done:
To arrange the seat where the warm rays come—
Where the fairest view is caught,
And a little picture shall meet the eye
That the dear hand painted in years gone by;
To gather and place our guarded flowers,
And set out all our choicest things,—
Chiding slow Time through the counted hours
That *will* fold so close their wings;—
Coming pausingly back, ere the step we meet,
To make sure of all we have planned, to greet
With voiceless welcomings.

And the joy—in our home made fair,
Yet again to clasp a hand;
To meet the full light of dear, trustful eyes,
And watch for the smile of glad surprise
At Love's simple triumphs there;
While the day is fading off the land,
As the sun shuts slowly his opal gate,
And in the tremulous, fragrant air,
All through the hush of the hours we wait
For the sentinel stars that come forth late,
In their gleaming watch to stand.

Ah! we dare not grudge to the Master His joy
In her gaze of speechful love
At the unpriced treasures His Love has bought,
The gathered bliss of Eternal Thought;
In the hidden face raised wonderingly
At a memory of fervent words inwrought,
An echo of her own music caught
In the melodies above:
As the dim earth sinks wearily
Beneath the verge of a waveless sea,
And so near her Saviour's breast,
From the white-robed ones who round her press

With offered stars her crown to gem,
She learns the accent of the hymn
That may not be sung by Seraphim;
Its rapture of bliss is sealed to them—
That is filling the endless silences
Where unsetting glories rest.

In this little life's chill twilight
We shall miss her sweet words and strong;
Yet for us the stars shall come with night,
And through all the pitiless heat of the day
Our hearts must wrestle, and throb, and pray,
And trust for Evensong.
Would we take from His heart one joyous thrill
Who for us bore all the shame?
In the still, lifted light of the Sapphire Throne
That no child of earth may behold alone,
She hears a voice:—"I will,
Father, that Mine whom Thou gavest Me
Be with Me where I am."—
And while the heavens are swept and bowed
By the might of the angel-song,
And veiling their hills as a golden cloud,
Float by the ransomed throng;
She lifts to His an untroubled face,
That caught of Heaven's light a wondrous grace,
When It lit earth's frontier dim.
Home, in the palace of her King!
Yet in her loyal heart a prayer
That only may be spoken now,
With the promised glory on her brow,
That in fullest service, and sweetest hymn,
Her love may *still* its tribute bring
To His—that led her there.

S. G. PROUT, AUTHOR OF "NEVER SAY DIE."

IN MEMORIAM.—F. R. II.

WHERE are the well-remembered lays,
Whose lingering echoes memory still
Prolongs, with fond regretful gaze,
Bent heavenward, toward the holy hill?
Where the sweet voice whose tones are mute,
The magic music of the lute?
Whither have wended the unearthly strains,
Too pure, too full of heaven to die on earth's dark plains?

They die not! As the opening flower,
That drooped at night with closèd eye,
Awakes with morn's reviving power,
In beauty, when the sun is nigh;
E'en so the notes of praise expand,
Diviner, in the spirit land,
Breathing immortal incense of the skies,
Blended in sweet accord with heavenly harmonies,

Instinct e'en here with life Divine,
Attuned to heaven e'en here on earth,
With brighter beauty now they shine,
What men call death is their new birth;
In sweeter melody they rise,
Fragrant as flowers of paradise;
Like the angelic choir, they cannot die,
Preludes of triumph-songs of immortality!

E'en while they spring to life and light,
Wafted on seraph-wings to heaven,
Their beauty lingers round our night,
Their sweetness to our earth is given;
Upon our darkling path below
Their glory, streaming, gilds our woe,
Their heaven-born tone, earth's voices in refrain,
Mingling responsive music, echo back again.

Sydling Vicarage, Dorset. W. J. VERNON, B.A.

"SWEET SINGER AND YET STRONG."

SWEET singer! singing long
Songs that have found an echo in the heart
Of thousands, in life's conflict bearing part—
Sweet singer, and yet strong!

The strength and sweetness meet
In thee, as day-dawn on some mountain's head,
Or summer sunset on the ocean shed—
Strong singer, and yet sweet!

Wise singer! To the sad
Giving the comfort that thy God gave thee,
Even to "all" thy "living," it may be—
Wise singer, making glad!

Glad singer! upon eyes
Opened to see the light that shone for thine,
A brighter light, thy singing brought, would shine—
Glad singer, making wise!

God's singer! In a land
Of alien thought and language thou didst sing
The songs of Zion; now before thy King,
Blest singer, thou dost stand!

Thine earthly singing o'er—
Thy singing sweet, and strong, and glad, and wise—
Thou art, among the choir of paradise,
A singer evermore!

Swaffield, North Walsham, June 10th, 1879. G. R. TAYLOR, M.A.

IN MEMORY OF F. R. H.,

WHO ENTERED INTO REST JUNE 3RD, 1879.

Aged 42 *Years.*

FORTY-TWO stations, and then fair Canaan's rest,
God's Israel journeyed, and in full time were blest;
The number of the waymarks their Guide could tell,
The route of all the wanderings He ordered well.

(*Numbers* xxxiii.)

Forty-two portions according to God's will,
Varied the labours, and diverse too the skill;
Forty-two portions, then Salem's wall was raised,
The work was finished—Jehovah God was praised.

(*Nehemiah* iii.)

Forty-two descents, and then the Christ was born,
Crown and sceptre His, and ours the eternal morn;
The hour of Advent all wisely fixed above,
"Forty-two," counted by rich Almighty Love.

(*Matthew* i. 17.)

Forty-two brief years, and then the rest of heaven,
God's pure home was hers, the welcome sweet was given;
Journeys and buildings, all now for ever o'er,
'Neath Love's own banner, "with Christ" for evermore.

(*Philippians* i. 23.)

A. C. THISELTON.

Parsonage, Upper Bagot St., Dublin.

JUNE 3rd, 1879.

THE Church's sweetest minstrel
Has left her ranks to-day;
The Master sent His summons
To call her hence away:
A summons to His presence,
To see Him face to face,
To share with Him His glory,
In her appointed place.

She sees Him in His beauty,
"The King" she served so well,
Of whose perfections daily
She loved so much to tell.
His least command she followed,
His slightest wish obeyed;
So when His herald met her,
She could not be afraid.

But oh! our sweet, sweet singer,
Gone from our midst for aye!
Who now shall lead our choirs
Since thou hast passed away?
No hand can tune the lyre
So tenderly as thine;
No other voice can reach us,
With strains almost Divine.

Thousands on earth have loved thee,
Who never saw thy face;
In countless hearts thy teachings
Have found abiding place.
The truths which thou hast uttered,
In purest melody,
Have reached the souls of numbers,
Though all unknown to thee.

Through England's wide dominions
We mourn from shore to shore,
That FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL
Is in our midst no more.
That name so dear, so precious,
Loved as a "household word,"
Henceforth to us is sacred,
For she is "with the Lord!"

We mourn in silent sadness
The loss we have sustained;
The tears still flow unbidden,
Our hearts within are pained.
And yet we dare not murmur,
Nor ask why this must be,
Since God's own hand has silenced
That sweetest minstrelsy.

ALICE FORREST.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

FRUITFUL in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God.—*Col.* i. 10.

Rooted and built up in Him.—*Col.* ii. 7.

A chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My name.—*Acts* ix. 15.

Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace.—*Luke* ii. 29.

Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether by life or by death.—*Phil.* i. 20.

Everlasting joy shall be upon their head.—*Isa.* li. 11.

Satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord.—*Deut.* xxxiii. 23.

Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away!—*Cant.* ii. 10.

If ye loved Me, ye would rejoice.—*John* xiv. 28.

Delight thyself also in the Lord.—*Ps.* xxxvii. 4.

Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.—*Ps.* xc. 17.

Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!—*Matt.* xxv. 21.

Ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.—1 *Cor.* xv. 58.

Having the glory of God, her light was like unto a stone most precious.—*Rev.* xxi. 11.

As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters.—*Cant.* ii. 2.

Verily, verily, I say unto you . . . your sorrow shall be turned into joy.—*John* xvi. 20.

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone.—*John* xii. 24.

Rejoice in the Lord alway, and again I say, rejoice.—*Phil.* iv. 4.

God Himself shall be with them, and be their God.—*Rev.* xxi. 3.

And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.—*Rev.* xxii. 4.

Let Me go, for the day breaketh.—*Gen.* xxxii. 26.

"I trust I shall shortly see thee, and we shall speak face to face."—3 *John* 14.

EMILY M. COOMBE.

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